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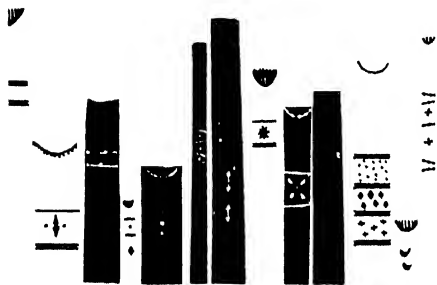
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The SOUL *of* AMERICA



"Now women—yes women—had gone
over the top of the world."

The SOUL *of* AMERICA

AN OREGON ILIAD

By EVA EMERY DYE

*Patriotism, enthusiasm, belong to the
Morning of the World.*—SCHILLER

*I have held life to be more authentic
than my invention.*—GOETHE

*Oh, wave on wave of human hope
That climbed the Rockies' shining slope!
Oh, wave on wave that sank beyond!*
—JOAQUIN MILLER

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MRS. EVA EMERY DYE

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CONTENTS

Chapters

I. A Green Land Far Away	I
II. Pioneer Mothers	19
III. The Race From Fort Bridger	39
IV. The Dream of Captain Couch	54
V. Future Diplomats and Captains	64
VI. A Son of Ham	74
VII. Raising the Ridgepole	83
VIII. The River of Romance	93
IX. Planting the Wheat	100
X. A Road Over Mount Hood	106
XI. A Warship in the Columbia	115
XII. Peter Skene Ogden	129
XIII. Daniel Boone's Old Compass	145
XIV. An Editor in Love	156
XV. In the Valleys of Paradise	162
XVI. Chloe Boone	166
XXVII. The Boundary Settled	179
XVIII. Douglas Abandons the Columbia	195
XIX. The Return of Joseph Watt	204
XX. Those Yankee Sailor Boys	211
XXI. Oregon Coins Money	216
XXII. Led By Their Dreams	219
XXIII. Couch and the Captains	227
XXIV. A Deep Snow	241
XXV. Under the Eagle Peak	248
XXVI. The Watch Tower on the Rogue	252
XXVII. Trials of a Colonizer	264

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Chapters	
XXVIII.	The Boone-Curry Homestead 267
XXIX.	The Royal Savage 275
XXX.	The Spinning Wheel 282
XXXI.	Taming the Wild Man 289
XXXII.	A Frontier College 300
XXXIII.	When Dreams Came True 306
XXXIV.	The Sage of Yoncalla 316
XXXV.	"Our Lincoln" 321
XXXVI.	The Heart of a Lover 336
XXXVII.	In the Days of Harvey Scott 339
XXXVIII.	Treasure Ships 349
XXXIX.	At the Top of the Mountain 361
	Index 363

The SOUL of AMERICA

I

A GREEN LAND FAR AWAY

1844

"THEY CROSSED! Women crossed the Rocky Mountains!" Thousands hear it with a thrill. "Yes, took their wagons into Oregon!"

Like a playboy bursting his knickerbockers all America was in a ferment—peering over the rim of the future. Missouri, had not her regiments of mounted volunteers come back from the Seminole War covered with glory? Had not Chiefs Tiger Tail and Alligator gone down before their prowess? Mustered out, where next could restless volunteers find adventure, where but in that uttermost—Beyond the Rockies. Hitherto only trappers and missionaries had ventured out, but now women—yes *women*—had gone over the top of the world!

Around their hickory-bark fires the neighbors gathered to talk it over. The wagons of last year had passed that way; they had talked with those women, helped outfit those men. And now—

"Mother, we ought to *go*!" Henry Sagar discussed it daily. "I thought when we reached Missouri our troubles would be ended, but times are just as in Ohio—and the drouth this year"—he shook his heavy locks, rich with the brown of young manhood. "Now, Mother, they say that Senator Linn has a bill in Congress offering six-hundred-and-forty acres of land to a family to emigrate to the Oregon Country! A whole square mile to a man and his wife, and one-

hundred-and-sixty acres additional to each child! A bonus! Nothing less!" He laughed, and kissed her, and tossed up little Louise. "A farm for every baby!"

Accustomed to her husband's excited ebullitions, Mrs. Sagar glanced at the flock of children playing on the floor. "Why so much land?"

"As an inducement, Mother, an incentive to confirm our right to the Columbia, next to the Mississippi the greatest river in America!"

"But it is only a bill, Henry. It may not pass."

"Nevertheless, the Shaws are going, . . . and the Gilliams, Mike Simmons out in the timber, and even the Morrisons, best farmers in all this country. Their wives are saving up garden seeds now. It seems the surest break to get a home."

Naomi Sagar, a pale, delicate little woman, smiled at her husband's enthusiasm as she mended away at Matilda's frock. He always had visions of better things to be, and yet, not altogether a dreamer was Henry Sagar, but a typical frontiersman, a farmer, a blacksmith, a man with a reputation for ingenuity. He could do things. Anything to be made or mended sought his shop, and in that shop Henry Sagar was in touch with the '40s.

"And they say it is a land of bubbling springs! The very mountains are called 'Cascades', flowing with water. It isn't cold out there. Grass green all the year round, strawberries bloom all winter, and timber—no end. Fuel costs nothing. Even the rivers are so full of salmon they crowd out on to the banks! You can pick them up with your hands!"

Mrs. Sagar listened. Some of that fuel and some of those salmon would be very acceptable just now when the woodbox was almost empty and the larder all but bare. And garden-seeds—she loved gardens, and sunflowers.

"With only his hands to work with, what can a man do?" Rising, the ardent one continued his appeal. "There, with land, one has resources. Stock and crops grow while you sleep! Now, here, Mother, land is getting high in Missouri." And as ever, the compliant little wife nodded, "Perhaps it will be best, Henry. I am willing to go to your Land of Bubbling Springs."

So—late in 1843—Henry Sagar sold his property and moved to Robidoux' Landing, and all winter his industrious little helpmate was sewing rags to carpet a home in the green land far away. Dreams—and sunflowers—

"Sally, I can't seem to settle down nohow!" With a piece of glass Uncle Billy Shaw, a weathered veteran of 1812, was polishing a powder-horn. "I reckon it's in the blood, Sally. My father served through the Revolution, and then I marched with the Tennesseans to help Jackson at New Orleans. And now that trip to Florida"—Uncle Billy blew dust from his powder-horn—"makes me young again! By an agreement of 'jint occupation' the United States and England hold the Columbia. . . ."

"But ain't the Columbia our'n?" Aunt Sally knew a thing or two. "Didn't a Boston sea-captain discover it? Didn't President Jefferson send Lewis and Clark? Didn't John Jacob Astor build a fort—"

"Mebbe so! mebbe so! But the British took that fort in 1812—and never squarely gin it back. To save trouble Uncle Sam and the King agreed to wait until settlers decided that question. We ort to be settlers, Sally, and now that I've seen Whitman—the missionary—"

Aunt Sally folded up her knitting.

"Billy, you better talk with Neil. You know his jedgment's better'n mine in sech matters," the fat

little wife in a cap referred to her brother, Cornelius Gilliam—the great man of the family—who had returned from Florida a colonel.

Uncle Billy caught his nose between his fingers and chuckled.

“Lord, Mother, it’s Neil that’s puttin’ me up to the notion! His wife wants to go, and Polly, and all the boys. Everything now depen’s on what you say. And this Linn’s Bill is a great thing to secure land for ourselves and all our sons. With Burnett, and the Applegates, a thousand people already are on the way.”

Fourteen-year-old Ben Franklin Shaw—freckled, red-headed, let out a wild “Whoo-op-ee! Let’s go, Mother, out where the Injuns be!”

And of course “Aunt Sally Shaw” as she was known to all the country round, agreed to go wherever husband and children did. The winter was spent in preparation until—despite late frosts and April snows—with pigs, chickens and a drove of stock the united families of Shaw and Gilliam and their married sons and daughters rolled out to the old tent-ground of Joe Robidoux, the trapper.

“Have you seen Linn’s Bill?” Joseph Watt, a homespun youth in a battered hat, argued with a well-to-do farmer by the name of Gerrish. “There was a time when I wanted to go to Texas to help Sam Houston fight for independence, but now I think I’d rather go to Oregon and hold it for Uncle Sam. What keeps us here? No work, no pay, can’t collect a penny!”

For a great depression gripped the world—not America alone. Europe had been fighting, always was fighting, using up her surplus to equip armies. America, young, virile, striving to accomplish in a

day what had taken Europe a thousand years, all America was rushing roads, canals, bridges—no wonder she had gone bankrupt, building, building! DeWitt Clinton's vast canal from Albany to Buffalo. Steamboats on the Hudson, Ohio, Mississippi. The first telegram, "What God hath wrought!" had intoxicated the nation.

In her race for improvements no wonder America fell breathless, gasping for a second wind! But the glow of it, the glory of it—must wait on transportation. With chickens, turkeys, ducks, a dozen for a dollar, and milk—rivers of milk at a penny a quart—America, bursting with plenty could sell nothing, could hardly give it away. Money so scarce, food so plentiful, Joe Watt resolved on "Money, money, money!"

"Now out beyond the ROCKIES," Joe emphasised the mighty word, "Oregon is by the OCEAN! That means a chance for ships and markets all over the world!" With mind almost preternaturally sagacious, Joseph Watt—of the Watts of Scotland—read the Scroll of the Future.

"Slavery must be the cause of this stagnation!" sighed Mr. Gerrish, and there was much talk of "the extravagance and debts of cotton planters on heavily mortgaged farms supporting a retinue of Africans. "Never, never should a Negro come into new territories! It would be the death-knell of our liberties!"

Dan Clark listened, a gaunt young ferryman of twenty, and Sam Crockett, of the house of Davy Crockett. In the end all three agreed to go, and drive the teams and cattle for Mr. Gerrish two-thousand miles to Oregon.

Upon the waters of the Hundred-and-Two branch of the Missouri Michael Simmons was building a

grist-mill. By day he hammered, by night he spelled out a work on mechanics; at last, by the rule of "cut and fit" the mill was ready. Everybody in the country came to Simmons' mill; it was the centre, the debating school, the forum, all in one. A typical frontiersman was "Honest Mike" Simmons—of grand physique, independent, courageous.

"We'll see these niggers risin' yit!" whispered a perturbed neighbor. "These pesky abolitionists are urg'in' 'em on! I distrust every black, and most of all a free one. Now look at Bush—durned ready to help with his money! In case of trouble he'd be one to reckon with."

George Washington Bush—how ever the colored people love the name of the father of liberty!—George Washington Bush was a free mulatto, born in the North—practically white, educated and intelligent. With a tact for getting and holding property, by the force of his own enterprise and industry he had amassed a competence. This alone in a community of improvident frontiersmen was enough to arouse antagonism, but that touch of Africa, that white wife, white children! There was danger in store for George Washington Bush.

"I am a veteran of the War of 1812 and a participant in the battle of New Orleans, but I fear my neighbors," Bush confided to Simmons at the mill. No one brought more wheat than he, none paid a bigger toll. "Yes, I fear them!" again he whispered a few weeks later. "They may confiscate my property and cast me into slavery. Day and night I am wondering whither can I fly from the storm that is surely impending! I hear threats, I meet insults, my rights are disregarded, and I must certainly seek a refuge in some other place."

"Why not Oregon?" suggested Mr. Simmons. "If you will go, I will, and perhaps a few of the neighbors who feel as we do about this matter."

Thus it came about that Mike Simmons sold his mill and with the proceeds bought an outfit, and that George Washington Bush, out of his own pocket furnished teams and means for several families, until one day a great company with flocks and herds moved out from the Hundred-and-Two branch of the Missouri down to the rendezvous at Robidoux' Landing.

That sagacious trader, Joe Robidoux, had pitched his tent on the Missouri when Lewis and Clark were passing forty years before. Now two or three log huts and a little wind grist-mill distinguished this uttermost border. Around it swarmed teepees, children, dogs.

"*Emigres!*—Oregon?" Robidoux gave a long, low whistle. "Sioux on warpath! You know—long tam!" Reminiscently the Frenchman felt of his hair.

George Washington Bush shrugged his shoulders. Of course he had known Robidoux since with Kit Carson, a mere run-away, he had followed pack-trains to Santa Fe.

More emigrants were arriving, whole regiments, seeking that green land beyond the Rockies. Robidoux laughed. "Felix, my bow!" A son leaped to obey. Tightening his string he shot an arrow—it lodged in an oak: "*Rue Felix!*" Again—a second oak: "*Rue Francis!*" a third:—"Jule!"—"Faraon!"—"Robidoux!"—"Edmond!"—"Charles!"—"Sylvanie!"—"Mesanie!" naming the streets for his Indian sons. With a great shout: "All ye here rememb' San Joe! Las' town to Oregon!" Thus—*on dit*—was founded St. Joseph among the crab-apple groves of the six tribes that met on the Road to Paradise.

Men had talked—and women listened by the winter fires—of British influence, and the promises of Senator Benton that the United States would extend her aegis over Oregon—next door neighbor to Missouri, hobnobbing over the Rockies as it were—a vast unoccupied expanse away and away to the Pacific and from Russian Alaska to Spanish California. Moreover, Benton's son-in-law, John Charles Fremont, had been sent on a government exploring expedition.

"I want to hear the British lion growl and help file off his claws!" said one.

"If slavery is going to rule America I shall go into British territory where all are free," said others.

"I want to get away from fever and ague. I want a better climate, and to be near the great ocean," groaned many a sallow-faced sufferer along the mosquito-ridden prairies.

"No thunderstorms, no tornados? Blessed country!"

"But the distance, the mountains, the deserts, the Indians, wild beasts and bridgeless rivers!" gasped the timid—and stayed at home. Only the brave fared forth to Oregon.

"Stay in Missouri with sickness and threatened death?" exclaimed one Mrs. Waldo in 1843. "I'd rather go to an Indian country! and as to hostilities, there will be a large force of emigrants and they can go through *any* country."

"If a woman can stand it we can! If she isn't afraid of Indians we are not!" stalwart men agreed.

And with the Waldos—old-timers in the Santa Fe trade—were the Applegates. "Sold everything, invested in cattle," Uncle Billy said. "When the Indian title to western Missouri was extinguished Jesse Applegate laid out these border counties. He

made the surveys for settlement, as he will survey for us out there." It was like saying "Jesse Applegate will be Uncle Sam in that distant country!" even as already he had been the sage, the seer, the personal friend of every frontiersman of the Osage Indian country.

"And Lindsay, his brother, took old Alexander McClellan along, last surviving comrade of Daniel Boone!" What more need be said. Romantic past linked with romantic future.

The winter of 1843-44 was a busy one from the great bend of the Missouri where Kansas City was yet to become the cultural capital of the Southwest, past St. Joseph, and up to Omaha where Chief Blackbird sat in state on his horse in a tomb on the highest hill watching the Coming of the White Man. Above-the-Water-*O-maha*—sat Chief Blackbird, watching.

As early as February Major John Thorp was at the mouth of the Platte with sixty wagons and James W. Marshall, future discoverer of gold, ready to strike out up the Nebraska River in advance of the St. Joseph company. At Independence, near the future Kansas City, Nathaniel Ford's great train was waiting for the first springing grass.

Farther inland, for a year all Pittsburgh had been a-bloom with gaily painted conestogas to be sold to Oregon emigrants—boat-wagons, built for land or water.

"If I live I shall ride *so*, Father!" declared a boy of eighteen as he watched the beauties slipping away by raftloads down the Ohio. Chariots they were, all but aflame in the Morning of the World.

"But we have just arrived from England, John! Isn't this far enough west?" Little guessed he the

lad's future, romantic as that of the old Earl of Minto himself. Driven from the mines of Newcastle-on-Tyne by an abridgment of human liberty, already unemployment at Pittsburgh had cut this son of the Scottish border adrift—flotsam on the stream of adventure.

"Here is a fine new double-barrelled fowling-piece, John. Take it, and wherever you go, be an honest man." The old man never saw his boy again.

Down the Ohio and up to St. Louis, deck-hand on a load of those wagons floated young Minto.

"Hi thar!" grizzly old fur-traders hailed one another. "Gawd pity the tenderfeet! Gawd pity the emigrants!" Caught in the whirl, barely enough money to pay passage had Minto, but he overheard a sentence: "Plenty of men need cattle-drivers."

Cattle drivers!! John had never known cattle, but twirling his cap in air:

"Here, lads, is the fellow that goes to Oregon or dies in a snowbank in the Rockies!"

"And I with you, shake on that!" Willard H. Rees, son of a member of the Ohio legislature, reached out his hand, and with the crowd up the muddy, snag-dotted Missouri the two slid on by slow boat six-hundred miles to Westport—the future Kansas City—to St. Joe, and to Gilliam's camp at the rendezvous.

"Sit down, boys. Help yourselves!" George Washington Bush waved toward a hospitable table spread on the grass. Vigorously plying knife and fork Mike Simmons was talking of the Linn Bill:

"Yep, it has passed the Senate but failed in the House; but I am satisfied that it, or a bill like it, will be passed by Congress, and I propose to be on the ground!"

"Any one in camp needing a hand?" John Minto broached the question.

"Not here. Man across the river wants two men,"—Simmons gesticulated with his knife. "Now that Bill, some Congressmen are fightin' it, say it will depopulate all Europe and exhaust our public lands—"

John waited to hear no more. Paddling over before daylight the boys knocked at a farmhouse just as the hurried owner was rising from an early breakfast.

"Ye-s, y-es," slowly the bewhiskered farmer eyed them over. "I can furnish ye bed an' board, take yer trunks, and have yer washin' and mendin' done. My children can help keep up the loose stock, so that one of us can be spared to hunt every day—and ye shall have your turn at that.

"Nancy, O Nancy! can you give these young men some breakfast?" The boys stepped into the cabin where a big iron pot, a dutch oven, stood on the ashes. As they left the table Mr. Morrison was at the door with a horse.

"Here, Rees; is that the name—Mr. Rees? Take this gold, mount yonder horse, gallop to Robidoux' Landing and buy me breadstuffs enough to last ten persons for a six months' journey. Let me see, that will be about nine barrels of flour, and—Nancy, O Nancy! how much corn-meal have we on hand?"

"Oh, a right smart chance, Wilson." The wife, a woman of commanding stature and abundant auburn hair, turned her meditative gray eyes upon the scholarly face of the far-wandering scion of the Scottish House of Minto. She noted the boy's slight start. Never before had he heard that expression as a measure of quantity.

"W-eell, w-eell," mused the farmer, "get three hundred pounds of corn meal. I reckon that'll last

as long as it'll keep good." Cheerfully Willard Rees started out on his all-day journey to Joe Robidoux' little wind grist-mill where the six tribes met on the Road to Paradise.

"And you, Minto, may help me make a wagon-tongue."

A white oak sapling was quickly cut, and, as the peeling was in progress, the woman with auburn hair spoke to her husband from the kitchen end of the double log cabin: "Wilson, you'd feel mighty queer if that man served you a Yankee trick and went off with your horse and money!"

There was silence and then a quiet answer: "W-eel, w-eell, if he does, he'd better not let *me* overtake him, that's all I've got to say!" Mrs. Morrison laughed and stepped within.

A grateful warmth flushed the heart of John Minto as he commented to himself: "Trusting, and therefore trusty." At that moment a young girl passed from the kitchen door to the spring for a bucket of water. A glimpse of bronze curls escaping a blue sunbonnet, a glint of light from hazel eyes—was she laughing at him?

"There, Johnny Minto, there goes your wife that is to be!" Lower drooped the boy's head, blushing at his own thought; madly he worked, humming an old English ballad:

"The farmer's boy grew up a man,
And the good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had
With the daughter for his bride."

Like the domestic murmur of bees Martha Ann heard the song, and with a heightened color hurried on, scarce glancing at the boy at the wagon-tongue.

Still reminiscent of its recent burden of venison and wild honey from the woods stood the great four-horse wagon,—not one of the gaily-painted of the Ohio—to be changed now into a lumbering vehicle drawn by yokes of heavy oxen. Neighbors gathered as they worked—before night John Minto found that R. W. Morrison was one of the foremost and most trusted pioneers in all that part of Missouri. He had sold his farm for cash, and was investing most of the proceeds in this Oregon outfit.

“Not in my judgment a wise business move,” Mrs. Morrison admitted as she darned John Minto’s socks that night; “but Wilson wishes to go, and so, of course, that settles it with *me!*” she added with a laugh. Not a complaint, not a murmur, but pleasantly and patiently as if it were her own heart’s wish Mrs. Morrison was preparing for the journey.

“Are you not afraid?” inquired the boy.

“Oh, no! By my mother’s death on the wild frontiers of Tennessee I was left at sixteen the house-keeper of my father’s family. He taught me the use of the gun and I have never felt dread of any living creature—except a runaway slave.”

For two weeks friends, neighbors, and relatives of the Morrisons came for miles to bid the family good-bye. Indeed, by the time Rees returned from Robidoux’ the sheriff had arrived with all his family, and the county judge, and the Presbyterian preacher, until tables and beds could scarce contain them all.

“Can’t one of you boys sing?” called the sheriff that night as the company retired behind quilts hung at every angle in the frontier cabin.

“Yes, John has lots of songs,” Rees volunteered, and John, nurtured on ballads handed down through generations of Mintos, in a spirit of challenge sang from behind his homespun curtain:

“Will you go, lassie, go
To the braes of Balquhiddel,
Where the blaeberries grow
‘Mang the bonny blooming heather;
Where the deer and the rae,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
‘Mang the braes of Balquhiddel?”

The tittering girls were silent now. Hiding her hot cheek in the pillow, Martha Ann listened to the first serenade of her life. Intuitively she understood. Did the rest? she wondered.

“I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And cover it o’er
Wi’ the flowers of the mountain,
I will range through the wilds
And the deep glens sae dreary,
And return wi’ the spoils
To the bower o’ my dearie.”

In a flash, Oregon became enchanted country. Already flowers and glens and mountains were gleaming in a halo of dreams.

“When the rude winter wind
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
Sae merrily we’ll sing
When the storm rattles o’er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi’ the loud lilting chorus.”

A rushing of waterfalls, a perfume of winds in the tops of tall forests came alike to mother and to daughter—the one who had known Tennessee, the other who was yet to know a wilder, more magnificent Highlands.

“Now the summer’s in prime,
Wi’ the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A’ the moorlands perfuming.
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
’Mang the braes o’ Balquhiddier.”

None so quick to grasp the spirit of poesy as the American frontiersman. In that brief song Mrs. Morrison felt her last objection swept away. In Oregon bloomed the braes of Balquhiddier.

The sheriff spoke. “Well, young man, that’s a good song. I fancy there’s another where that came from.”

The fire snapped, darting gleams along the raft-ered ceiling; a draught down the chimney shook the curtains.

“These people are on a visit of friendship and farewell,” reflected Minto, in his little alcove. “Let me try Tom Moore’s hymn to friendship—‘The Meeting of the Waters.’ ”

As if gifted with supernatural feeling the melodious voice touched a deeper chord, melting his auditors to sobs as the last exquisite note died and slumber fell upon the deep-breathing household.

The next morning in her loom-house, a cabin apart, making her shuttle fly over cloth for the journey, Mrs. Morrison saw the great, red wagon of the Reverend Edward E. Parrish of Marietta rolling by. Snatching off her white apron and swinging it above her head gayly she hailed the passing family: “If you get there before I do, tell them I’m coming!” With a laugh and a friendly wave of the hand the strangers passed on to the rendezvous.

Four times the dinner-table was set on that last Sunday, then, retiring to the shade outside: “Think

of the Indians!" Judge Irwin was pleading, "and think of the Great American Desert!! Is not this an unnecessary search for toil and danger?" And finally: "Wilson, why are ye goin' anyhow, leaving butter and honey and good corn-bread? Ain't the woods here alive with prairie chickens and wild turkeys?"

As if not hearing that last sentence, slowly the pioneer of pioneers, born under the shadow of Harrod's fort, turned to his wife's brother: "Weel, Jedge, I allow the United States has the best right to that country, and I am goin' to help make that right good. Then, I suppose it is true, as you've been sayin', there are a great many Injuns there that will have to be civilized, an', though I'm no missionary, I have no objection to helpin' in that. Then I am not satisfied here. There is little we raise that pays shipment to market—a little hemp and a little tobacco. Unless a man keeps niggers—and I *won't!*" slapping his knee for emphasis—"he has no even chance; he can't compete with the man that does. Now my neighbor—he has a few field hands, and a few niggers. They raise and make all the family and themselves eat and wear, and some hemp and tobacco besides. If markets are good, Dick will sell; if not, he can hold over, while I am compelled to sell all I can make every year in order to make ends meet. I'm going to Oregon where there'll be no slaves and we'll all start even!"

Other emigrants were waiting—men, women, children—camped like an army on the green—descendants of Scotch Covenanters, and sons of the Long Knives of Point Pleasant and King's Mountain, literally sons of the American Revolution were on the continental march.

Boys were in evidence, to earn their way by driving teams, guarding stock, or standing night sentinels beside the sleeping camp. Men were there who had held seats in every legislature from Virginia to Missouri—all now, as birds flocking for migration, preparing to transport a moving state to the shore of a distant ocean.

"I move that Cornelius Gilliam be chosen general of this emigration!" rang out a voice at the first mass meeting beyond the border. Gilliam had served in the Missouri legislature, had been an officer in the Florida war, where, at the battle of Okechobee, he jumped his company across a creek into the midst of the red men and sent them flying. Instantly the American instinct for hero worship responded: "Gilliam forever!" At the same election "Honest Mike" Simmons became Colonel Michael T. Simmons, and ever after the leaders of the companies were known as Captains Shaw, Morrison and Woodcock.

Cornelius Gilliam made a great speech, "And now we will march immediately." George Washington Bush gave the bugle call.

Straightway heavy ox-wagons fell into line, whiplashes snapped like pistol-shots, and St. Joseph knew them no more. They had committed themselves to the vast green silence, so still, so far, that the nation almost forgot that a seed had been wafted to its western shore. As upon the dead, the shipwrecked, the lost, the curtain rang down, save when now and then a brief infrequent letter found its way to a parental hearth. Like heroic aviators of a later time they had disappeared.

Long after the Applegates started the year before, a rumor, indistinct, almost unbelievable, had reached the ear of Horace Greeley.

"For what?" he thundered in the New York *Tribune*, "For what do they brave the desert, the wilderness, the savages, the snowy precipices of the Rocky Mountains, the weary summer march, the storm-drenched bivouac, and the gnawings of famine? This emigration of more than one thousand persons in one body to Oregon wears an aspect of insanity."

"To that God-forsaken Asiatic region!" John C. Calhoun was astounded.

"The maddest enterprise that has ever deluded foolish man!" added the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. There was even talk of forbidding these harebrained adventures, especially with women and children.

Off, they were off on the great *journada* following the old trail of the traders—knights-errant, into the region of Romance and Mystery—toward the mighty barrier of the Rockies and the legendary Columbia.

Of them all not one save Bush had ever been over the path. As a mere little darkey accompanying the traders to Mexico, on beyond the Rockies and even to the distant Columbia—returning as from the dead—the courageous colored boy had attracted the favorable attention of Governor William Clark, superintendent of all the Indian West. Bush could pass where white men seldom ventured. As a contractor for Governor Clark for years his duty it had been to round-up and safe-conduct annuities, beef, blankets and provisions to tribes recently moved beyond the border—Shawnees, Delawares, Wyandots, Creeks, Chickasaws—into a land forever set apart to be Indian Territory.

But Clark—his beloved employer, was dead—five years since. What remained. Slavery? Never! George Washington Bush with his family was on a flight for freedom.

II

PIONEER MOTHERS

1844

NANCY MORRISON's flax-wheel was in the wagon, her bobbins and her weaving sleys, and every woman down the line was knitting for dear life. "For how can we waste so much time?" cried mothers to whom thrift was a religion. Rosy children, six and seven to a wagon, clustered like bouquets around them, gazing wide-eyed at the world without. Far away in the morning sunlight glittered the new wagon-tops of Bush, Simmons, Captain Shaw, B. C. Kindred and Rachel with her little all—her baby and her wedding-dress—followed by the family of James and Elizabeth McAllister who, drawn by two yokes of cows, had come on from Kentucky to join them.

On a strong swift horse George Waunch, a German gunsmith, was their leader—an ardent sportsman, riding miles ahead each day, reconnoitering the country, picking out camping spots, water and grazing. Woodcock's company had already passed on and out of sight to be seen no more until they reached the Columbia.

What gay laughter rang out in this Morning of the World! How young people loved the *journada*, the saga of a lifetime! To the boys every bonnet was a flower, blue, pink, anon green or gold in yon garden of girls. The atmosphere electric, exhilarated, intoxicated. Keyed to the highest, bobolinks sang and bluebells were blooming around hearts gypsying away and away to Oregon.

The boys driving cattle rode singing on. What voices they had and jokes for every one! Joe Watt wore a roundabout fresh from his mother's loom and a red blanket overcoat somewhat the worse for wear.

"I have borrowed two-dollars-and-a-half, Joe, to fit you out," his father had said at parting; with that the young man had bought a pair of boots, and invested the rest in pins and fish-hooks to trade with the Indians. But new boots! Slinging them over his rifle and donning moccasins, Joe Watt walked most of the way across the Plains. Joe's grandfather fought in the American Revolution, his father was one of the heroes with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, and now Joe, the eldest of fourteen children, was to carry the family honor on to Oregon. Other young men were there with only a gun over their shoulders, with no other provision or outfit than a buffalo-robe and a tin cup, mounting their ponies and starting on a journey to an unknown country hundreds of miles distant requiring long months of travel.

"Can you come with me to call on Mrs. Sagar this evening?" inquired Aunt Sally Shaw of Mrs. Morrison as their wagons rolled into the circle with locked tongues and wheels for the night.

"Yes, as soon as the work is done. Where is Martha Ann?" It was always "Marthan! Marthan!" all about the camp—her mother's right hand help, the eldest daughter, only thirteen, but a little woman, skilled in the kitchen—and "Mary Ellen," her sister, a close second.

"Now, Sonny, bring the chips"—buffalo chips of the prairie, where wild cattle had wandered for ages, bleached in the suns of countless summers.

Fires having been kindled along the wagons inside the corral, clumsy dutch ovens were filled for the

family baking, and soon biscuits, dried apples, beans, coffee, and bacon were spread in tins on the grass for a lot of hungry people; cows must be milked, and the little ones tucked in their beds in the wagons. Then, in the quiet evening, Aunt Sally and Mrs. Morrison went over to visit Mrs. Sagar.

Oh, the happy, noisy little Sagar children, John, Francis, Catherine, Elizabeth, Matilda, and Louisa! Their demonstrative joy almost lifted care from the brow of the pale and worried mother. Around them from camp to camp on the evening air trilled the note of the bugle, the flute, the violin, and the merry laugh of dancers. The Sagar cattle recrossed the Missouri that first night and went back to winter quarters; their recovery caused delay and a forced and weary march to rejoin the train. "But I am no ox-driver!" Mr. Sagar flung down his whip.

"I'll tame 'em for ye!" with a gad Uncle Billy Shaw whacked the refractory steers. "Haw! Gee! Whoa! Haw, thar!" turning them to right and to left.

The undulating all-day motion of the wagon—like a ship at sea—made Mrs. Sagar sick. Crossing the Nemaha River, between the future Kansas and Nebraska, "Haste! Haste!" Lightnings flashed and the wild night roared as a baby was born in the Sagar tent.

"Mrs. Sagar is very ill!" went the word down the line next morning and the train rested, while all the hundred mothers with their big iron pots on the banks of the Nemaha had a washing and drying day. From wagon-top to wagon-top stretched improvised clotheslines—grass, bushes—all white with bleaching linen.

"A new baby! A new baby! Came down in the rain last night!" How the noisy, happy little Sagars spread the joyful word! Another life had come, love,

laughter, into the white-topped wagon camp where plum trees were blooming on the banks of an Indian river.

Cozily wrapped in her blanket-bed in the big wagon, secure from continual rain, dazzled now and then by bursts of sunshine, on they rolled into the lovely land of the Shawnees with singing birds and bees humming in snow-white boughs of wild cherries; through rustling cottonwood groves of the Kaws, and the Pottawattamies; across the Little Vermillion and the Big Vermillion, fish leaping in crystal streams and wild peas purpling the prairie.

"Why not stop here, Henry?" Mrs. Sagar would say.

"Too dangerous, Mother. And it is not permitted! All this border-land is set apart for the Indians 'as long as grass grows or water runs.'"

"Stop here, Mother? Oh, no!" protested the boys. "We are bound for the Far Country, Oregon the Beautiful."

Wanly Mrs. Sagar would smile, happy in their anticipation. She would be the last to chill such exuberant hopes. Hugging the babe tighter she slumbered fitfully—walking on the tops of tall sunflowers springing into a path of gold as she scattered the seed along the way.

Out of the thin green of early spring over age-old Indian roads they came into the thick curly buffalo-grass of Nebraska. "And, O God, remove all wild beasts and savage men from our pathway!" prayed the Reverend Mr. Parrish on the Sabbath.

"Amen! Amen!" cried Uncle Billy, an old-fashioned shouting Methodist.

"I hope God will not hear *that* prayer," whispered Johnny Sagar to his brother, "for I am bound to kill a buffalo, and I should like to see a grizzly bear."

On they pressed, and still it rained—in sheets and cloudbursts, interspersed now and then with cyclonic wind and hail as if the very elements had leagued to bar the march of '44. Rivulets became rivers, and rivers, seas. Even on the highest prairie-sod wagon-wheels cut to the axle. Drenched were the women cooking in the rain. Fires went out. Drenched were tents and bedding. Fourteen days, stormbound, wistfully they gazed on the rampant Vermillion, and four on the raging Big Blue.

A hundred miles from St. Joseph, the Big Blue was a whirling torrent.

"I can cross you!" volunteered Dan Clark, head-ferryman of '44. In rain-shedding hats, high-topped boots and long cape-coats, out of the mud on to catamaran rafts of hollowed logs shouting men and awkward oxen rolled the wheels of the wagons, terrified wives and children clinging to the wagon-bows.

Tossing horns, madly resisting cattle scented danger. Four or five teamsters led into the water. Never to be outdone John Minto and his ox plunged in, both sucked under, three times under, then he felt the ox and came up.

"John! John!" Martha Ann was screaming.

Never heard he such music!—It saved his life. "There is something to live for—yonder!" So time and again, half-drowned, gasping, one by one they passed over—"Over the rivers to Oregon!"

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," Uncle Billy lifted his tremulous voice that night beside the campfire.

Behind them—all unknown, Westport—Kansas City—had been swept clean away by unprecedented floods of melting snows from the Mountanas. St.

Joseph, itself, undermined fell into the river, and all the lowlands were lakes like an ocean.

Slowly, apprehensively, the all-but amphibious prairie schooners approached the sandy coasts of the Platte expanded now into the rolling Sea of Nebraska. Never the world saw braver shipmen, never waves more deceiving. Shallow and wide and treacherous with quicksands, safety lay only in chained wagons and mutual support.

"No rafting here!"—Dan Clark the ferryman. "We must *swim* through!" and swim they did, every wagonbox a boat, every passenger a hero to reach the land of Youth and Beauty. In those wagons rolled the lifeblood of a nation, the brain, the hope, the very beating heart.

By July Major Thorp's company was already over and passing up from the Platte when from the north came down a low rolling rumble like distant thunder. Drivers were startled; there was no appearance of a storm, not a cloud, and yet, louder, more ominous, grew the roar across the prairie. Anxious glasses swept the horizon. Telescopes were levelled.

"My God!"—the major scanned afar—"ten thousand buffalos are tearing toward this train like a tornado. Our only salvation is to drive out of range! But *can* we!"

Startled by cutting whips the patient, plodding oxen ran madly, wildly, almost stampeding, before the swift-winged terror. They too, caught the sound of bellowing cattle; old racial fires rekindled and a forgotten freedom was re-asserted as with swaying wagons they raced across the plain. Not an instant too soon! for as the last wheel passed, higher than horses, shaggy, tremendous, bulkier than the greatest ox the black-horned herd swept rocking, swinging by,

heads low, tails in air, flinging the earth with angry hoofs and shaking black manes above their bloodshot eyes. To have been caught would have been burial beneath an avalanche. Madly the splendid brutes plunged into the Platte, darkening the stream for a mile, and passed on south toward other advancing trains.

It was a warm summer day. General Gilliam was asleep in his wagon. Captain Morrison's team was in the lead and the captain himself, scout and guide, was five miles ahead with his long-stocked Kentucky rifle on his shoulder. He, too, heard a din like all the bulls of Bashan—a detachment of the great herd was veering toward the St. Joe trail. Near, nearer, advancing cautiously alongside, the farmer-captain took a shot, bringing the first two-thousand-pound monster to his knees, turning the tide.

"That a buffalo!" Down from his high wagon-perch Reverend Mr. Parrish viewed the captain's quivering, bleeding, dying quarry. "Well, Captain, if I had seen that creature without knowing what it was, I would have called it Old Nick himself—a more dangerous-looking, ugly, ungainly animal I never saw!"

"Buffalo! Buffalo!" Wakened by the call General Gilliam shaded his eyes to look. Far away beneath rolling dun dust vast herds were moving from the Platte bottom up the hill, stamping, snorting, bellowing. "Quick, a saddle-horse!"

Little Polly Gilliam jumped from her mare. Mrs. Gilliam held the gun ready; in no time the General, astride, beating with excited heels, called back: "Boys, you with the teams, camp where there is wood and water! you that can, mount and follow me!" and madly fourteen-year-old Ben Franklin Shaw followed his uncle.

Whip in hand John Minto stood in the middle of the road; it seemed hard that all but him could join the flying chase! But no, other boys as steady as himself were picking out camping-spots and looking after the safety of the lives and property in their care. A raw hand was at the Sagar wheel; in the confusion the wagon was overturned, and for a long time the mother of the recently born infant lay unconscious on the prairie.

"What has become of the train?" Captain Morrison came hurrying back. "Land! Nancy, five miles ahead I had a better spot than this, with a buffalo already at the door. Come, who volunteers to bring in the beef for supper?"

At eleven o'clock at night the jolly boys were back, every horse loaded, and Joe Watt, walking beside his mule, led the singing. All night long Gilliam's party came stringing in—the slaughter had been terrific. In that hot July night forty thousand pounds of the best beef spoiled as it lay where it fell.

"I dread the consequences of such a headlong flight as we had to-day!" very red in the face, burly Colonel Simmons was stamping back and forth. "How did *we* know but Injuns might a ben chasin' them herds? With our officers gone, what an easy prey this train might a ben to an attack! I cannot longer share the responsibility!" He tore off his badge and threw it on the ground.

"If any man presumes to leave this camp without permission, I will hang him to the nearest tree!" General Gilliam endeavored to allay the rising dissatisfaction.

At that moment Daniel Clark dashed by. "If any of you men or boys intend going to Oregon, come on! I'm going," and away he galloped, unchallenged and unrestrained.

There was a hush, and a fear of trouble, but American instinct for law and order prevailed. Turning to Minto, "Let us be careful, John, to say nothing to increase the disturbance," cautioned wise Captain Morrison. "We will do our duty just the same. No mob can ever cross the Plains."

"Who are you, going hunting without leave?" roared the General next morning as he caught sight of a horseman making for the foothills. "I'll—"

"Now Neil, Neil, be careful!" It was Mrs. Mary Gilliam's tense and anxious voice, the mentor that so often restrained her impulsive husband. The General looked at his wife—the lawbreaker was her own brother!

"They may all get to Oregon as they can!" muttered the general of this undisciplined army. "I will have nothing more to do with them." But the patient captains, Shaw and Morrison, took up the burden he laid down, and redoubled their vigilance for the safety of the train.

"My child, your leg is broken all to pieces!"

Little Catherine Sagar, skipping in and out of the moving wagon, had gone under the wheels. Lifting her in, the untaught father, himself, set the mashed and mangled limb. With Catherine moaning and groaning at every jolt, they rolled on that night toward Fort Laramie on the River Platte.

Hurrying to and fro, in another part of the train Mr. Sagar found a German doctor, and brought him up. "Is that set right?"

Settling his big hornrimmed glasses: "Couldn't haf done a better shob meself," nodded the physician, tightening the bandages.

Already in advance, Major Thorp's train had sighted the white walls of Fort Laramie dozing in the

hot afternoon. But a warning had been sent from the fort:

"Come no farther. If any one understands Sioux, send him. There is a war party here, I cannot understand why. Their place at this time of the year is on the Blackfoot or Crow border. I fear they mean mischief."

"I will go," Batonne, a Frenchman from the Omaha crossing, volunteered. "I know Bissonette in charge of Laramie, and I understand Sioux." With a small escort he galloped ahead.

"It always makes me itch to see an American horse,"—a young Sioux watched the approaching riders—"I want it for myself!"

"Wait a few days," answered a chief in his own tongue. "The white men will come, and we shall have *all* their horses." Batonne heard and reported to Bissonette.

Quick as thought Bissonette summoned the chiefs. "I have important news for you." A solemn council gathered; the pipe was passed, and the sallow-cheeked lank-haired master of Laramie began:

"I have lived with you now many years, and have always dealt honorably."

"Yes," answered the Sioux.

"I have never told you a lie."

"Never," said the chiefs.

"And have been as a brother."

"You have been our white brother."

"Well, I have just heard news that is of utmost importance to you. The emigrants, who come from the sunrise and will soon be here, have been delayed. A man died; they buried him; he had the smallpox. I advise you, therefore, to leave this place as soon as possible, go to your northern home, and not return for a full moon."

Alarm was depicted on every countenance. Unforgettably, "*Blackbird—great Blackbird and his Omahas has died of the smallpox!!*" Immediately the chiefs departed to their tents; within fifteen minutes the whole three thousand were on the move and when Thorp arrived not a Sioux was in sight.

The month was up now, and the rain-delayed St. Joe train was arriving, festooned from end to end with ropes of buffalo-beef drying across the wagon-tops. It was ten o'clock at night when the train rolled in.

"Injuns! See their camps?" Uncle Billy motioned to Captain Morrison. John Minto placed the guard. Ben Franklin Shaw begged to be among them.

"Frankie! Frankie!" screamed his mother. Never could Aunt Sally realize that her youngest was no longer an infant.

"Smoke? smoke?" Splendidly dressed Sioux came to the whites at sunrise. Around the fort handsome banners glistened over their teepees, shining with barbaric, almost Asiatic splendor. General Gilliam took the pipe.

"Great chief!" grunted the Sioux, when his speech was translated. Still they lingered, until nervous mothers gave hot biscuits out of the dutch ovens.

"I do believe these Injuns are hungry!" Aunt Sally, neighborly Aunt Sally! ladled hot coffee from her kettles, Ben Franklin passing the tins, trying to talk with the Sioux. Delectable drink!

"Better than fire-water! Red Head! O Red Head!" they yelled with delight, reaching for more.

"Aunt Sally, a true lady!" murmured John Minto assisting Red Head.

"Ah, ho!" laughed Bissonette, as he saw them amicably seated on the grass. "This is better than

last year! Then the fierce Indians threatened to kill all the men and take captive all the women!"

Some repairs must be made, some supplies must be purchased. Prices at Laramie were forty dollars a barrel for flour, one-dollar-and-a-half a pint for brown sugar. All day Indian wives of the Laramie traders, chief's daughters, in beaded buckskin and gay red leggings, girls with high painted cheeks and soft liquid eyes like antelopes, astride their dappled ponies came lingering to watch the pioneer mothers sewing on buttons, washing, mending on the banks of Laramie River. Proudly Bissonette introduced his Indian bride. Long and thoughtfully she gazed, then, turning to him in tears: "Antoine, how could you marry me when white women are so beautiful?"

"See! see! shining ones!" With lifted hands, gazing in astonishment, talking in sign language, gesticulating, dancing, laughing immoderately, amazed Indians watched tow-headed children tripping in and out of the wagons. A memorable day it was among the Sioux some of whom had never before beheld white women, white children. "Buy! buy!" They were bringing up beaver-skins and wampum.

"They admire the flaxen hair," laughed Bissonette, waving them back. "They wish to buy your shining daughters!"

"Buy! buy!" Leading a string of spotted ponies a Sioux belle begged the handsome boy, John Minto, from Mrs. Morrison. In vain that lady disclaimed ownership, until, at a smile and signal from Martha Ann, laughing, blushing, John fled away to the cattle. The Sioux belle frowned, in scorn her lip curled: "He—slave!" hurriedly withdrawing the precious ponies.

A little apart Uncle Billy Shaw's camp knelt in prayer and sang hymns to the wonderment of the

Sioux, and General Gilliam exhorted to courage and faith in God.

No wonder the train was panicky that night—too nervous to sleep. "Let us dance!" suggested Joseph Watt; and to hide their vigilant watching Ira Bowman played his cherry fiddle while the young people wheeled and circled beneath the bright Nebraska moon. "Talking to the Great Spirit!" whispered the Sioux to whom dancing was an act of worship. In oaksplint easy chairs beside the fire a few grandmothers smoked their corn-cob pipes. "Peace pipes!" nodded the Sioux. "Wise women of the tribe!"

Gliding, stepping, as in a trance, musing on the mystery of the night wind rolling over yonder Indian camp, Martha Ann thought only of the boy out there with the cattle, too fair, too delicate he seemed for hardship. "No wonder the Sioux wanted to buy him! They even might steal him!" Peering into the glimmer of their smouldering fires she shuddered and shook in the wind, the sibilant wind, hissing and sissing in the buffalo-grass.

Minto, himself, worn and tired as he was, could not sleep for thinking of Martha Ann, but with hand on rifle wide-eyed he watched until the Indians heavy-lidded fell asleep—and silence enwrapped the prairie, save for the wind, fragrant wind, whispering "Oregon! Oregon!" and the reassuring "All's Well!" of the night-watch, George Washington Bush. On high shone the stars serene as above the prophets of old Judea, scintillant, twinkling, watching a new flight to the Land of Canaan.

"Drive, drive, drive!" was the word at daylight as Captain Morrison set out ahead to pick out a safe camping spot.

"Where is Captain Morrison? Those Injuns will certainly follow and attack us!"

"No, Bissonette detains them for races at Laramie!" Mr. Bush gave assurance. "He is looking out for us. I have known Bissonette from boyhood."

"Wilson, where is my gun?" even Mrs. Morrison still feared when the Captain appeared at sunset.

"You will not need the gun, Nancy. It is hanging to the arch of the little wagon, the pouch and powder-horn with it. John has the rifle."

Wolves, bears, buffalos might prowl in the darkness, but Indians—no wonder Indians fled at the hint of smallpox! Only seven short years before—1837—Mr. Bush remembered—an epidemic scourged the Missouri, decimating whole tribes until their war spirit was broken. Unguarded, unprotected, now these peaceful homeseeking emigrants with wives and children were passing over trails wont to be raided by robber Crows, treacherous Blackfeet and devastating hordes of nomadic Assiniboinés sweeping down from the Saskatchewan like packs of howling wolves in search of scalps and plunder, especially horses, horses, horses of the Spanish country. How easily could they have routed these defenceless people!

No wonder the Government was alarmed! But almost unknown at Washington, like a stroke of Destiny the Plains had become suddenly depopulated save for a few tribes that had escaped the contagion. Any estimate as to how many perished would be guess work—anywhere from fifty to one hundred thousand according to old traders. It awed the Indian. It ruined the fur trade.

And Laramie—historians have overlooked the beneficent work of traders—civilizing intermediaries, training these wild Arabs of the desert west by

traffic and acquaintance, bridging the gulf from savagery. Their very merchandise in skins of wild beasts made safe a place for the homes of future ploughmen.

"John, John!" Sinking into slumber from a weary day's drive John Minto heard a whisper. In an instant he was on his feet.

"I know you are just as tired as the other boys, John!" began Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Morrison in a breath, "but there is such a difference between them when appealed to for further labor that we have come to ask you to dig a grave for John Nichols' daughter. She is dying."

"Certainly, I will dig the grave. Where can I find a pick and a shovel?"

"In yonder wagon. Hurry to the Nichols' camp," whispered Mrs. Morrison as the two good women disappeared in the darkness.

"Is this the place?" Four or five mothers were closing around the end of a wagon in which a young girl was breathing her last. "Took cold in those dreadful rains!" the women said, holding up the lantern.

John caught a glimpse of the snowy throat and half-bared breast of one just budding into womanhood; his heart trembled. All the memories of days in the deep coal mines of England came back, where from a lad of eight for ten long years he had seen men burned, maimed, and crushed by falling rock; but nothing, nothing like this! She was about the age of Martha Ann. One shudder, and the marble form was still. Brief was the night funeral.

"No, you little girls cannot see her lowered into the grave!" Aunt Sally Shaw shoved gently back those gathering to see the last of their playmate of

the plains. But ever in their memories rang that mother's agonizing wail: "Oh Betsy! Betsy!" whispering still in the night winds of Nebraska.

In the loose soil and stones where she died they laid her, and built a brush fire to conceal the spot from the Sioux.

"John!" Mrs. Morrison laid her hand on his shoulder one warm afternoon, "Let me drive while you go to yonder grove and pick the ripest cherries you can find for Mrs. Sebrea. The doctor says give her the fruit she craves; it will make no difference as to the result. She will die anyway."

"What! that beautiful Mrs. Sebrea, the most queenly woman in all this train of eighty-four wagons?"

"Yes; she took cold cooking in the rain."

The wild cherries were brought, but the young matron of twenty-eight died that night.

"Here, take it"—a snowy silk glistened in the moonlight—"you must bury her in my wedding-dress!" sobbed Rachel Kindred, handing over her last treasure for the winding sheet of her friend. "And roll her in this feather-bed!" added Mrs. Morrison.

Others were dead, and dying, and sick with camp fever from exposure and weariness. But the buffalos—the wild, ungainly buffalos—strayed among the cattle, and the women wanted to hunt! The perplexed buffalos wheeled, four passed directly through the train in front of the Sagar wagon. "Hand me my gun!" Though sick with a fever, Mr. Sagar dashed away.

"Henry!" called his frightened wife.

"I must go, mother; we have no meat!" And on he went, leaving the German doctor to drive.

"Behold, the Mountains! the Mountains!" One day involuntarily the entire train paused, awed by the splendor of the first snow peaks they had ever seen. For days their outlines had cut the horizon. The buffalo region was passed, and Captain Morrison, foraging far ahead, brought in a mountain sheep.

"Thank God, we are out of the Sioux country! Mr. Bush says five hundred miles of buffalo is their range, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He was in the employ of Governor Clark—he knows the whole frontier!"

The Great South Pass, the wonder of the Rockies, opened before the emigrants. Scarce knowing when they passed the summit, the train came over upon waters flowing to the west.

"Look ahead, my children"—Mrs. Sagar pointed a waxen finger—"Yonder lies Oregon!" How the curly-heads leaned to look and wonder—would it shine like silver and gleam in the sun?

And again it was "John, John, can you sit up part of the night with Mr. Sagar? He is very ill." Aunt Sally Shaw was out again in the night. "Mrs. Sagar is nearly sick herself but she will see to giving her husband medicine if you will watch in his tent!"

Overheated by his buffalo chase, Mr. Sagar lay burning with fever. Unconscious, he asked for nothing. The good German doctor, driving by day and nursing the sick by night, was almost worn out.

"Mrs. Sagar, it is time for the medicine."

Past midnight John Minto gently woke the sleeping mother. She started in fear: "Is he dead?" She hushed the fretful babe, and hurried to her husband's side. "Henry, Henry, dear! wake, Henry!" But he answered not as he took the medicine.

The train came down into the low valley of crystal clear Green River, deep, and swift, and cold,

where many a luckless lad would yet be drowned in crossing. Camped on its banks the sick man opened his eyes in the cool of the evening. Catherine, lying helpless, caught his sight.

"My poor child! What will become of you?" In a frenzy of agony Henry Sagar buried his face in his pillow. Uncle Billy Shaw, watchful ever, found him weeping, bitterly.

"My last hour—has come—Uncle Billy, and my heart is filled with anguish . . . for my family . . . Catherine will be a cripple for life. They have no relatives . . . near . . . and a long journey before them. Oh, promise me . . . *promise* . . . that you will take charge of them, and see them safely through!" His voice rose shrill and piercing.

"Rest easy, Mr. Sagar, rest easy!" Kind old Uncle Billy soothed the sick man's brow. "Your family shall never be neglected. They shall be to us as our own—safe in Oregon."

Murmuring "Oregon, Oregon—The Green Land Far Away," that night Henry Sagar died—a soldier of the Trail—satisfied that his children would find The Blessed Country. In a coffin of the hollowed logs they had used that afternoon in a raft they buried him, on the banks of Green River in the heart of the Rockies.

But for "the Dutch doctor"—as the children called him—the family would have been in distress. "What is your name?" one day piped little Matilda.

"*Mein kinder*—you coot not speak my Sharman name—call me Dr. Dagan!" and Dr. Dagan he was until his death long years later on the River Rogue. But—irritated beyond patience—sometimes he softly swore in German.

"We must get to Whitman's and winter there," said Mrs. Sagar, now rendered tearless, all but speechless, in a storm of fear and woe.

By degrees the colored man, George Washington Bush, had come to be guardian of the entire train. As one who never slept he had an eye on cattle, wagons, and especially on families in want or trouble. Scarce even guessing who was their benefactor, he brought meat and flour to the Sagar camp. And ever to and fro hurried the pioneer mothers with pots of hot broth and warm blankets. Conspicuous among all were a blue-eyed, stately woman with auburn hair, and a little fat one in black cap, snowy kerchief, and checked gingham apron, mothering the little Sagers.

"Look," the men used to say; "there go our captains' wives—the Sisters of Charity."

From the billowing grass of the Missouri flats other trains had gone up the Kaw, the great river of Kansas, crossing where Topeka was yet to be, and already lovers were singing:

"On the banks of the Kaw I am waiting, I am waiting,
On the banks of the Kaw I am waiting for you;
Where the whippoorwill sings and the humming-bird brings
Remembrance, dear heart, of you, of you!"

Romance was coming to the Kaw, to the Platte, and to the Laramie—named for that dare-devil Jaques LaRamee, undoubted kin to Louisa La Ramee, the "Ouida" of France. He acted, she wrote, the deeds of adventure. Tramp, tramp, tramp went the feet of a continental army. Clank, clank the chains of oxen. All night the champing and tramping of cattle as summer after summer fleets of prairie schooners were to skirt the Coasts of Nebraska.

Who could imagine these straggling caravans of the forties were bound for the uttermost. Beyond uncounted buffalo swarming the Platte? Beyond the mighty mountains? Beyond the desert? Buoyed by their subconscious part in the living unwritten American Bible every year saw captains of tens, captains of hundreds, captains of thousands with flocks and herds moving out as did Abraham of old. Guided by campfire after campfire, pillars of smoke by day and pillars of flame by night, only Ocean itself could stop them!

III

THE RACE FROM FORT BRIDGER

1844

UNCLE BILLY SHAW, a pioneer from boyhood, born on the ocean shores of Carolina and constantly beating west, became deeply interested in the case of George Washington Bush. "And so you were with Jackson at New Orleans?"

"There, Uncle Billy? I am the man that suggested the cotton barricade, for well I knew no bullet could pierce that sort of armor."

"By the Lord, Bush, that won the day over the British red coats!"

"I know it—know it, for General Jackson told me so himself!" and with the quickstep of youth and a bugle he struck up, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the regimental marching song of the battle of New Orleans.

That beloved bugle thrilled all the train. Bush was one of theirs; indeed, whoever came to understand the shrewd sagacity and great liberality of the olive-skinned hero forgot his color under the broad-brimmed hat of the pioneer.

"And how do you think I will stand in Oregon, Uncle Billy?"

"Don't worry about that, my friend; Oregon is a free country."

Captain Morrison, a statesman by instinct, pulled out his prized manual of civil government to discuss that future Oregon with others around the evening campfire in the shadow of the Rockies. Freedom blew from those far-off peaks.

"I shall watch with care the indication of public sentiment in the new settlement of Oregon in regard to people of color," said Bush, "and so place myself that I can defend myself and my interests if it proves unfriendly."

"And, if necessary, you can place yourself under the protection of British and Canadian law," was the consensus around the campfire.

"Or seek the protection of the Mexican Government in California," added Bush.

The race into Oregon began at Fort Bridger recently erected on the Black Fork of Green River. A plain path had led the trains thus far---the trail of traders and trappers for twenty years. But now provisions were failing. The way grew dusty. No longer could little children run beside the wagons gathering apron-loads of bright-hued flowers. No more humming-birds. No more bobolinks. The sun baked the very earth.

"Get up, Martha Ann; you can find some water now," whispered Mr. Kindred, passing with his pail by her corner of the tent. In the desert Captain Morrison often dug out springs and left them to fill. Quietly---half asleep---the girl slipped out under the waning stars. Suddenly an Indian was beside her---apparently from afar, wild locks flying, a bow over his shoulder, a quiverful of arrows, and a shield on his arm. Startled, with amazed eyes Martha Ann saw him leap from his horse and with both hands scraping the bottom of the spring gulp dirt, sand, rocks and all in his famishing thirst. Dropping her half-filled bucket the wild man caught it high, draining it to the bottom.

Refreshed, renewed, with one quick burning glance at the girl, graceful as a Greek centaur leaping to his pony, cleaving the very air he flew as if expect-

ing a bullet behind. But no man lifted a hand. The lone famished savage was sacred.

"An Arapahoe far off his beat!"—Mr. Bush came forward—"A lone lost one of tribes that one time swept these Plains by thousands. Can shoot an arrow straight through a buffalo. Formidable warriors on their fleet horses should they care to attack. But—we hope—he is alone!" scanning the horizon.

"Not even giving me a chance to invite him to breakfast!" gaily Martha Ann reported to her family—trembling in every limb.

Up every morning before daylight Martha Ann and Mary Ellen were baking sour-milk biscuits for the day by the fire of sage while their mother milked the cows and the men looked after the stock. However early the boys made their rounds Martha Ann was sure to be at her baking first, and at the stock corral George Washington Bush was always on foot—a sentry that never slept.

"They will make good wives, whoever gets them!" whispered Rees to John Minto, smiling toward the little women by the campfire. "Not even afraid of Indians—yet!"

John shot a lurid glance at Willard Rees. "You, too?" Of course every one loved Martha Ann! John was sure of that!

Long before dawn reddened the hills the milk was in the churn to bounce up hill, down dale, into a ball of sweet butter for supper. The tablecloth was snatched from the grass and the last tin plate was tucked away as the train rolled out to catch the cool of the morning.

"Mary Ellen, I reckon you and Martha Ann'll have to ride horseback or walk," said Mr. Morrison. "These footsore oxen are hardly able to crawl."

Hot and hotter beat the sun on the tired girls in the saddle to whom heaven lay just under the edge of a wagon-cover. At last, overwearyed, down from the stirrups they slid, only to shrink from scorched shoes and burnt feet in the volcanic ash of the roadside. Mrs. Sagar was delirious. The nights were cold, the days suffocating with alkali that blistered and ex-coriated the tender skin of women. Every evening Aunt Sally Shaw and Mrs. Morrison came in to wash the dust from Mrs. Sagar's face. Long since they had taken charge of the wailing babe.

"Whitman's—if we can only get to Whitman's . . .!" she moaned.

"A terrible road today—the worst we have travelled," uttered Uncle Billy, listening at the Sagar tent. He heard a voice within:

"Oh, Henry, if you only knew how much we have suffered! Boys" she breathed with difficulty . . . "take good care . . . of the little . . . sisters . . ." They were her last words. That night Mrs. Sagar died. With a prayer and a hymn at sunrise, in a grave lined with willow brush they laid her, un-coffined in the desert.

"*Mein Kinder! ach, Mein Kinder!*" with tears streaming down under his big horn glasses, lamenting in accents they could not understand, the German doctor rounded in his long arm and pressed against his breast the frightened little orphans—"Mein! Mein!" Uncle Billy, too, and his wife, watched them day and night—in fact "The Seven Little Sagars" were adopted by the entire train.

Better even than he knew Captain Wyeth of Boston had built Fort Hall near the junction of the green Portneuf and the River Snake—old-time beaver-heaven of trappers and traders. Even though lost to

the Hudson's Bay Company—his competitors—in eight years that frail defense of sun-dried brick and portholes had become an indispensable source of supplies for American immigration. In the heart of the old war ground of Snakes, Crows, and Blackfeet it stood, the first pillar of civilization among the fighting tribes.

Already leaves of the cottonwoods were fluttering with gold along the Portneuf bottoms. Already the Sawtooth range was topped with snow.

"Can we take our wagons to the Columbia River?" inquired a Baptist preacher of the magnate in charge at Fort Hall.

"Do not ask *me!*" growled Captain Grant in great irritation. "Last year men came here just as you do now, Mr. Cave, and asked the same question. I told them they could *not* get through with their wagons—we found it difficult to pass with pack ponies. They went on, however, just as though I had not spoken. The next I heard of them they had reached Walla Walla and The Dalles! You d——d Yankees can go anywhere you want to!"

"He pours on cold water by the barreland," muttered Gilliam between his teeth, turning away. But letters were there, almost a voice from heaven—

"To Any in Need: If from any cause there is likely to be suffering before your emigration can reach the Willamette, let it be known. Relief will be sent.

(Signed) Jesse Applegate. Peter H. Burnett."

"Burnett! Applegate, here last year!" The very names inspired. "Three cheers! Drive on!" shouted Gilliam. "The journey is almost over!"

It was six hundred miles to the Willamette, as far yet as the famous first trans-Alleghanians crossed

into "the far Kentucki" only sixty years before—six hundred miles of desert, mount, and raging rivers, surpassing anything yet encountered. But none realized that. In fact, some expected to embark on the tortuous, tumultuous Snake, and float to the Columbia and the sea.

Yoking again their jaded oxen contentedly resting on the green, the further trek began. In grim determination, seldom smiling, seldom singing, but cogitating, cogitating—Not yet was the gypsy life ended.

"These families are short of food! Hadn't we better strike on ahead?" Dan Clark, Sam Crockett, and John Minto consulted apart.

No word was sent, no appeal, but the three daring volunteers rode out at daylight with only a bit of pemmican, bought at the fort, and their guns, to depend on.

"Boys"—the ever watchful George Washington Bush in his shirt sleeves followed them out from his wagon—"Boys, you are going through a hard country. You have guns and ammunition. Take my advice; anything you see as big as a blackbird, kill it and eat it."

That day three grouse were seen and no more to the end. They had entered the great sage plains of the Snake where Indians were harvesting grasshoppers. The three boys riding light passed Ford's company from Independence; passed Thorp's company from the Platte; passed Woodcock's company from St. Joseph; and struck into the Blue Mountains, two thousand feet higher than the South Pass of the Rockies.

"We've got to do something with these children!" Uncle Billy Shaw decided after leaving Fort Hall.

"They are plumb out of provisions, an' their team is wearin' out."

So the Sagar wagon was made into a two-wheel cart; the precious carpet, dishes, trunks—everything that could be spared—were dumped on the wayside to lighten up, and with the advance team of Captain Shaw they were hurried on.

"Bless me, bless me! don't I hear a child crying?" In the middle of an October night in the Blue Mountains Uncle Billy found one of the little Sagars out of the wagon, crying with cold.

"*Donner und blitzen!*" the German doctor leaped from his pallet at daylight. Francis Sagar, trying to build a fire of wet wood, hoped to help by pouring a few grains from his powder-horn. It exploded—the boy was left to tell the tale with a blackened face full of gunpowder.

"*Ach, mein Gott!*" Little Elizabeth, too near the fire set her clothes in a blaze, but the good doctor saved her by scorching his hands to a blister.

"Ben Franklin, gallop ahead and bring us some food from Dr. Whitman's!" cried Uncle Billy, hurrying the children's cart on as fast as he could. Three days later: "Madame, can you look after an orphan family until I can locate on the Willamette?" Uncle Billy himself stood white-haired and suppliant at the Whitman door.

Beautiful Narcissa Whitman, Queen of the Walla Walla, already had adopted several children, and daily taught dozens more from the neighboring teepees.

"Bring them on!" The Doctor and his wife were at the Mission gate. Slowly the cart rolled in. Exhausted, the oxen sank the moment their necks were unyoked.

Tanned into little Indians, with straggling hair cut in uneven locks where brother John had tried to "fix them up," four timid little girls, Catherine, Elizabeth, Matilda, Louisa, slipped down and hid behind their cart. Head on arms on the wheel stood Francis, sobbing. Face buried in his hands John was crying aloud.

"Poor boys, no wonder you weep!" Mrs. Whitman was weeping herself, and, whip in hand beside the oxen, the German doctor turned his back to conceal his own emotion. Indian children in the background watched the pathetic pantomime—"Mother" embracing white little squaws of the trail—"Mother" to all her pupils.

"Come, come, boys! Help the girls find their bonnets," the prompt voice of Uncle Billy recalled to duty. But not a bonnet was to be found. Nothing, nothing was left but the children.

Assisting lame Catherine to walk and leading little two-year-old Louisa by the hand—"And this is Henrietta!" Aunt Sally Shaw held up a tiny bundle. Quickly Narcissa Whitman ran, clasping the infant to her bosom.

"The prettiest woman I ever saw!" related Matilda in after years—"gathering us little girls around her knees, listening to our griefs with baby Henrietta on her lap."

"All these?"—for a moment Dr. Whitman hesitated, "We were sent to teach *Indians!*"—"You were sent to do *good*," quickly responded Uncle Billy. With a deep "Amen!" Dr. and Mrs. Whitman adopted them all.

Hard and slow had been the continental march. Food failed in the Blue Mountains; strong men were starving, cattle were dying, there was danger of

snow and a winter in the Indian country without provisions, defence, or shelter. Some fathers had gone ahead with only a gun for game, and a biscuit in their pockets, in hopes of finding supplies and returning for their families. Some turned off to Whitman's, already thronged with the sick and distressed; others pressed down the last three-hundred-mile stretch along the Columbia.

"Indians! Indians!" Mrs. McAllister, guarding children, wagons, and cattle while her husband was crossing the swift Deschutes with part of their effects, was attacked by savages who tried to steal her last remnant of food. The pioneer mother seized an axe and drove the banditti from camp.

Mrs. Morrison screamed "They are driving off our stock!" As her husband ran, a red rascal seized the lead ox to turn the Morrison wagon over a steep bank. Stoutly Nancy Morrison plied the whip around his head.

"White squaws fight!" complained the Indians in fierce anger. That night every man stood by his rifle.

"What! Shot the Cascades!" Dr. McLoughlin was astonished when Dan Clark appeared at the British fur-trading Fort Vancouver on the Columbia ahead of all the trains of 1844. "It is a feat that cannot be done in safety once in a thousand times!" In a flash the old Doctor recalled last year's disaster when the Applegates came rafting down and some were lost in its delusive bosom, and now here another daring, impatient American alone in a canoe had shot the Cascades!

"Provisions and a boat? Yes, young man, I will lend a batteau, but I advise you to take it above the Cascades and bring all the people down to that point—not your friends only—and I'll see—I'll see

they are brought from there!" was the Doctor's proposition. "But look out for Cape Horn; it's a tricky spot in a squall. The winds and waves there often hold our voyageurs for weeks at a time!" The wind blew out the old trader's hair, white as driven snow.

"What! Only three of you going to take that batteau up to the Cascades?" gasped the clerk when Crockett and Minto appeared.

"Yes," Clark assented, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Why, to reach the upper portage is deemed a three days' job for seven of our voyageurs—six at the oars and a captain to steer—and they are experts! Three boys never can handle that batteau!"

"Hoist sail!"—Dan Clark, flatboatman from the Ohio, had no time for parley. Before the winds the bellying canvas bore them up the Columbia, up, up the very Cascade rapids themselves to the upper portage on the night of the third day—a feat unknown before or after until the days of steam navigation on the Columbia River. And it was time. Strong hands were waiting to cordell the heavy batteau over the last mad third of a mile to the waiting, hungry immigrants above. John Minto almost flew to find his friends—and Martha Ann, whose image lingered ever in his dreams.

"Mrs. Morrison!"

With her auburn hair drenched in the falling rain, upon a rock with her children around her sat Nancy Morrison. "What is your situation?" quickly he inquired. "Where is Mr. Morrison?"

"Wilson is in the mountains trying to recover the cattle scattered by a snowstorm. We are in dire straits, waiting for the boats to take us below. Last night I traded my last dress to an Indian for a peck of potatoes which we divided with others as destitute as

ourselves. There is not a single thing in camp for supper. George Waunch has joined us and is out trying to kill some ducks."

With swift feet John Minto brought up the provisions he had purchased of Dr. McLoughlin; even these Mrs. Morrison shared with her neighbors. Close by, on another rock, oblivious of the icy rain pattering in his face, lay the father of four starving children utterly prostrated by the hardships of the last few days.

"Mrs. Morrison, I must leave you. We promised Dr. McLoughlin to go on to The Dalles and aid in bringing down as many as possible. He will send up boats." As he spoke John's eyes were fixed on Martha—so near and yet so far!—shielded ever by maternal solicitude that never left her out of sight.

Hurrying on, a group hailed the boys at the mouth of Hood River, a stream out of the glacial cap of Mount Hood. "Yes—been with Morrison—extricating cattle—driving back—can't get 'em down."

Rough had been that ramble; one had gone insane in the snowy mountains. "We have no food; we are separated from our herds by swollen streams and a dense snowstorm!" Tears flowed down the cheeks of John Gerrish, a handsome boy of eighteen. They were eating the last of his favorite hunting-dog for supper.

"Was it good?"

"Yes," smiles breaking through tear-streaked smut of the camp fire, "it was good!" and for years "Hood River" was called "Dog River."

Back in the gorge The Dalles had become a great camp, rockbound. At last, at last a messenger from below: "Here is a present of provisions that Dr. McLoughlin sent up to General Gilliam with his compliments."

McLoughlin—did not Dr. McLoughlin represent that aristocracy from which their fathers fled across the sea and fought a war?

Instantly across more than one flashed the camp-fire traditions of Gilliam's sister, Aunt Sally Shaw: "My grandfather and his five brothers and all their friends fought again' the British."

"Ah," joked Ben Franklin, running fingers up through his red poll, "I'll allow these things were sent as a bribe for Uncle Neil's good behavior!"

"Well," retorted the General, "I have no objections to living in peace with the Hudson's Bay Company, but if they attempt to cut up any rustics with *me*, I'll knock their old stockade about their ears, bribe or no bribe!"

"Neil! Neil!" Again it was sweet and gentle Mary Gilliam curbing her impulsive, impetuous husband.

"We will stay here at The Dalles Mission this winter," quavered Uncle Billy Shaw with visible agitation. "Our Tom is down with mountain fever. Mr. Waller, the missionary, is doing everything he can for us."

Many a head was shaken. "Thomas Jefferson is on his death-bed!"

"And I shall stay to look after the cattle," declared George Washington Bush.

The Dalles—in the very middle of the pass, sunk low in the rocks lay the seething dalles of the Columbia, a narrow gateway, a funnel through which the pent river rushed resistless to the wider channel below. Woe, woe to man or boat that would cleave that tangled water; it simply was not done. Passengers landed, portaged around the bottle-neck to launch below only to be halted at the Cascades fairly boiling over rocky debris claimed by the Indians to

have fallen with the Bridge of the Gods, colossal barrier broken in that mighty sweep to the sea.

From The Dalles with the running gear of three wagons in their boat and seventeen persons, young and old on top of that, Clark, Crockett and Minto set out down the billowy Columbia. Behind followed other boats, improvised rafts of dry logs, laden to the water's edge with tired women, crying babies, and ragged, barefooted boys and girls, whose grandchildren generations hence would delight to hear that tale of "coming down the Columbia." Forty miles landed all at the Cascades. "What, unload again?" grumbled Gilliam.

"Dare not risk this load in the rapids," Dan Clark flung back from his steering oar.

"River cuts right through the Cascade Mountains, sir," put in John Minto. "No wonder they call this white water itself 'The Cascades!' They name each other," significant spot, destined a century later to become the site of Bonneville Dam on the Columbia, a wonder of the world, electrifying an empire.

But now, along a jagged shore with armloads of bundles and bedding walked almost barefooted mothers and children while stout cords let down the cumbersome batteau to the smooth swift current below. And again—

"This is Cape Horn, where voyageurs stick—and some immigrants!" sang Clark as they neared the swiftwater swirls.

"Danger! danger!" Indians hugging the southern shore waved wildly from a canoe. A sudden squall rolled up from the west, of the very sort predicted by Dr. McLoughlin. Already in the distance a threatening bank of fog and mist met the sky. Driven be-

fore it screaming troops of bald eagles wheeled and circled, darting from clouds above to white-capped waves below.

"Land, quick, on this spit at the south!" cried Sam Crockett.

"No, the northern shore!" Dan Clark at the helm turned to cross in front of the storm.

"The south! the south!" Wildly Minto endeavored to row the other way. Already the swell was rocking the boat.

"I tell you to land at the *south!*" screamed Crockett. Still Clark, controlling the helm, steered for the north.

Fast, faster advanced the white terror, striking amidships and sending a sheet of spray above and over. Low down the boat careened behind a billow; the Indians gazed, then horrified, shot away, down the river.

"They were all drowned; we saw a whole boat-load go down into the *skookum chuck* (the strong water)!" was their report below.

But the boat did *not* go down. On the very crest of a rampant wave it beached on the northern shore in safety. Silent through all sat Mrs. McAllister, hugging her little ones. First to step out, the four children were passed to her, when, white with suppressed emotion, she turned to the steersman:

"Dan Clark, I have been your good friend; but you have just put my children in danger without reason, and I never wish to speak to you again!"

Clark's rosy face blanched white as chalk.

"I had a reason, Mrs. McAllister. From this side a trail leads directly down to Fort Vancouver, where, in case we are stormbound, relief can be obtained; but last year a party on the south side were obliged

to boil up their buffalo hides for soup before any word could be got to the fort."

Unsheltered in the sweeping rain, the dry sticks and leaves of a huge woodrat's nest made possible a rousing fire. Morning found their blankets white with snow. And again they swept down the ever-widening Columbia.

IV THE DREAM OF CAPTAIN COUCH

1844

HIGH UP among the clouds in sonorous clamor the sky was full of swans, regal birds, white as snow, migrating southward. Beneath the swans, like a voice from the flock rang the birth-cry of a city to be:

"Hello! Hello! Will you come on board and pass the night?"

Half uncertain whether bird or beast or man, surprised, cold, hungry, disheveled, the Morrisons heard this first Pacific welcome from the deck of a little brig in the lap of the rivers. Was the great anabasis ended? Was not here a ship of the western ocean, the first they had ever seen, with the old home-flag flaming and fluttering at her masthead? Hark! again from the air:

"Captain Couch, of this ship, has gone to Oregon City, and I am in charge. You shall be my guests for tonight!" They heard the trumpet: "Ho, steward, a hot supper! and beds for our friends!"

Lieutenant William Cushing of the brig *Chenamus* riding at anchor within the mouth of the Willamette hailed the Morrisons as friends with whom he had an appointment. With what alacrity his Yankee crew helped the drenched Missourians on shipboard! Almost the youthful tars would kiss these, the first white girls they had seen in a year. What adoring eyes followed Martha Ann and Mary Ellen as gallant Lieutenant Cushing led them in to dinner! Brushing up his own dishevelment John Minto's searching,

anxious eye saw his beauteous Martha Ann blushing like a peony at the lieutenant's elbow.

To the fagged frontiersmen thus suddenly from the wild the commodious cabin of the brig took on a splendor, a luxuriousness never before experienced save by the more traveled Minto. Adventurous ship met adventurous immigrants with mutual admiration, joy, instantaneous respect.

"Tell us about your journey—the distance—the dangers—Linn's bill." Lieutenant Cushing plied eager questions. The cook did his best that night, plum duff and breast of swan steaming out of the galley. "And where do you intend to settle, Mr. Morrison?"

Thoughtfully smoothing down his whiskers: "Where I can look on the Pacific, Lieutenant. Where I can see the ocean that Captain Clark called 'The object of all our labors, the reward of all our anxieties.'"

"And raise something for ships like this to carry away!" quickly added the practical Nancy. "Make a better living than in Missouri!"

"American to the backbone, Mrs. Morrison!" laughed the Lieutenant. "We, too, are on the same errand! Our people—the Cushings of Newburyport—are financing this expedition to establish a trading post on the Pacific, and my father, Caleb Cushing of Congress, is supposed to be in China now arranging a treaty of commerce. With a squadron of three vessels he carried a letter from Daniel Webster to the Son of Heaven."

"The what!" exploded Dan Clark, at the foot of the table.

"The Son of Heaven as they call the Emperor of China. We have no rights there. They barely tolerate us outer barbarians! England lately brought

them to terms with a war. America now hopes to obtain privileges without a war."

With a sly glance out of the corner of her eye Martha Ann exchanged smiles with John Minto so lately from England.

As the late November moon arose behind Mount Hood Lieutenant Cushing and other officers politely gave up their staterooms to the women and children, and the buckskin clad Missourians fell asleep beside the Yankee sailors.

"We certainly have reached the treasure ship!" thought Mrs. Morrison when, next morning, the sailors came flocking to exchange Hawaiian curios, coffee, sugar and coconuts for the soft warm socks she had knit on the plains. Dusty days were knit into those socks, and long drowsy hours of the train trailing west, ever west, to meet the sea. Kedging their brig up the Willamette, merrily now the sailors sang:

"Where have you been all the day,
Bonny laddie, sailor laddie,
Where have you been all the day,
My bonny sailor laddie, O?
I've been up and down the quay,
To catch a sight of little May,
But oh, she's a young thing,
And cannot leave her mammy, O
Her mammy, O—O, her mammy, O—O her mammy."

Like angelic bells or bugles into the hearts of the weary immigrants trilled this greeting from the sea. And as the women rested, all day long still fluttered and flamed the flag! the flag! "Never so dear!" . . . Martha Ann swallowed a lump in her throat. Never the Stars and Stripes shone so lustrous as on that bright Oregon morning they floated and flowed in the warm Pacific wind. With her bronze hair loosened,

her enraptured face uplifted, with difficulty could John Minto tear himself away from this vision of his sweetheart adoring the flag of her country.

"Please God, my flag, too!" he whispered in her ear.

Little did the Morrisons realize that 3000 miles from Portland-on-the Atlantic, Lieutenant William Cushing in his natty naval uniform was welcoming them to a new Portland-on-the Pacific. Still less, that kedging, kedging up the Willamette, that identical brig *Chenamus* was taking soundings to find the highest point of deep water navigation on the great Oregon rivers.

All unaware of this hospitality on board his brig, cold, wet, benumbed, indomitable Captain Couch was lightering merchandise at the Falls of Willamette. For did not a cataract mean water-power, factories, a Lowell of the Pacific not unlike the Lowell on his own Merrimac? But Dr. McLoughlin of Fort Vancouver already had named that vantage spot Oregon City. When, in 1840—sailing his little brig *Maryland* up there on the high water of May, Captain Couch had established a Yankee grocery at the Falls, nucleus of American settlement, naked Indians on the rocks spearing fish would not sell a salmon. "Fish belong to *Kinchotch* (King George)!" Nor would they sell him furs. "Furs belong to *Kinchotch*!" Outwitted, defeated, leaving a clerk in charge Couch sailed for Hawaii, sold the *Maryland* for a song and returned home on a whaler.

"Cannot trade?" The Cushings of Newburyport were furious. "Did not Captain Gray discover the Columbia? Did not Lewis and Clark explore it? Did not John Jacob Astor build a fort? Did not Jason Lee urge us to open trade? We will send another ship!" Of course Captain Couch was back—for the third

time—and that very afternoon in deep sea-boots assisting his crew he might be heard muttering:

"Razors and hones! If Job were here it would give his patience a hard pull!" Paddling, poling, dragging: "Never again at Willamette Falls. Oregon shall have a harbor that is a harbor!" Determined, methodically, scientifically, the Yankee captain fell back down stream and tied his brig to a mighty fir:

"To this point I can bring any ship that can get into the mouth of the Columbia. I know my ground now, once with the *Maryland* and twice with *Chenamus*. So far and no farther says the old boy! HERE, at the junction of two great rivers, is a natural trading point. Down the Columbia come the immigrants, and up the Willamette they go, needing everything!"

Ashore he nailed up a shingle:

CAPTAIN JOHN H. COUCH CLAIMS
640 ACRES OF LAND AT THIS SPOT.
CALL ON ME AT OREGON CITY.

In shawls and bonnets, ready to depart from the ship, Martha Ann, Mary Ellen and their mother greeted Captain Couch: "We certainly appreciate your hospitality."

"Glad to meet some immigrants, ma'am! Proud to welcome you! Why pale as Patience on a monument?" gaily the Captain rallied Lieutenant Cushing visibly seeking to detain the lovely Martha Ann when John Minto, stepping forward, assisted the girls to their father's boat. And Martha Ann--threw a kiss, horrifying her strict Presbyterian mother.

"Razors and hones, I am tired!" Captain Couch pulled off his boots. "Ben up all night. Couldn't leave the barge with them pilferin' Injuns!" and he went away, to sleep, to dream . . . sailing again on his first voyage, a boy before the mast. Slowly sail-

ing up a river . . . in a far country . . . Yellow, turbid, the sluggish stream was thronged with shipping . . . crafts of all nations . . . sailors shouting . . . Gradually, before him arose a stately city . . . miles of parks and palaces . . . and above, bejeweled, an oriental capital flashed its name upon his heart. Turbaned pilgrims knelt . . . drank and bathed in the sacred river polluted by a thousand miles through burning silt and sand. Water, blessed water! The Holy Ganges, Daughter of the Himalayas. Water! Life! The Salvation of India!

Before the slumbrous eyes of the dreaming sailor boy the muddy, oozy half-remembered river of long ago deepened . . . widened . . . into a living strong swift current, fresh and pure and blue as steel. No longer Daughter of the Himalayas . . . but Daughter of the Rockies . . . pouring its triumphant tide through dark forests . . . flashing into foregrounds filled with stately ships, the hilltops crowned with towers.

A great roaring in the sky . . . startled the sleeper. The swans!—trumpeter swans that so often awoke him with their deafening clamor! Down, down they swept, sounding their gongs along Willamette's green delta, immemorial home of the swans. Every sand-beach, every islet gleamed white with birds on birds, banks of living snow.

With a loud laugh Captain Couch leaped from his bunk. The noisy wild fowl, the din of thousands on the wing, filled the heavens like the tumult of a mighty metropolis. "Razors and hones! What a dream!" Yes, the river rolling majestic *was* clear and pure and blue as steel. But the city, the city of his dreams? . . . Where was it? The Cushings had sent him out here to establish a trading post on the Oregon River

The Morrisons were gone. The deck was deserted. Captain Couch was very sensitive to ridicule. Not for worlds would he expose himself to the laughter of his men. Was he not a captain, and were not captains the most matter-of-fact people in the world? Read their log books. But Captain John H. Couch knew his Bible. He, too, had a Revelation. "*I, John, saw these things.*"

As never before he re-examined the junction of the rivers. Noted the two-foot ocean-tide rising around his brig. Remembered other ports, London, 25 miles up the Thames; Philadelphia, 100 miles up the Delaware; New Orleans, 110 miles up the Mississippi. Three times had Captain Couch explored this virgin Daughter of the Rockies whose green umbrageous forest darkened the river shore, clothed the hills to their tips.

"Trade follows transportation . . . The meeting place of waters will become the meeting place of ships . . . Rivers are the highways of a nation . . . But a city? *People* make a city . . . not swans. And where are the people? . . . Ox-teams across the Rockies will take a hundred years! And by sea around Cape Horn! . . . Razors and hones!" No mariner loved the Horn. And yet—

When, a lad before the mast, John H. Couch was doubling African Good Hope for Calcutta, other Yankee boys—every one of them hoping to become a captain—had been flocking around Cape Horn to China, bringing back tea, tea, over which had been fought the American Revolution, even selling to Europe and making great fortunes. Laden with tea, silks, nankeens, spices, and camphor, ballasting their little barks with bright blue china-ware for Boston breakfast-tables, replacing colonial pewter,—oh, the

shouts and booming of cannon when back they came, heroes of a nation. The world was theirs, in 1834.

And now, ten years later, when youthful America had scaled the Rockies and Captain Couch was sounding the rivers, locating an Oregon port, directly across the water his old playfellow, Caleb Cushing, wise, sagacious, diplomatic, was cementing friendship with China. In 1844.

Still pacing deck Captain Couch was musing, musing on a marvellous band of traders that from a single ship became the greatest monopoly the world had ever known—the East India Company. With sole right of traffic in “the wealth of Ormus and of Ind.,” no wonder they carried the royal flag, wore the king’s colors and came to mean England herself!

“Like the Hudson’s Bay Company here—‘exclusive trade!’” he muttered. “Same old monopoly. Special privileges. Un-American. Immigrants will not stand for it! Nor I!”

Even as a schoolboy had not Johnny Couch heard of the rumpus in England, itself, other shippers denouncing “commercial favoritism” until the haughty East Indiamen were compelled to admit plebeian luggers rushing after the rich oriental trade? Even skippers of America spread sails to Calcutta and to Johnny Couch himself, it fell, a lad of fourteen, to round Cape Good Hope on one of the earliest Yankee voyages. In no time Couch was a captain, one of a band of boys carrying the Stars and Stripes around the world.

Refreshed by his dream and inspired by the sweep of Willamette, Captain Couch marvelled to think of those muddy, oozy, ever-changing channels of the Ganges, dredged out of swamps and sand, yet thronged with shipping, the most frequented water-

way in the world. "As this will become!" visioning the commerce-to-be.

Captain Couch remembered things, stately ships and stately captains, with a dignity that he as a very lad imbibed, absorbed, imitated, in dress-up of dark blue with high collar and cape and gilt buttons. Alert in those boyhood days, out at seven bells holystoning decks at the pipe of the boatswain's whistle, not a deck-hand only, for was not he, Johnny Couch, bringing home tea and cotton from Calcutta and Bombay before America yet had cotton? Out of the school of Yankee skippers Captain Couch was graduating into an Oregon merchant. Since the day *Chenamus* was launched and floated on the Merrimac her cloud of canvas had fluttered in many a trade-wind. A man of robust health and character, he could be on deck through days and nights of rain and wind, fog or sleet, rocking American commerce in its cradle.

Out from Newburyport, that nursery of maritime enterprise, genial Captain Couch had brought integrity, skill, experience. Self reliant, resourceful in brain and nerve, the very brine of the sea was in his blood. And like every sailor Captain Couch loved his ship, boasted of its speed, treated *Chenamus* as a petted child, flung to the waves in frolic and relied upon in hours of storm. As *Chenamus* clipped over the big Pacific seas, burying her figurehead in a smother of foam, to her captain every beam of oak or copper bolt was a living emblem of lightness, of safety and of pride.

And now, when *Chenamus* explored the Columbia conscious authority marked his step. Whatever he said none dare scoff. The essential dignity of Captain Couch forbade. If he said Portland would be a great port, none ventured to contradict. His supreme

confidence gave confidence to others even though he saw miles of wharves where others scanned but woods impenetrable.

From the very first time he entered the Columbia he knew "His River" as a child of the sea, with a mouth widening from six to fifteen miles with mountains on either side against which the warring mighty billows dashed in ever foaming defiance higher than the masthead of a ship. Every time he saw the sunset at the mouth of the Columbia he saw her future: "The Mother of ships and of commerce, out of a productive country."

But all had not been "meat and skittles" for daring sailor boys in their trim little sixty, seventy, eighty-ton sloops, outsailing, outselling the heavy, unwieldy East India ships and completely destroying their monopoly in Asiatic trade. China, haughty China, contemptuously despising the "western barbarians," tolerated them only by the "infinite compassion of the Son of Heaven." American ships might not come up to Canton, must inconveniently anchor miles below; must pay outrageous port charges for the privilege of trading at all. Western barbarians might not enter the walled city, might not even boat on the river for pleasure. Watched, hounded, threatened, arrested, with no protection, no support from home, no treaty rights, the time had come to end these annoyances. America aroused, sent Caleb Cushing as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to treat with governors of provinces and the emperor himself.

While Captain Couch was sounding the Willamette to locate a city his old playfellow, Caleb Cushing, was fighting the battle of his life, diplomatically crashing the gates of China.

In 1844.

V

FUTURE CAPTAINS AND DIPLOMATS

1844

"WHERE is Benjamin Franklin?" Detained after leaving the Sagar children at the Whitman Mission, Aunt Sally Shaw became quite exasperated at her son's disappearance. "Where can that boy be?"

"Hold your hosses, Sally! No doubt he's visitin' these Injuns! You taught him that, yourself, back there among the Sioux."

An hour later Uncle Billy discovered his errant son sedately dining with Piopiomoxmox, head chief of the Walla Wallas. At sight of his little father the big boy ran to meet him.

"He wants to adopt me, Dad, in place of a son he has lost! Like all the rest, old Mox-mox calls me 'Red Head!' Says I may be chief after him!" Hilariously the boy combed fingers through his flaming thatch until it stood up pompadour. "Whoop! Me, big Injun, Chief Red Head!"

"Adopt ye?" Uncle Billy caught his nose in his fingers and chuckled as was his wont. "Mebbe, mebbe, some day, boy! But your mammy needs ye now!"

In that open summer Ben Franklin had shot up into the stature of his Scottish forebears, not unlike his ruddy uncle Gilliam of Seminole War fame. And hungry, ever yearning and yearning for food! This, too, had won the heart of the Walla Walla chief at whose venison feast the lad's freckled face and shining unshorn locks were marks of high distinction.

"Ponies, droves of ponies are mine, if I will only stay! I'm half-adopted already!" Reluctantly the lad followed his father.

"I am sure I don't know what ever'll become o' ye, Ben Franklin!" Eying her son anxiously Aunt Sally shook her cap in despair. "Ye'll be *livin'* with the Injuns yit! Why, even your ten-year-old cousin, Marquis de Lafayette Gilliam, is of more use to his parents than you! Never did see sech a boy to pick up Injun lingo!"

"There, there, mother!" soothingly Ben Franklin patted her on the shoulder. "Do you know, I really like that old fellow. He acts like a white man. And kind!"

"Aren't you afraid?" whispered the Gilliam girls when the boy strolled over with a feather in his hair.

"Afraid of what? I need to know these chiefs. Of Highland chieftain blood I am their friend and by the Eternal! I *intend* to be!" Harking back to remote ancestors in the Scottish highlands.

None sat more eagerly at the feet of General Gilliam than this ambitious nephew who had learned to read from Methodist tracts as he trod the Trail. "You are not afraid of Injuns, are you, Uncle Neil?"

"No, boy! Indians are naturally timid. Put up a bold front and they will flee." Words that came often back to Red Head in times of crisis.

But now, when at The Dalles his Uncle Neil received that consignment of food from Fort Vancouver, Ben Franklin suddenly resolved to explore that source of supply. Bidding good-bye to father and mother, on a raft full of uncles and cousins through the Columbia gorge he was gliding, through a rock-ribbed gateway cleft by the mighty resistless river. The very architecture of the hills was different, carven out of granite. On either hand colossal tier

on tier of fir-clad wilderness ascended to snowy summits. Only the mountain goat scaled those farther heights or the eagle soared above. Save for the trader's barge or an Indian canoe only sun, moon and stars peered into the winding gorge of the Columbia.

Slowly advancing under the mighty ramparts of the river, open-mouthed Ben Franklin gazed, wondered, speculated. A road for wagons? Save a tortuous trail along the shore never a road through that lonely break in the mountains. A road? Fantastic dream. Only a generation of giants could hew a highway there, tunnel the rocks, fling bridges across yawning chasms down which young rivers leaped from heights above to the flood below. A lonely place, an awesome barrier tossed chaotic from creation, half-opened, half-closed this sole entrance into the Green Land Far Away they had come so far to find.

Emerging from buttressed shore and dome and waterfall, before them, into the very heavens arose Mount Hood, hoary sentinel of unnumbered years. Nowhere else in all the world looms such a peak beside a majestic river.

A few hours later, rounding a point, behold! a new banner, not the Stars and Stripes, but ship and shore flying the red ensign of the Hudson's Bay Company—a ship from London, lying opposite the British fur-trading headquarters at Fort Vancouver, a ship, by the way, that had brought word of impending trouble over disputed Oregon. In fact, Captain Couch in the river below and the ship from London were there on practically the same errand, to investigate the status of their respective countries in the Pacific Northwest.

"Fifty-four-forty-or-fight!" was Polk's campaign challenge. "All of Oregon to Alaska!" On this ac-

count, to disarm hostility and to avoid friction, as much as for humane reasons, Dr. McLoughlin was assisting immigrants down the river. All unaware: "We must visit that ship!"

With Dan Clark, Ben Franklin Shaw was soon clambering on board, examining the braces and rigging, scaling the ratlins up to the shrouds. With the friendliest sort of intention they soon blundered into a little room where the captain sat, busy with his log-book. The captain looked up. Eyed them with calm surprise:

"Young men, who are you, and what do you want here?"

"Sir, we are immigrants just come down the river. We do not wish to intrude, but we want to see the ship."

The captain wrote a moment in silence, then lifting again his eyes:

"Where do you come from, and why do you come here?"

"We've come from Missouri," was Dan's reply. "We've come across the Rockies to settle in Oregon." Such disconcerting frankness amazed the captain.

"Red Head has been on the ship! Red Head has been on the ship!" word ran through camp that night. "Let us all go tomorrow!" But at daylight the ship had sailed, for London.

Again that cast-iron appetite, that unsatisfied, insatiable gnawing at his vitals! He must have food, food! And fortune favored Red Head:

"Now, Frank, if you will go up to the fort and get your auntie a gallon of molasses she will make you some gingerbread."

"Gingerbread!" Ben Franklin grasped the jug, strode rapidly up to the open river gate of the high stockade and to the Company store within.

"Is Dr. McLoughlin here?"

"No, he has gone to Oregon City."

"Will you please fill my jug with the best molasses you have?"

"No, sir," very frigid the polite clerk. "We cannot sell anything without an order . . . Our supplies are limited."

"Who gives the order, and where is he?"

"Go to the big white house yonder. Upstairs, in the third office at the right, you will find Mr. James Douglas."

Slowly Ben Franklin ascended the stairs, tapped at a door . . . was bidden to enter. A tall, elderly, severe-looking man rose to meet him. Conscious of wrists far out of his sleeves, of legs too long for his trousers, the boy's knees knocked together. His teeth chattered. A conciliatory voice broke the embarrassed silence:

"Young man, what can I do for you?"

In a flash of inspiration . . . —"Are you the Douglas?"

"*I am the Douglas!*" with twitching muscles, solemnly the great man answered.

Both laughed. The ice was broken.

"Mr. Douglas, may I have an order for a gallon of molasses?"

Douglas hesitated; molasses might mean rum, dangerous in an Indian country. Oregon had prohibition in 1844. Had this boy been sent? "What are you going to do with it?"

"An old lady of our train told me she would make me some gingerbread."

"Ginger cake? I expect you'll like it!" A smile of sunshine.

Franklin cast a quick glance. ("Cake, cake! Englishmen say cake!")

Was the great man laughing at him? Appreciating the boy's dignified silence and dropping banter: "Be seated. I wish to ask about your people. Are they all safely through the mountains? Were there any accidents? And how many are there?"

Awkwardly the boy fished a crumpled paper from his pocket. "As to the rest I cannot say, but in our train, under my uncle, before we divided, in General Gilliam's company there were 682 persons, 136 wagons, 119 horses, 41 mules and 1351 cattle."

Mr. Douglas drew a quick breath. "And this is but one of several companies?"

"But one of four!" Again he rose, but the official delayed him.

"Why do you Americans make this unspeakable journey?"

Young as he was, only too well Ben Franklin knew.

"Mr. Douglas, *we came out here to take this country and hold it for the United States.*" Had he not heard it discussed for months over an almost interminable trail? "Yes, take it and hold it up to 54-40!"

"But that cannot be, my boy, not above the 49th parallel, on account of the Frazer River. Our people discovered that river and explored it, as you did the great Columbia. By the way, what is your name?"

"Benjamin Franklin Shaw." The twinkle of a smile passed over the Douglas face. Who had not heard of Benjamin Franklin? "But they call me Red Head!"

Again the fast-growing youth felt a twinge of hunger.

"Mr. Douglas, may I have the molasses?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! Here is an order. Hand it to the clerk. He will accommodate you. How much? Oh, no charge. No charge. Come in again." The heart of Red Head was his forever as the two shook hands in a friendship that was to have unique renewals, on Puget Sound.

The simple, out-spoken, matter-of-fact statements of this immigrant boy did much to allay the apprehensions of Mr. James Douglas who had pictured these Missouri barbarians as sweeping down to pillage the fort. Plainly, these were no scheming foemen, but honest, land-seeking farmers intent alone on securing homes; farmers, too, as likely to be British as American—when the boundary was decided!

Merely talking it over released the tension of recent hectic days when feverishly the traders had watched the river, working like mad to instal new pickets in the decaying stockade, to strengthen the iron-barred gates, and to erect new bastions with portholes for cannon. Unconscious peacemaker, unconventional Ben Franklin Shaw had but confirmed impressions made by Jesse Applegate a year ago. Sincerity was written on every feature. Here was no conspirator. Nothing, nothing was to be feared from immigrants like these, and that night, the first in weeks, Fort Vancouver slept the sleep of security.

"You had better leave us and hurry on!" away back on Burnt River said the man for whom Joe Watt had driven. "Provisions are getting scarce. We shall need all there is for the children."

"All right. I can take care of myself." Without a morsel of food, Joe Watt and Elisha Bowman struck out with their rifles—and Joe's boots.

"If we could only eat the boots!" sighed Joe. Bare to the knees from continually cutting off his trousers to mend his moccasins, his blanket overcoat a mantle of tatters, whistling he strode through the lacerating sagebrush. Now there was a bite in an emigrant camp, and now there was none. In a snowstorm they climbed the Blue Mountains.

"Yes," speculated the romantic Bowman, two days without food, trudging along barefoot in the snow, "I can see plenty of ways for making money when we get to Oregon. Now there's—"

"Stop, 'Lish! don't you see we shall never get through? We are lost in these mountains! The deep snow has covered up the trace." But pressing on, instinctively where a depression showed, they came on down to a hospitable camp whence each bore away a treasured bit of bacon in his bosom.

Indians threatened the ragged Watt, chased him for a scarecrow, stole his gun, when over a hill Alder Neil appeared with all his possessions and three little children on a sore-backed pony—their mother had died on the Plains. Together they crept on, hoping to ride down the river.

"No money for fare? Hoot mon! How are ye gang to git doon?" the boatman had piled every other passenger on the batteau sent up from Vancouver.

"Can't I work my passage?"

"You?" snapped the boatman. "Ye haven't strength enough to hold yer self up, let aloon to worruk!"

Huddled on a rock with drooping head sat Joseph Watt, hungry, wet, ready to faint from exhaustion—a picture of despair.

"This boat is overloaded noo, and again' the Doctor's orders! I'll simply have to leave him!" The boatman turned away.

"No! no! no!" cried the people. "We'll never abandon a single soul!"

Impatiently, now: "Have ye any provisions?" barked the boatman.

"No, nothing!" Joe shivered. "Nothing whatever." The boatman looked blank.

"It *is* too bad to leave the poor deevil to starve!" An idea—

"Maybe noo ye can sing, or tell yarruns?"

"Yes, both!" Joe arose . . . with renewed hope.

"Weel, weel, climb onto the bow of that boat. Get yer meals as ye can!" And they started.

"Weel, noo, Figure Head, pipe up!" was the present demand.

With sad and solemn eyes, without a smile, Joe sang, told stories. Not in vain had the Creator endowed him with native Irish wit. Everybody laughed, hysterically. Everybody screamed. The weary immigrants needed entertainment, and Joe was a born comedian. Again and again they shared with him their bacon, and again a song rang over the river until the boy on the bow was hoarse with singing.

After a brief stop at Fort Vancouver, first of all the straggling, dirty train Joseph Watt landed at Willamette Falls, beginning to be called Oregon City. Joe's buckskin trousers, wet and dried from wading creeks and rivers, shriveled and cracking, showed his skin. His hat was minus a crown. He blushed for very nakedness.

"Tut! tut! tut!" an overseer eyed the unkempt one askance. "What people these Americans are—wandering vagabonds across a continent! What are they coming here for!" Calling a clerk: "Give him some corduroys!"

Dr. McLoughlin was building a flour-mill at the falls. Joe, a carpenter and bricklayer, was engaged with misgivings.

That night he slept in clean shavings, fragrant of firwood! At the end of a week Joseph Watt was rich. With twelve dollars in hand, clothes, soap, blankets were his. Never blankets so soft. Passing his hand thoughtfully over the wool, within sound of the thundering cataract: "*What water-power here is going to waste! I will found woolen mills on this Pacific Coast.*" Almost he heard the sound of shuttles.

Quick and nervy, a resolute little woman, Rachel Kindred had walked across the Blue Mountains with a child in her arms to lighten the load for the failing oxen. Down the Columbia with the bottoms of her shoes gone, five miles in the rain she tramped around the portage at the Cascades in her stocking feet. On Christmas Eve when they reached camp her second son was born. No wonder that boy became a captain on the river! And brave little Rachel, "No bigger'n a pint o' cider," became ancestress—mother, mother-in-law, and grandmother to a line of stalwart captains on the river and the sea.

VI
A SON OF HAM

1844

"THAT COLORED MAN will have trouble; he can't come into Oregon!" Colonel Simmons overheard and fired at the words of M. M. McCarver coming up the Columbia.

"Can't come! Who, in God's name! is goin' to stop him—the man that's done more for this train than any other in it! Isn't Oregon a free country?"

"Ye-es, for the white man. Negroes are forever barred. The fact is . . ." he lowered his voice . . . "most of us came here to get away from slavery. I am from Kentucky myself!"

"Well, sir!" thundered Simmons in his ear, "I can tell you that George Washington Bush is no slave and no man has a whiter heart. Not one of this company will permit him to be misused!"

With eager eye Bush had watched the stranger and his friend—instinctively divining the subject of their conversation. Glancing about him, despairing, harassed, hunted: "Whither can I flee?" After all this tremendous *journada*—desolation entered his soul. "My family—oh, my family!" How often would George Washington Bush have skinned himself alive to erase that shadow from his cheek! An outcast!

"Mr. Simmons, I'll go back and guard the cattle!" he volunteered.

"Very well," quickly responded the Colonel. "You go back, Mr. Bush. The rest better halt right

here, now, and establish their winter quarters at the mouth of this little river—the Washougal, did they call it? I'll interview them God A'mighty nabobs down below!"

Mustering his numerous brood into a capacious boat Colonel Simmons pulled out for Fort Vancouver. "I'll find out whether George Washington Bush can live in this country! Huh! the richest man that ever came to Oregon."

"Where do you expect to settle?" Dr. McLoughlin himself met the bedraggled and travel-worn immigrant at the gate, seeking quarters for himself and family.

"Well, sir, before I left Missouri I had thought of the Rogue River country, but now, on some accounts, my attention has been turned to the region of Puget Sound."

"By all means, my dear sir, I advise the Willamette Valley," urged the Doctor in persuasive tone. "The Rogue is too wild, the Indians too treacherous, but the Willamette is rapidly becoming an American centre."

"Jest why I don't want to go thar! I want to git away from a centre, an' I hear that the Sound—"

Instantly the Doctor was hostile. "Sir, Puget Sound is British territory. The Columbia River will be the boundary. If you settle in the Willamette, I can help you some, but if any attempt is made on the Sound I can do nothing at all for you; not even give you a room."

The combative instinct of "Honest Mike" Simmons kindled at the words. Irritated and suspicious, he thundered back as loudly as had McLoughlin: "It must be a mighty fine lay-out over there if you set sech store by it! Anyhow, I shall take a look at that country if I have to fight my way there."

Among the Canadians Colonel Simmons went, and to the Kanaka servants in their little log huts outside the stockade, a village of vassals clustered under the guns of the fort.

"*Yah! yah! yah!*" one old Kanaka would rent half his cabin for a month. Leaving wife and children, in a day or two Simmons with five companions was on his way to Puget Sound.

"Beats anything I ever saw!" ejaculated McLoughlin when he discovered this maneuver. "When I tell our Canadians to stop, they stop, but these Americans go right on as if I had not spoken. Toura-whyheene, why did you rent him your cabin?" The Kanaka exhibited a homespun yellow shirt.

Up the torrential Cowlitz, white with glacial silt and volcanic ash from Mount Rainier, paddled those obstinate Americans fighting their way to the Land of Freedom. It was a discouraging pull against the plunging waters. With provisions all but exhausted and the men's muscles tense to stem the wild on-rush of the mountain flood, the boats reached the forks of the Cowlitz. Beyond lay forbidding hills interlaced with forests—an apparently chaotic, impassible jungle.

"Stop! I know this place!" cried the Colonel. "In a vision before I left Missouri, I was forewarned that I should find jest such a fork as this, jest such woods an' hills an' rapids an' rains, an' have to turn back. This is the identical spot I saw in that dream!"

It was useless, indeed dangerous, to laugh or discredit the Colonel. "Solemnly, boys, we must go back," and wisely the explorer retreated from the wildest winter tributary of the Columbia.

"Oh, I knew you could not get up!" beamed the Doctor when Simmons reported failure at the Fort. "I spoke for your own best interest. We never make

that journey except in cases of absolute necessity. And now, what supplies do you require?" The entire commissary was at Simmons' command.

"But, Doctor, how can we pay you? We have no wheat, no furs. How about shingles?"

"Shingles? I will pay you four dollars a thousand for all you can land at Vancouver. We might use a few."

With lightened heart full of gratitude for any sort of work, and yet with purpose unswerved, Colonel Michael Simmons carried word back to Washougal.

"Make shingles? Gladly!" Within twenty-four hours Washougal resolved itself into a great shingle camp for the winter.

Little did Dr. McLoughlin realize the extent of that shingle deal. Forthwith the Oregon woods rained shingles, snowed shingles, shingles were to be stacked in the old fort yard until they towered above the warehouses, shingles were to go out in every Hudson's Bay bark until Honolulu was glutted with shingles; and still the Americans brought shingles.

"Foolishest move ever made in my life!" the Reverend Mr. Cave was saying as he and his wife floated by Washougal with a baby born at Whitman's. Mr. Parrish's family, too, had tarried, with a wee one born in the sage desert, and little Rebecca with a broken thigh.

"But what an impersonation of energy! Dr. Whitman is building a new sawmill in the mountains, eighteen miles away, and often rides out there before breakfast!" All that winter of '44 Dr. Whitman's own family lived on the necks of boiled beef, the choicer cuts going to immigrants.

"I do not think it fair that the immigrants should get all the best meat and we live on the leavings!" sputtered Mrs. Whitman.

"Narcissa," appealed the Doctor, "you know I can stand your scolding better than the complaints of the immigrants. They do not realize our situation, and it is as well."

Without property, Dr. Whitman had broken the way and brought his bride—the first white woman—across the Rockies eight years before, and now, with the meager salary of a missionary and their own undaunted industry, the Whitman Mission had become a recruiting point for all the wayworn passersby. Nothing but the most skillful management and devoted purpose could meet the tremendous emergency. "To fail would be fatal; these people must be helped, Narcissa!" Only by trading farm supplies for lean and worn-out stock was Whitman able to maintain his post. To meet increasing needs a house of entertainment was in process of erection.

Out of Ford's train dropped Alanson Hinman. Part of the time as teacher, he tutored the children; part of the time as commissary dealt out provisions to the passing throng.

"If they have money," said Dr. Whitman, "let them pay; if none, take their notes. But on no account let any suffer."

"But I believe some of these people *can* pay," protested Hinman.

"Nevertheless, take them at their word," insisted the Doctor. "We know not their circumstances, and in general it is bad enough." In fact, many a note proved worthless, and the self-sacrificing missionary was never reimbursed.

"Yes, I'll jine your shingle factory." Uncle Billy Shaw and Bush came driving stock past Washougal in the blustery March. "My sons are famous hunters; they can supply the entire camp. Thomas

Jefferson? Oh, yes, sound as a dollar! That German doctor saved his life. Better man God never made!"

Out in the foothills the boys shot a bear and a deer. Salmon could be bought of Indians for a song. Ducks, geese, brants, swans, hovered in flocks, sweeping up from the gales of ocean.

"Come, now, let us again try the Sound," urged the Colonel when summer days grew fair. "No colored folks allowed! Gosh A'mighty! That's wuss'n the Hudson's Bay Company!" With a thrill like that of the old explorers, Simmons, Shaw, George Waunch, David Crawford reached again the forks of the winding Cowlitz and passed through the woods to Puget Sound, establishing a settlement believed by some to have saved that coast territory to the American flag, at the end of the Oregon Trail.

Led by an old *voyageur* up the whole length of the azure sea they paddled, past Nisqually House, a log stockade of fur-traders; past Chief Seattle's deserted Indian village, to the garden isle of Whidby itself, and back to Budd's Inlet at the head of the Sound, looking, not for gold, not for jewels, but for a land of liberty. And with them through mud and slush went George Bush, who, ten years later, by special vote of Congress became the first man of color to be confirmed in a donation land claim in America.

Dearly had George Washington Bush bought his freedom. When food and money failed, with flour \$30, \$40 and \$50 a barrel at Laramie, Bridger's and Fort Hall, freely had he supplied them all. Wagons and oxen and outfits were his, but in return he asked nothing but freedom. With so large a company on his hands, with losses and sacrifices and unexpected delays, the colored man's fortune had all but melted before he reached God's Country on the Western Mediterranean. And ever after the door of George

Washington Bush was the refuge of the weary, the destitute and the discouraged. All he asked was to be permitted to live unmolested in the colony he had helped to establish.

The claim of Tumwater, at the Falls, was taken by Colonel Simmons, and the rest settled around between him and the most remote section of land, the outpost of the little colony, Bush Prairie, next to the Indians.

"We've found the country!" Simmons shouted with delight. "Sech water! Sech timber! Takes three looks to see the top! nothing like it in the world! Uncle Billy, let's move right over!"

"Colonel," slowly Uncle Billy jerked out the words, "I-think-I-shall-follow-Neil Gilliam-into-the Willamette. Sech trees stagger an old man like me. I can't cut 'em!"

Four dollars a thousand were shingles at Fort Vancouver, and four dollars a hundred was flour. Boatload after boatload Uncle Billy and his boys brought down from Washougal to purchase a thousand pounds of flour.

But look!—paddling back in the smoky October, a long line of flat-boats, batteaux, arks, rafts, any sort of conveyance, met them on the blue Columbia. The migration of '45 was pouring over the mountains!

"Here, take this!" Uncle Billy handed over fifty pounds of his dear-bought flour to the distressed newcomers. "Any more on the way?"

"More?" echoed the van of that crusade. "Boats cannot hold them. Some have struck into the foothills to fight a way around or over Mount Hood."

"Sally, we must reach the settlements without delay," reported Uncle Billy that night. "America is coming!—all the good claims will be taken!"

Aunt Sally put up her knitting and that very day, with pigs, chickens, and cattle, Uncle Billy and his boys pulled out of Washougal. Late one afternoon the Shaws struck camp on the Willamette. Close by the river's edge Uncle Billy came upon a log cabin, ten feet square, no floor, no door, no window, a lean-to roof, and a sign nailed up:

CAPTAIN JOHN H. COUCH CLAIMS 640
ACRES OF LAND ON THIS SPOT. CALL
ON ME AT OREGON CITY.

"Too thick woods for me!" cried Uncle Billy.
A mile farther another cabin bore the legend:

F. W. PETTYGROVE CLAIMS THIS 640
ACRES. CALL ON HIM AT HIS STORE
IN OREGON CITY.

"Never did see sech trees! No place fer a plow!"

"Hello, Uncle Billy!" Two days later the cheery call of Joseph Watt greeted them at Oregon City, a cluster of cabins beside the Falls of Willamette. Joe, the skilled carpenter, having just finished McLoughlin's mill, joined them on the journey.

Aunt Sally, in black silk cap, big blue kerchief and a brand new apron from the Hudson's Bay store, handed a tin cup of coffee to their old comrade of the plains. It reminded him of the Sioux.

"Red Head? What! My son, Benjamin Franklin?" Uncle Billy grabbed his nose and chuckled. "Gone with Mike Simmons to live with the Injuns!"

"Starvin'!!!—ye say?" From an *avaunt courier* Uncle Billy heard again of suffering at The Dalles.

"Here, boys, take keer of yer Mam! I'm goin' back to Father Waller. He'll need help! Jine ye later," and gray-haired William Shaw, grand old

Uncle Billy of the Carolinas, with all the money he had earned at shingles went back to Fort Vancouver, bought of James Douglas a thousand pounds of flour and on a Hudson's Bay batteau went back to rescue the stranded.

VII RAISING THE RIDGEPOLE

1843-44

ONCE IN OREGON the immigrants quickly scattered. Fifteen young men paddled down the Columbia to build a sawmill. Some turned up the Willamette to French-Indian Champoeg, hiring out to the Canadians and putting up the first frame barns in the Green Land Far Away.

"Dese Americain, de are de ver' deevil to work!" Joseph Gervais, one of Astor's men a generation before, Joseph Gervais, who had long since given up any hope of Americans settling in Oregon, pridefully now admired and gesticulated, nodding and nodding his blue knit tasseled cap: "Der ver' deevil!"

Tall, overtopping most men, spare as Uncle Sam himself, with a head high-domed above penetrating blue eyes aglow with peculiar intelligence, always smooth shaven—a marked man among bewhiskered pioneers—Jesse Applegate unlatched the puncheon door of his log home at sunset. Cynthia at the hearth was waiting, always waiting for Jesse, knitting, baking, sewing or nursing the baby—always a baby in a pioneer home.

"Cynthia Ann, here is our old friend, Cornelius Gilliam! Found him, down below, camped in the salmon house!" Applegate kicked the firelogs that sent up a shower of sparks and pulled up an arm-chair. "Come to the fire and dry yourself, Neil,"—Gilliam with whom he once had sat in the Missouri legislature.

Housing avalanches of immigrants in a land without homes was a problem in those first years. In 1843 some women and children were taken into the British fur-trading fort. The Applegates, themselves, had been sent to the dairy buildings on Sauvies Island, and to the Gilliams of '44: "Go into the salmon house!" cried the old Doctor. "Ye can't stay out here in the rain! Go into the salmon house!" Blessed privilege! The very walls breathed fish, odor even delightful to famishing overlanders who had struck Oregon in the midst of her autumnal downpour. The very trees wept. Every depression was a lake extending into bayous where foaming Willamette struck the Columbia.

Some execrated the rain. Others from lands of drouth hailed it as a promise of future fruitfulness. "Where the Almighty does the irrigating!"

"Oregon never lose a crop," old *voyageurs* encouraged them. "Te haf fount te Land of Plenty."

There Jesse Applegate had found him and brought him home.

And now: "Where is Gertrude?" Of all his children little Gertrude Applegate was next to the father's heart, curly-headed Gertrude who tended the babies and helped her mother.

There were greetings and a poking of great logs until flames filled the long, low, dim-lighted room with glory. Dr. Dagan was already there, the German doctor who had lifted Mrs. Sagar in and out of the wagon and did all he could to save her. Ahead of everybody he had found refuge in the Applegate settlement. The neighbors whispered: "Dr. Dagan says his prayers to Jesse Applegate!" who had embraced and taken him in as a long lost brother. "I fled my native land to escape seven years in the Ger-

man army," he confided to his patron, "and seven more I fled to find this Freedom."

Everybody in St. Louis had known Jesse Applegate as a mere slip of a youth, "a likable boy," skilled draughtsman in the office of the United States surveyor-general. "A prodigy of mathematics," men said, when, young as he was, Jesse was sent to lay out the recently ceded Osage Indian country.

In that uttermost border Jesse and his bride were preempting a farm when came a farther call to a Pacific empire about to be lost for want of American occupation.

"Yes, you shall have lands," Benton had promised when the Applegate brothers struck out on the Oregon Trail in 1843. Pushing the frontier across the mountains great men were in the tented caravans, founders of states, future governors, judges, path-breakers and roadbuilders, carvers of empire. Jesse Applegate himself, a civil engineer with the first compass over that trail, a generation ahead of government awakening was surveying a route for an overland railroad. In his big Santa Fé wagon, the "sage smasher" drawn by ten yoke of oxen, with Burnett, Nesmith, any one interested he discussed it. "A plain track absolutely feasible up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. From there—"

Here and now that primeval highway must be considered with General Gilliam who had so lately traversed it. At Cynthia Ann's bountiful table far into the night they talked and talked, alert to hear each other's adventures.

"How did you cross the Platte? Kill any buffalos? Meet any Indians? Last year we were met by Nez Perces at Green River led by a chief named Lawyer. He said they long had heard we were coming and inquired the object of this great migration."

"Did you see Captain Grant in his little lookout at Fort Hall?" Scarcely could they eat as Gilliam detailed haps and mishaps of the wilderness from which he had just issued.

"How was the road from Bear River to Burnt River; and in the mountains? Our train made that road, with axes and spades literally hewed a wagon-road over the Blue Mountains. And Whitman, did you meet Whitman? It is no disparagement to others to say that to no other individual were the immigrants of 1843 so much indebted for the successful conclusion of their journey as to Dr. Marcus Whitman. God sends upon the earth not ten such men in a century! And did you receive supplies sent to your caravan at Snake River? Our train stripped Fort Hall of provisions."

"Uncle Jesse sent packhorses," piped Elisha, a small boy curled up by the fire. "Nobody else did. Nobody else could, horseloads of beef and flour for the immigrants."

"Hush!" Uncle Jesse silenced the boy. Mitigating the hardships of the new country was his own secret mission in the world.

"And down the Columbia . . . any trouble?"

Cynthia Ann, knitting, knitting, the firelight flashing on her long needles, arose and went out of the room. Jesse, himself, rising, again kicked the firelogs.

"Any trouble?"

His voice broke, unaccountably it seemed to General Gilliam, as little Gertrude slipped forward and took his hand.

It was some moments before Mr. Applegate could control his emotion sufficiently to relate events of the preceding autumn when his brother Lindsay, the skilled boat-builder, had directed the fashioning of a

fleet of mackinaws at Fort Walla Walla near the Whitman Mission. Leaving their wagons and cattle in care of herders, flying at their fore the family flag of the American Revolution, the heavily-laden flotilla had started down the great staircase of the Columbia with Indian pilots. But at the mouth of the Deschutes one of the Applegate boats ran into Celilo, the red man's *Tse-lah-lo*, the Whirling Water.

"Two of our boys . . . went down . . . never to be seen again!" he shuddered. "Little Elisha, here, barely . . . rescued, with broken bones, but our dear old friend . . . Alexander McClellan . . . brave old soldier . . . trying to save . . . the boys . . . Uncle Mack was lost!"

(Uncle of General George B. McClellan of the Civil War. For him one of Jesse's sons was named Alexander McClellan.)

"And the flag, Uncle Jesse, grand-dad's flag!" added Elisha. But naught replied save the snapping of the fire.

Throwing herself into her father's arms, "Edward!" sobbed Gertrude, "O Edward!" beloved brother named for that friend of the family, Edward Bates, a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, at whose encouragement Jesse Applegate as a youth had won his first spurs.

Resuming the story, then it was that waiting for the river to give up its dead, food had failed, wintry storms came beating up from ocean, and with almost despairing energy the Applegate company of seventy people, struggling to carry their boats below the rapids, were met by the bounty of Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the British fur-trading company at Fort Vancouver.

"The first full meal we had had for three weeks, and from one of the noblest philanthropists!" Jesse

Applegate paused, with emotion. "To tell the truth, General, I had not expected it! In fact, we all started in the spirit of the American Revolution, with that old flag flying, resolved to take the country."

General Gilliam winced, but so absorbed he merely mentioned, "The Dalles—"

"The Dalles! most dangerous spot on the river and a dangerous chief up there!" Applegate arose in a fighting mood.

"What, Kamaiakán, king of the Yakimas?" Gilliam was surprised. "He seems a very intelligent savage, came down to meet us and ask, as your Chief Lawyer did, the object of this unprecedented travel of the whites. My nephew, Ben Franklin Shaw, is picking up their jargon—a born linguist. He was our interpreter."

"Yes, children catch it—like Elisha here, but—" pacing the floor excitedly—

"There was a *plot*, a dastardly plot to cut us Americans off as we entered this country!" he shouted. "No doubt that chief was the instigator! Dr. McLoughlin himself told me there was trouble. All down the river there were threats. But for the Doctor we might not any of us be here today!"

Never before had Jesse Applegate heard the name of Kamaiakán, head of the fourteen allied tribes of the Yakima nation, hereditary pillagers, who, since unknown time had held up travelers demanding tribute for passage through the mountains. McLoughlin knew, as Astor's people before him had known, that safety through the Long Narrows meant unintermitting vigilance. Not until missionaries came had it been safe to pass the piratical dalles with less than sixty people.

"But strange things happen, General, unaccountable things!" The pacer paused, facing his guest, with uplifted finger speaking solemnly:

"Dr. McLoughlin told me that ten years ago we could not safely have settled this country! Indians were numerous, but an epidemic of influenza swept the Coast. Since 1829 upwards of 30,000 have perished! So cowed are the rest they have ceased resistance. A few unwarlike Calapooias remain. Some Klikitats have come from the north, but on the whole, we Americans have come into a beautiful valley empty save for a few voyageurs retired from the fur trade. But, General, if we remain—and we cannot get out—future immigrants must find a safer entrance than by the Columbia."

As in a dream, or drama, Gilliam heard of his predecessor's flotilla meeting with the great missionary colonizer, Jason Lee, descending the Willamette to sail for the United States, discouraged, defeated.

"To meet us Jason Lee was overjoyed, resting his oars to grasp our hands in welcome. 'Your coming is a godsend!' he cried. 'Our empty buildings will provide for you all!' Directing us to a French-Indian settlement where we could obtain ponies and carts to transport our goods, with streaming tears he lifted his hands in blessing, precisely as did Marcus Whitman a few weeks before. Doubly blest, we paddled on."

At Champoege the friendly Frenchmen had assisted to the spot where for nine strenuous years the Methodists had endeavored to establish an Indian school. But influenza! deaths! No wonder the school was destroyed. No wonder Jason Lee wept! Apostolic founder of Oregon's future state capital and its first institution of learning, all, all apparently lost!

Worn with travel and with tears it was sunset when the Applegates landed at French Prairie, green as springtime and rimmed with far-off snow, peaceful, radiant beyond dreams. The desert forgotten, the Stony Mountains and the whirling river, astonished men, women, children walking beside creaking carts of the Frenchmen had burst into singing:

“Where now are the Hebrew children?
Where now are the Hebrew children?
Where now are the Hebrew children?
Safe in the promised land.”

In the impressive pause that followed it took little for General Gilliam to hear again that familiar song uplifted in the quivering treble of women, “Safe, safe, safe,” answered by the determined basso of men: “Safe—in the promised land.”

There, at the end of the journey the Applegate company had found the rude mission buildings, log houses with capacious fireplaces, ready and open to shelter the pilgrims of American occupation. As if a bird had borne the message, “The great immigration is here!” good old Father Leslie, caretaker of the Mission, had loaded his tables with duck and venison for the first Thanksgiving Oregon had known.

Scarce able to sleep, daylight revealed a wide and verdant valley, fair as the Vale of Kashmir, walled in with snow-peaks against the sunrise, and dark, far mountains against the west. Between rolled the shining Willamette and fertile lands inviting ploughmen and planters. Exploring, surveying, platting farms, the winter had been spent while the recent teachers of perishing Indians joyfully opened a school for the living whites.

In the old mission mechanic-shop Jesse Applegate set up a land office, recording everything, and measur-

ing out claims as offshoots of the party scattered over the country. All day and half the night Charles Applegate, eldest of the brothers, hammered at the forge, shoeing horses and oxen that came flocking to the American encampment. Lindsay Applegate, mechanic, millwright and carpenter, fitted woodwork to plow-irons, and built the first ferry-boats on the Willamette.

"What—oh, what can I calk them with?" the boat-builder pondered.

"I know, papa!" Little 'Lishe had been exploring. "Over in the log church there is one room that has tons of Methodist tracts sent out from Boston for the Indians. No one will ever read them!"

"Just the stuff, my boy!" Lindsay Applegate bought a stack, tightening leaky seams, hammering and chiseling in religious discourses, pouring over hot pitch to hold all secure. "Best ferry-boats ever built!" declared the brothers. "A godsend to the country!"

Other things were in the old log church, blessings and necessities in a new country, that the missionaries gladly sold to swell the fund of the future school: books, ready-made clothing for men, women and children, shoes, stockings, bedding, hats, caps, "barrels of starch, cheese, andirons, flatirons, and mouse-traps," donated and brought around the Horn in the good ship *Lausanne* to outfit a mission for the Oregon savages.

Out in the Yamhill region the Applegates looked into a confluent valley, green and dotted with cattle to the borders of the Coast Range. Calapooia Indians feared that dark, mysterious Coast Range where prowled horrific "*Chuckonnyhoof!* *ouf!* *ouf!*" perhaps a grizzly, age-old terror to the red men. Against earnest Indian protests Elisha and Jesse Jr.

went up there. Astounded Indian boys saw them meandering back. "Did you see *Chuckonnyhoof-ouf-ouf*?" "Yes, a great horned owl asked, 'Whoo? Whoo?' And we saw the Big Water, the Ocean."

"This valley would be the place to lay out our farms. Whose cattle?" inquired the Applegates.

"Spanish cattle from California, belonging to us," said the people at the Mission, "gone wild, untamable, tearing all over the country. We will sell for a consideration." And Jesse Applegate bought—the whole herd.

"There is no other way," he declared. "We must get them out of the way before they contaminate our tame American stock."

With the solemnity of a Bible narrative this heroic chapter of '43 was unfolded to Gilliam of '44. "You will do well to settle here; the whole country is a continuous park. Take a rest, take a sleep, and bring up your people."

More than ever Jesse Applegate knew, on account of this helpful interest many a family had followed the Plains across, and would follow, to the ends of the earth, the genial, scholarly surveyor who had measured and laid out their farms in Missouri, who never forgot them, even after long absences, who met them and welcomed them into Oregon. There was something so fatherly, so humane, so endearing in the way he looked at people, so confident of each one's integrity, so reassuring, that the most chance acquaintance lifted his self-respecting head: "Oh, yes, I have a friend out there! Where he has gone we will go." Naturally their cabins clustered around him, their ridgepoles followed his.

VIII THE RIVER OF ROMANCE

1843-63

"MOTHER! Mother! the Waldos and Applegates have dishes!" reported young Marquis de Lafayette Gilliam, ten-year-old son of the General, returning from a tour among the settlers.

"Very likely, my child. They came last year and bought up the entire stock at Fort Vancouver. But we can still use our old tin-ware. See, with a little scouring it shines like silver!" Gently domestic was the voice of Mary Gilliam.

"And at harvest we can use trenchers as grandfather did!" furiously the boy hewed at his cedar, shaping up wooden platters for vension-hams and bear-bacon.

"Is it not hard to hoe potatoes?" a youth asked pretty Polly Gilliam.

"To be sure it gets hard before sundown; but I work in hopes of hoeing my own potatoes next year!" He checked her with a kiss. Few were the maids unmarried within a twelvemonth.

"To get our claims!" they cried. "Three-hundred-twenty acres for every bridegroom and three-hundred-twenty for every bride! Who could forego such fortune!" New cabins sprang up like mushrooms.

Captain Morrison, too, exploring, came back to his family with a big mackinaw, one of the Applegate boats traded to McLoughlin.

"Come, Nancy, this will hold us and all our plunder. I have found the most wonderful country, down by the sea!"

"Your father always did say he would settle by the sea!" Madam Nancy smiled at her daughters.

Treasured books in Gilliam's train had been the Bible and *Journals of Lewis and Clark*. Filled with their descriptions, the Morrisons now were about to locate in the exact neighborhood where forty years before the great explorers had built their winter-fort on the lower Columbia.

"Exactly the story of Lewis and Clark over again!" declared John Minto as windward they toiled on the heavy river.

"Of all our journey the last two hundred miles is worst!" gasped Mrs. Morrison, folding quilts around her children's shoulders in the teeth of a sweeping southwester. "We might as well be at sea, and I am no sailor. There goes Martha Ann's blue bonnet! Now don't go risking your life for *that*, John Minto!"

But undisturbed Captain Morrison and his stalwart sons bent to their oars down John and Martha's shining, shimmering River of Romance.

"An open canoe on a great river in winter is no fair test of a country, Nancy, but wait until we get there! the prettiest meadows, and the ocean! And even elk, whole herds of them braying and whistling precisely as if Lewis and Clark had never spent a winter in their slaughter!" Without further comment Mrs. Morrison saw that the Captain had found his Canaan in the Clatsop country.

"The United States must front the Pacific as well as the Atlantic!" Captain Morrison reminded his wife. "Already John M. Shively is in Washington City projecting a line of steamships from New York to Astoria by way of Panama. Right at our own back door, Nancy."

The Morrisons paused, on the very rim of the world, looking toward China.

"I am dizzy!" cried Martha Ann. "I shall fall off!"

"Fall off what?" John Minto caught her in alarm.

"The End of the World!"

"This is not the end of the world, it is but the beginning!" and to his own astonishment John kissed her right before her father and mother!

"Weel! Weel! Weel!" the old gentleman cast a smile at Nancy, John, as usual, blushing to the tip of his ears, registering each beat of his worshipful heart.

As came down the Danes and Norsemen on old Britain, so to Oregon had come the Americans, not to destroy, but to occupy. Dr. McLoughlin was astounded.

"James, these Americans act as if they owned the continent and were taking possession! I hear they are planning a railroad across Panama."

"Worse than that!" Douglas responded. "They claim to have found a good road through the South Pass of the Rockies. Our business is ruined."

"But they are different from our voyageurs," Douglas observed.

"Yes, yes, yes," McLoughlin agreed. "These Yankees are different from ordinary colonists. They are expert with the rifle and the axe; all of them can calculate and are capable of self-direction."

"Clothes! Clothes!" was the universal demand. Under pressing necessity Dr. McLoughlin had opened his Indian goods—and they bought him clean out. "Equal to the loss of a ship!" lamented the Doctor. "Not for a year can another cargo reach us from London. Whoever could have expected such trade expansion!"

Joseph Watt was offered twenty-five dollars for that pair of boots. Men and women resorted to buckskin and moccasins. Every man became a shoemaker, tanning his own hides and manufacturing his own footwear.

With axes and augers the men were hewing out homes and furniture; future judges and governors, barefooted, plowed and planted the choicest of beaver-dam lands where yesterday the Indian had set his traps, cutting up unsurveyed Oregon into farms and town-sites.

Directly Judge Waldo held court by his own fire-side. Women with families went into bachelor huts and made homes of them with a bit of curtain at the window and a pot of flowers on the doorlog.

And still, the mystery of it! "Why did you come?" one asked another.

"For health," answered Daniel Waldo of the Waldo Hills. "My wife and I rode in a top-buggy from Missouri to the Columbia, too sick to walk." Five days after they joined the Applegates at the Old Methodist Mission John Waldo was born, an honored future judge of the supreme court of Oregon.

"No market for anything in the Mississippi Valley," answered Jesse Applegate. "Bacon!—hams, lard and bacon were burned to race Mississippi steamboats! I abandoned my farm, left the last crop in barns unsold, bacon of two-hundred swine in the smokehouse—couldn't sell or give it away."

"For fortune," answered Peter H. Burnett, destined to become the first governor of California. "I was overwhelmed with debts, and had no prospect of paying." He paid in the days of gold.

"To better my condition," answered James W. Nesmith, three generations from Londonderry, Ireland, to Londonderry, New Hampshire. "I was a

homeless youth, without friends, money, or education."

Impatient of delay, ahead of the Applegates, alone with a crew of Indians Nesmith had come down the Columbia. Buffeted by storms, under the shelter of a rock three days he lay windbound at Cape Horn reading the *Merry Wives of Windsor* from the worn copy of Shakespeare that he always carried in his pocket.

"You have the talent for a good lawyer," Jesse Applegate had told him on the Plains. Hunting up a solitary volume of the Iowa statutes that had found its way overland, Nesmith studied by the light of pine knot fires, became a learned jurist, and a United States senator in the time of Lincoln.

"To practice law." John Ricord crossed to Honolulu to become attorney-general of the Hawaiian Islands.

"For exploration." William Gilpin became the first governor of Colorado.

"To found a city." M. M. McCarver had raised the first cabin on Hawkeye Creek, founding the city of Burlington, Iowa. Now he was endeavoring to locate the metropolis of Oregon. The spot he chose became a part of Portland. Today reads the record on his tombstone, "Founder of Tacoma."

"To cut lumber for export." H. H. Hunt of Indiana had hauled heavy mill irons 2000 miles by ox-teams to set up that first sawmill on the lower Columbia.

"To give my boys a chance at six-hundred-forty acres of land, and to hold this country for the United States," Uncle Billy Shaw spoke for the majority.

"For our children! Our children!" all this pain and toil and divine endeavor. "To give them more than

we have had," the universal cry of intelligent humanity—"For our children!"

"Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!" murmured a wandering Calapooia, pulling up Applegate's potatoes to see if they grew. "Indian must now be white man! Must work or starve."

"No, no!" shouted Chief John who had come up from Rogue River. "Indian drive white man away!"

Cinnamon-colored Molallas watched behind their forest coverts: "These hungry Bostons are killing our deer. We have hunted long. If no deer is caught before the setting of the sun we will kill the first animal we meet." The animal was one of the settlers' cattle.

A general Indian outburst was predicted. "Give them food, give them food!" said the wise ones.

"What! feed these vagabonds, these banditti!"

The Klamaths, too, were coming over the southern hills, as had been their custom for ages, selling slaves at Willamette Falls; and the Wascoes pranced on their ponies through a pass at the head of the Santiam to hunt on Mt. Jefferson. A strange cabin stood at the foot of Looney Butte. For a mile toward the rising sun stretched a farm, with chipped trees, grazing stock, and patches of grain and garden. With hands over their mouths the Indians gazed and marvelled.

Camping with his little nephew in the grizzly-bear country, Jesse Applegate heard of a hostile council.

"Go, 'Lish, invite those Indians to camp with us and hold their summer races. I will furnish meat. Poor half-starved Indians, no wonder they steal!"

Swift-winged the boy flew. In a year he had learned the jargon like a native. In troops and scores the Indians came, with squaws, and teepees, and

implements for digging camas in the meadows and wapato that blossomed in the lake.

"How many cattle do you need for a week?" inquired Jesse Applegate.

"Fifteen," the chief thought would answer, holding up his fingers. Fifteen old Spanish bulls were shot down on the spot. Fifty miles the Indians came to this wonderful potlatch that lasted three months, fifteen bulls every week until two hundred were killed and the herds were thinned.

Scenting the potlatch even from beyond the Columbia came Klikitats—Chief Quatley and his wandering band. Eagerly peering in at the white man's door, little Sid-na-yah, the tall chief's laughing daughter, attracted the attention of Cynthia Ann. Little Gertrude ran out and led her in. "See, mother, this pretty girl!" With the chief's consent they took her in to help in the kitchen. They named her Frances.

Never maid strove harder to learn to cook and sew, to read and write, than bright little Sid-na-yah, Chief Quatley's Indian daughter. And her father, Chief Quatley never forgot the greatest potlatch the Oregon red men ever knew.

IX PLANTING THE WHEAT

1844

LIKE MANNA of old that dropped from the skies, incredible numbers of swans, ducks, and geese swept up the Columbia, driven in by storms of ocean. "Nice and tender as turkey," said the hopeful new Oregonians. "Surely a land of fish and fowl we have discovered. With salmon and sturgeon the rivers are swarming."

But loaning seed right and left Dr. McLoughlin adjured the newcomers:

"Sow wheat, sow wheat, or there will be a famine in the country! Open farms, plant, plant potatoes; another such immigration will create an insurrection. And whatever happens, keep the peace, gentlemen, keep the peace! Any disturbance in this disputed territory may be but the spark to touch off the United States and England!"

For well the Doctor knew the vulnerability of Fort Vancouver and the inflammable temper of hungry immigrants. Trouble was in the air, with England or with the Indians.

Beyond all peradventure it had been demonstrated that wheat was yellow gold. Among the men of '43 Orus Brown had taken up a land claim among the beautiful meads and groves of Tualatin Plains and with his first crop resolved to bring hither his family. An aged mother, Tabitha Brown, also waited back in Missouri for word from her son.

To leave a claim was to lose it in these rushing days when newcomers like flocks of robins were

building nests on every unoccupied section. Orus Brown consulted with Harvey Clark, independent Congregational missionary to Oregon Indians.

"I wish I had money to buy your claim!" mused the Vermont Yankee, penniless, consecrated.

"You may have it for five hundred bushels of wheat, to be paid when I return with my family."

No longer mused the man of books. His eye flashed. "I, yes—I—can—plant wheat!"

An idealist, a dreamer, with high square forehead, thin lips and nose, "A born gentleman," the immigrants called Harvey Clark, "one who honors the ministry in the sight of God." Crossing the Plains with a band of trappers in 1840, already Harvey Clark and his consecrated wife, Emmaline, ex-students of Oberlin, had opened a log cabin school furnished with slab seats, deerskin windows, dirt floor; no books, but with letters drawn with charcoal on peeled-fir-log-walls. Around them gathered a swarm of neglected children whose trapper-fathers had come over the mountains with their Indian wives to live like white men.

And now an entire section of land belonged to Harvey and Emmaline, a mile square of woodland and meadow, with a better log cabin for his school, and a plow. With an arm around his devoted little helpmate the missionary sank to his knees: "Oh, Lord, we are but trustees and stewards of this Thy land! With Thy help may we build a college?"

Under the oaks, under the oaks a campus spread as he planted the wheat!

"Look!" tiny, bright and laughing Emmaline Clark held up her apron. "One seed has produced a thousand!"

Not alone Harvey Clark, but all immigrants, sowing their little seed and planting their few

potatoes, were amazed at the returns. Not the valley of the Nile, never old Mesopotamian plains knew such proliferation, ten, a hundred, a thousand-fold from beaver-dam lands enriched by the alluvium of ages; and potatoes—the moist earth so bulged with giant tubers that lately stranded overlanders pronounced it “a special manifestation of Providence!”

And now the wheat was ripe, the call for clothing and merchandise became more and more insistent. In all the Pacific, Honolulu was the chief market for Oregon produce and for Oregon supplies, and Captain Couch was on the way, sail all set, whipping up his brig like a team of horses:

“Go ahead, *Chenamus*. Push along, rush along old boy, frothing at the mouth, and when you get home I’ll give you a rest!”

In response to Dr. McLoughlin’s oft repeated injunctions phenomenal crops were coming in, wheat so abundant it was not possible to find vessels to carry it away, wheat floating in batteaux down the Willamette and tributary streams, wheat hauled in rude wains over almost impassable trails—not an immigrant but could find work in the fields. “A bushel of good wheat is a United States dollar,” declared Dr. McLoughlin. “I will take all you can bring.” Legal tender, food, and money too, along with beaverskins it passed current in every transaction.

“But these Missouri farmers!” The doctor shook his head with astonishment. Even surpassing the shingle deal, Oregon rained wheat. Too well, indeed, had they taken his advice, at Champoege, at Chemek-eta, into the very heart of the fur country, erecting their own granaries and warehouses, cutting out the very territory that had made Fort Vancouver a metropolis of the fur-trade. To crown all, Captain Couch was building a covered dock after the manner

of sea-ports in New England where ocean ships could tie up and take their cargoes.

Captain Couch had been first to carry news of immigrants on the Columbia, bringing back from Hawaii a shipload of sailormen eager "to touch the soil of home." Finding Oregon literally destitute of supplies, Captain Couch cursed his luck at an accident in Honolulu harbor. "A demnition fire in the hold of old *Chenamus* practically ruined my entire stock!" But with quick decision the Captain had scuttled his ship, pumped her out and raised her. "Pumped the whole Pacific Ocean out of her!" he declared. And here he was with the best substitutes he could muster in the Islands. "A godsend!" cried the overlanders, buying everything he had as fast as it could be unloaded, and paying wheat, wheat, wheat.

"A city in these woods?" dared any question the faith of Captain Couch? "Razors and hones! if that isn't enough to make a man turn Turk, or give a shark a very bad headache! Can't you see this is a major navigable river, next to the Mississippi the largest in North America, and a veritable bread-basket?" Captain Couch had no patience with such elemental ignorance. Unconsciously dramatic he waved his arm toward the Daughter of the Rockies, swollen with Canadian snows, flashing with Cascade glaciers, an inland tide, as yet unruffled by commerce:

"What will make a city here? The Pacific Ocean, where God sent the deep water—an estuary, an arm of the sea—far up into the heart of a productive country, a natural highway to the nation. Why did the Hudson's Bay Company select their trading headquarters in this vicinity twenty years ago? Because it is the head of deep sea navigation on a river serving an otherwise inaccessible interior from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean. What more could

you ask? Haven't I blown three times around Cape Horn in search of this very spot, the best natural trade-point in the North Pacific? What other great river breaks through a mountain range with tributaries like a fan reaching into eternal snows north, east, and south for a thousand miles?"

No. Captain Couch was not a talker, save now and then an explosive "Razors and hones!" while hauling up his hawsers. "What I know, I know. I lose no sleep. By all the laws of commerce the city will be HERE. Furl your jib and take it easy while I sail away to tell the world."

Next to the land-claim of Captain Couch two Yankees had pitched their trading tents. There on the river brink immigrants stopped for an outfitting.

"What do you call this place?"

"Portland," answered Pettygrove of Maine from "way down East" at Calais.

"Boston," answered Lovejoy of Boston, a collegian from Amherst.

Gaily they tossed a penny. Three times they tossed it, and "Portland" won.

With sails spread in a spanking wind—

"Go ahead, *Chenamus*. Push along, old boy, going out to put the 'Port' into Portland." At the Columbia mouth Captain Couch always saluted *Chenamus*, son of Comcomly, last king of the Chinooks, for whom his brig was named and after whose canoe it was fashioned, first of the clipper ships.

Sailing the seven seas Captain Couch knew a hundred captains and ever to their hail: "Where from?" "Whither bound?" quickly he trumpeted a new name in the nautical world, "Port-land, Oregon!" and when to his rude log warehouse he added cedar floors and cedar doors and piled in his trading ven-

tures, other captains followed, duplicating the century-old enterprise of their Atlantic forebears.

"Yes, yes," they all admitted, "The river is wide, and wonderful. This is arable land at the head of ship navigation. Good water for shipping. Good shores. Room enough to build a town. Room enough to handle a large commerce, but—the land is too wild! the forest too dense! Where are our cargoes? Where are the people?"

"Coming, to plant the wheat. Coming, to cut the timber. We will not be here to see the great things that will happen when they harvest *that* crop," was the confident reply of Captain Couch as again he sailed to "tell the world." Invincible, unyielding—grit, sheer grit, was the symbol of Captain Couch.

X
A ROAD OVER MOUNT HOOD

1845

IN HIGH EXHILARATION a new army of adventure—five thousand people—embarked on the border in that April of '45, that mid-century springtime of a budding nation. Still the Sioux were out trying to buy white children, still the plains were black with buffalos ranging knee-deep in flowering meads through which passed the whites with enchanted lives.

Darkening the River Platte for days, with wagon-beds lashed together, by fords and on rafts, making earth tremble as they chased the herds where Nebraska cities were yet to be, from everywhere they came, and brought everything: circuit-riders with Bibles—light-armed vanguard of advancing armies, doctors with medicine chests, lawyers with law-books, school-teachers, millers, millwrights, carpenters with chests of tools, blacksmiths with anvils and bellows, gunsmiths and silversmiths, tailors with geese, shoemakers with lasts, saddlers, dressmakers and milliners with needles, lumbermen with heavy log wagons, and farmers with seeds and grain and stock—an ambulant nation.

Amazed Indians pointed at whole caravans moving like villages up the mountains at Laramie. Encamped like Bedouins in the desert night after night the caravans rested, tented cities with police patrols, here today and gone tomorrow into the green springtime of the Rockies.

"Lord! Lord!" Captain Grant at Fort Hall advised and expostulated. "The Indians will kill you

all before you get down the Columbia! From Deschutes to The Dalles is lined with thieves. I advise you to turn off to California; it is a better country and a better trail."

The line wavered, and broke; under William B. Ide fully one-third of the five thousand turned off—to raise in another year the Bear Flag of Independent California.

Through all troubles, needing food for stock, for themselves, and fuel for campfires along the dusty Snake; through thousands of naked Indians gathering to watch the wonder, slowly, surely, like the rolling of billows overcoming all obstacles, the rest swept on, over Bear River, Burnt River, Malheur, and Powder, John Day and Deschutes, fording and floundering with their big ox-wagons toward the Columbia. Into the tall grass of the Powder River came the parched mariners of the sea of sage; cool groves invited on the Umatilla. "Never mind, wait a little longer; we'll soon reach The Dalles and then, then—" No immigrant thought he was in Oregon until he had reached the dalles of the Columbia, two hundred miles from the sea.

Hundreds blocked The Dalles. "The end of the wagon road and not a boat in sight!" Captain Samuel K. Barlow turned to his wife, Susannah Lee, granddaughter of one of the Lees of Revolutionary fame: "We can't wait here, can we, Susannah? Say, Mr. Waller, is there no other road?"

"No; you must make rafts or wait for the Hudson's Bay boats."

"But the cattle? We have thousands in this train."

"You had better drive them by the trail down the north side of the Columbia, and cross at Vancouver. There is,"—he hesitated—"a narrow cattle-trail around the south side of Mount Hood."

"Very well. I saw that depression from the Blue Mountains. Where cattle have gone my wagon can follow."

"Impossible! It is only a trail, steep and difficult!" The missionary made a gesture of detention. "The season is late, your cattle jaded. *Impossible!*"

"*Impossible* to one whose father accompanied Daniel Boone through the Cumberland Gap into Kentucky?" Samuel K. Barlow snapped his whip with a frown. "Mr. Waller, God never made a mountain that he did not make a place for man to go over or around it. I shall follow that cattle trail."

"Count me with you!" shouted William H. Rector of Indiana. "And me!" Joel Palmer, a Quaker, and John M. Bacon, a sailor, held up axes for an attack on the Oregon sierras. "Have we not conquered the Rockies?" Ahead went the blazers into a battle line of peaks. Where Captain Barlow led, thirteen wagons and forty people followed.

"I know a shorter route than the one by The Dalles," Stephen Meek assured another branch of the train at Fort Boisé. "I have trapped on the headwaters of the John Day and often met Canadians from the Willamette who came over a pass by the Santiam. May I pilot you?"

"No, sir," promptly declined an old gentleman, John M. Forrest. "Before I left the States I determined that I would not be led off into any new routes claimed to have been discovered by any adventurer. I shall travel where others have gone."

That night the majority decided, "We will try the new cut-off, and reach the valley first." But at daylight old Mr. Forrest set out on the beaten trail.

"Stay, stay!" Strong hands tried to restrain him.

"No, gentlemen, I go by a known road if I have to go it alone," persisted Mr. Forrest, cracking his ox-whip. "Gee opp thar! gee, Dick!"

"Obstinate old mule! sotter'n a settin' hen! We'll get there first! Let 'im go!" But twenty-five more wavering wagons fell into the wake of old Mr. Forrest.

Into the new shoot south of the Blue Mountains cheerfully swung out the other sixty wagons and several hundred people, paying Stephen Meek three hundred dollars, half in advance, for the short-cut race into the Willamette.

One, two, three days went by, heading straight toward a desert. "But he is an old hunter and must know the country!"

Two weeks passed. Camped one night in a gulch they picked up bits of shining metal, pounded them flat on a wagon-tire. Gold, but no one knew it, and they cast the treasure away. Never a deer, never a buffalo, only now and then a jack-rabbit in all that lone, unirrigated wild. Doubt, terror, panic, crept in—

"We are lost! We are lost!" arose the cry of despair.

In fear of his life Stephen Meek disappeared. *He had missed the trail.*

A hundred horsemen scanned the hills for water, to be checked by a precipitous canyon with the raging River Deschutes at the bottom. No wonder old French trappers called it The Shoots where more water is going to waste than in Niagara itself. Deep as a well ran the rushing black river.

"Oh, Lord! Lord! whither have they led us!" Men, women, children rent the air with cries. Only by lowering pails by ropes two hundred feet could a drink be drawn up. But the famishing cattle!—a few miles farther a descent was discovered. But no ford! Swimming the stock across, high above on an aerial

trolley families and effects were swung over in a wagon-box. Clinging close to mother and infant brothers little Charlotte Terwilliger scarce breathed as wagon after wagon dangled over that terrific chasm.

Provisions failed. Stock died. Young heifers were killed, but their skinny flesh was sticky, like glue. Mountain fever came, with funerals at every camp. Twenty coffinless graves were dug in the grassy, rocky desert.

"Turn back!" cried some.

"Turn back? Across that canyon! We were made to go ahead! Men like us can *never* turn back!" James Terwilliger pointed to the far horizon: "Yonder, there to the north lie the Blue Mountains! Boys, take your compass and find the Columbia."

North and north nine days the messengers sped while the demoralized train crept sadly after. Famished. Frenzied. Perishing.

But the boys with the compass were coming, galloping on fresh horses, with the electrifying word: "*The Columbia in view, the Columbia!*"

To the sick and the dying the boys came. Camp was struck where they met. Long since the mission at The Dalles had been reduced to destitution, its own winter stores exhausted by the passing throngs. But food was at hand.

"A sail! A sail!" from Oregon City! the blessed little settlement that took itself so seriously. Every year Oregon City watched for immigrants as Plymouth of old watched for a ship from England. Captain Cook's little twenty-five ton sloop—the *Calapooia*—built at the falls and loaded with provisions, reached The Dalles just in time to bring out as many as it could hold of the sick and the famished. And a little old man they called Uncle Billy divided

his rations like a millionaire. Hudson Bay's batteaux took the rest.

Did any lose heart and commit suicide? Not one. Though some fell as in battle, the rest kept on, *on*, ON! After being lost six weeks in the uplands of eastern Oregon one of the best equipped companies that ever left the States reached Oregon City with nothing at all. Not even could some wait to reach Oregon City when once they sighted the wooded Willamette.

"This is the promised land for *me!*" James Terwilliger lifted his now motherless children from the crowded boats to the spot twelve miles below Oregon City where Couch and Pettygrove had set up their cabin claims.

The last rays of the setting sun lit the dim old forest with immortal splendor. The solemn firs murmured a welcome. With flint, steel and powder, a resinous campfire soon roared under the forest canopy and the soft November moonlight filtered through an oak opening upon the slumbers of the first permanent homebuilders of the city of Portland, first save William Johnson, a scarred veteran of the battleship *Constitution* in her engagement with the *Guerriere* who in an earlier time had wandered into Oregon, married an Indian girl and was on hand to pilot Captain Couch on his first arrival in 1840.

At daylight the whipsaw was out. In a few days a cabin was ready. Toward Christmas James Terwilliger and others hired trusty Indians to take them to Oregon City for wheat, seeds, and bolts of flannel. Other stragglers besides themselves, gaunt and haggard, victims of the Steve Meek cut-off, were lining up in front of the new Hudson's Bay store at the village by the falls. With streaming eyes in the presence of destitution Dr. McLoughlin looked upon

the shivering, penniless strangers: "Take what you need, I cannot refuse it."

"What! give those vagabonds goods that belong to the Company?" roared a critic. "Encouraging American settlement!"

"God is my witness, I cannot refuse aid to their suffering!" answered the Doctor, handing out warm shirts and shoes for little children. "They will pay when they can."

"Then I report you to Sir George Simpson!" That night a document was dispatched that ousted Dr. McLoughlin from chief factorship on the Columbia.

Other excitements were stirring the young city. "There's a train trying to cut its way over the south flank of Mount Hood!"

Startled eyes looked up at the splendid mountain. No line could be seen reeling across the snow, but help galloped out to the rescue.

Slowly with precarious footing over the icy flow of glaciers the wagons had followed the Barlow blazers, cutting as they came, up hill, down canyon, eighty-five miles into deep and deeper impenetrable timber.

"No Easterner ever saw such trees! Why, man, they are mammoths!" Rusty axes and common saws made slight impression on those resinous ranks of Douglas spruce that for ages immemorial had flanked the sides of the dead volcano. Snow fell. Nervously Captain Barlow pulled up his high-topped boots.

"Must send the women and children out of this!!"

A long, low garage was built in the Mount Hood forest, wagons were stored, and mounted on oxen with little bundles of clothes there was a struggle for the trail. But grasses were hid, food failed, cattle died from eating the poisonous mountain-laurel and the

people ate the dead cattle. Susannah Lee Barlow knelt in the snow to pray. She, who so often had given flour, bacon, sugar, coffee, was now destitute herself.

"Billy, can't you ride light and get word to the settlements?" begged the Captain of his son.

And while Billy Barlow rode ahead the people toiled on, on, swinging down the terrible Laurel Hill—end of the continental march from Laurel Hill of the Alleghenies to Laurel Hill of the Cascades. As beholding a miracle a rancher looked up to see women on oxen with little boys and girls strapped on before, behind, sliding down almost perpendicular precipices, fording mountain streams swift and cold, everything but life left in Mount Hood.

Just catching breath from that steep descent the Oregon City rescuers met them and with fresh mounts, blankets and provisions brought them in to the welcoming, life-saving cabins. All through autumn and into December exhausted immigrants came stringing in. By Christmas the population of Oregon City had been doubled and every tree that day was a Christmas tree beside the rushing, roaring, high-water Falls of Willamette.

With what was the Christmas banquet spread? A providential winter run of salmon up from ocean greeted the starved ones, fat, luscious, satisfying, fifty and sixty-pound salmon, so numerous they crowded each other out of the water and could be picked up with the bare hands—silvery salmon, red-fleshed, sweeping in schools, fairly flying up the forty-foot Falls of Willamette in mad rush to spawn far inland. Indians swarmed, too, wondering, wondering at so many strangers at their fishing-ground. Not so many Indians as in old-time before influenza decimated the tribes.

"But we made the trail!" cried the Cromwellian Captain. "As soon as the snows are gone we'll bring down the wagons!" Going before the pioneer legislature then in session he obtained a permit and with forty axemen early in June set out to open a wagon-pass across the foothills of Mount Hood. What hopes! What herculean dreams In the Morning of the World.

"But Emmet? Where is James Emmet?" All along the Columbia inquiries were instituted for a missing train. Autumn, winter, spring passed, and still no tidings. Frantic letters from friends availed nothing.

"He turned north—must have fallen in with the Sioux!" whispered awed voices around the campfires.

"In January of 1845 James Emmet, a Tennessean, left Iowa City for Oregon with more than a hundred people," said those who knew. But that company never arrived; never was heard of again.

XI

A WARSHIP IN THE COLUMBIA

1845-46

NOW AND THEN hot-headed mountain men rafted down the Columbia, disgruntled employees or rivals in the fur trade, and to their exaggerated tales of treasure behind the walls of the British trading-post suspicious Americans listened with all too eager ears.

"Why, sir," one ex-trapper loudly declared, "in 1842 or 3 I think it was, the Hudson's Bay Company fetched here, I was down there, and I do believe I saw twenty-five or thirty casks full of Mexican silver dollars; yes, sir, all in casks, hauled up into Fort Vancouver, right into the fort, sir, and then, when the vessel went out to London all that went on!"

"Where did it all come from?" fascinated listeners would know.

"Trading down there in Californy. Yes, all Mexican dollars, all in eight-gallon kegs. My God, I went and tried to raise up one of them!" Pleased at the attention he was attracting: "Some dark night, *pouf!* the whole works will go up in smoke!"

"They will capture, they will burn Fort Vancouver!" Apprehensive of trouble, in great distress, abhorring disorder, on his own initiative Jesse Applegate, a member of the legislature then in session at Oregon City, hastened to confer with Dr. McLoughlin, cogitating subconsciously:

"What was it Senator Benton shouted in Congress concerning the joint occupancy treaty between England and the United States—'A great mistake! A

great mistake! No two countries can occupy the same territory! That little nest-egg of joint occupancy will hatch out a lively fighting chicken! Is this the hatching?" he wondered.

"Not if I can help it!" breathed Applegate as ardently he greeted McLoughlin, busily building a flour-mill at the falls.

"You remember what you said to me in '43, Doctor?"

And the Doctor did remember. In those first days when he was knit in friendship with Jesse Applegate and the jurisdiction of the country was then, as now, in doubt, the Doctor had advised an independent government for the Pacific Northwest: "We can take care of ourselves, Mr. Applegate. We can raise wheat. We can make China and Japan bread-eating nations and export to them flour. But if, in time, you prefer citizenship in the United States, I, also, will ask citizenship."

"I, *also*."

A secret pledge, as it were, this agreement had held them together, until now, in this crucial hour, Jesse Applegate could come to Dr. McLoughlin with confidence, as to a friend and a brother. Still rang in his memory those former words of the great fur-trader, speculating on possibilities:

"Congress may provide for the occupation of Oregon, for the formation of a territorial government, may establish posts and even railroads across the mountains, but the whole will not contribute so much toward its settlement as the negotiation of treaties with China and Japan, opening to us markets for our products in Asia."

"Yes, yes," Jesse Applegate remembered the argument. The Doctor delighted in this fancy:

"We can do more for ourselves than can either England or the United States." Both lands were so far, far, *far* away! But now, with visible anxiety, Mr. Applegate had come to him:

"In behalf of your company, Doctor, for your own safety as well as ours, will it not be better for you to join our provisional government until the jurisdiction of this disputed territory is settled? Certain mischiefmakers among us are talking, are threatening."

Doctor McLoughlin's piercing, steel-blue eye for a moment fell. His fresh ruddy countenance purpled with a flood from the heart. Visibly moved at this appeal . . . his long white shoulder-locks shook. His lips tightened. . . .

"Certainly, the ramshackly fort *is* exposed, always has been exposed, you know that, Mr. Applegate. It is only a civilian trading post; never intended to be military, save as a defence— . . . against savages!" he gulped. "Easily any fire-brand might light the torch that would involve two continents," . . . controlling himself.

"Yes, yes, I too, have been disturbed, Mr. Applegate, and I know . . . but too well the combative spirit of some of my own men . . . We must not have a war . . . I am a man of peace, Mr. Applegate . . . You *know* I am a man of peace . . . Let me consult with Chief Factor Douglas, and other officers of the company, and then, then, I will report to you."

Too well they both understood the American temper of 1845.

"All of Oregon up to Alaska!" had brought three thousand people across the desert with "Fifty-four-forty or fight!" blazoned on their wagon-covers. On that battle-cry an obscure young lawyer of Tennessee had leaped to the presidency. The Northwest territory had become an international issue.

"We must keep the peace here, Mr. Applegate. We must keep the peace! There is no time to lose! Let me call my paddlers! Monique! Charlefoix!" and they parted, patriots, each desiring the best for his beloved country.

In half an hour with an Indian crew the Doctor's batteau shot away on a night journey to Fort Vancouver.

And yet, at the least sign of opposition there had been a time when Jesse Applegate himself with the old Revolutionary flag at his fore would have felt justified in storming Fort Vancouver! It might have been done and a world war precipitated. Did the hand of God intervene when flag and boat and all went down into the Columbia? When white-haired, diplomatic, the British keeper of the fort held out the hand of succor at that pivotal hour? Some Shakespeare yet may make the tale immortal.

A few weeks later, barely had the company officials accepted a written legislative invitation to unite in the Oregon compact for law and order, when, boldly sailing up into the Columbia came Her British Majesty's Ship *Modeste* "to protect Fort Vancouver." Amazed, astonished, yet thankfully could McLoughlin report, "We are protected. As part of the provisional government we are safe."

"A part of the GOVERNMENT?" It was the Briton's turn to be astounded, charging disloyalty.

"We did it to prevent war!" stoutly declared the Doctor. "We called for protection, long since, and were told to protect ourselves! And we did!"

"A warship in the Columbia! The Red Coats are here!" Among the settlements raced the news, reminiscent of fighting days of their fathers. "And a whole British fleet in the Pacific, with hundreds of guns!"

But only the *Modeste* came into the Columbia, simply a watchdog now, pending a decision. America, too, had a fleet in the Pacific, with hundreds of guns, watching. That little nest-egg of 'joint occupancy' was hatching out.

"Let us entertain Her Majesty's envoys right royally, Mr. Douglas. Show them the country and the people." With diplomatic acumen Dr. McLoughlin ordered boats and horses.

Escorted by leaders of old-time brigades gaily Her Majesty's officers galloped up the Willamette with letters to leading Americans. Glancing in the sunlight rode the red coats among cabineers watching with suspicious eyes.

Home from the legislature, reaping in the wheat-field, casting down his sickle Jesse Applegate led the gold-laced, epauletted English officers toward his roomy log house in a grove of majestic oaks. Staking their horses on the grass, pulling off his old panama yellowed with age and with a bandanna thoughtfully wiping his wide, high, white perspiring forehead—the head of a Cato:

"We are highly honored, gentlemen, highly honored. Come into my cabin."

"Mother!" In quite her daily fashion imperturbably drawing a dozen pies at once from her capacious clay-brick oven, an oven never cold, Cynthia Ann quietly arose to greet the strangers.

"Cynthia, here are letters from Chief Factor Douglas and Dr. McLoughlin, introducing Lieutenant William Peel, son of Sir Robert Peel, prime minister of England of whom we have so often read, and Captain Park," consulting again the paper in hand—"Captain Park of the Royal Marines, come to visit us."

Flushed from the blaze of her fire, pink-cheeked, golden-braided replica of her Hollandaise grand-

mother, Cynthia Applegate might have been the Lady of the White House graciously welcoming foreign ambassadors to her spotless linen; and homespun Jesse himself, hospitably ushering his guests into rawhide-bottomed chairs, potentially represented Uncle Sam. The trenchers were smoking, and the Honolulu coffee.

"Venison, gentlemen, or bear-steak, or both? You see we live in the land of the grizzly bear, *ursus horribilis*. No doubt you would enjoy the chase. Wild game can hardly be kept out of our gardens!"

Light as a fawn Gertrude was marshalling the younger children, while noiselessly the moccasined Indian maid, Frances, assisted her mistress.

At a glance around the rough-hewn walls adorned with whole sheets and pages of *The New York Tribune*, more than the chase, more even than pretty maids or grizzly bears, Her Majesty's representatives were curious to talk with this man with the tastes and accomplishments of a collegian and yet preferring a home in the wilderness.

"First of all, tell us how you came to Oregon."

Part of that story, in the classic diction of Jesse Applegate, is preserved in "A Day with the Cow Column," to this day high peak in Oregon letters. Amazed the noblemen listened to the anabasis of '43. The conversational charm that had attracted young men to his campfire, that had won McLoughlin at their first interview, and that had made him a counsellor to the infant government, revealed a scholarly gentleman, not at all the vaingloriously boasting frontiersman their lordships had expected to see. Impressed by Mr. Applegate's benignant characterization of his companions, Lieutenant Peel exclaimed:

"Would not such men make the finest soldiers in the world! Would they fight for the possession of Oregon?"

A smile rippled the pioneer lip.

"Fight, Lieutenant, yes! Too many of our people remember only the struggle of their forefathers for liberty. They would not only fight you 'Britishers,' as they say, but their own commanders if they did not command to suit them. If the President, himself, had started in command of a company, the first time he chose a bad camp, or in any way offended them, they would turn him out and elect one who suited them better. But they are not soldiers. They are self-directing Americans."

Amused silence greeted the words, while Frances, swift-footed Indian maid, plied them with fresh servings of Mrs. Applegate's pigeon pot-pie.

"But we had an ex-soldier or two among us, my brother Lindsay, out of the Black Hawk War, and James Nesmith, a lad in ragged regimentals from the regular army who studied Shakespeare while herding the cattle at night. He was our orderly sergeant, our Miles Standish, as it were! Out of a thousand people on the march in 1843 more than six hundred were boys and girls under sixteen. Even the men and women for the most part were young couples in their twenties. The oldest among us, Uncle Dan Waldo, was only forty-three."

The visitors glanced at one another "A youth movement!"

"And organized your own government, you say? Not even assisted by the Congress at Washington?" To the Englishmen this was the crux, the problem.

"The Government," Jesse Applegate mused for a moment—"We are the Government. 'Assisted by Congress?' No. We rushed ahead on the mere inti-

mation that lands would be granted when the boundary was settled. We came of our own volition. No one sent us. No one commanded us. And our government is purely a local affair, for order and self-protection until such time as the United States extends its jurisdiction over us," an issue apparently not even questioned or doubted. "We made our own laws; wrote our own constitution." So genial, so friendly, so fraternal the smile.

"But, but, but"—Lieutenant Peel stammered, his bronze cheek reddened—"accustomed as I am to authority and precedent it seems hardly believable that emigrants would undertake so tremendous a journey without assistance! The Government should at least have sent an officer to command each party!"

"No, no paternal encouragement for our adventure. We came on our own, commanded ourselves, made our own laws, and invited your traders into the federation for mutual safety. Your own Mr. Douglas has been appointed judge of the district court north of the Columbia. And let me tell you, gentlemen," Applegate rapped the table impressively, "James Douglas would do honor to any office in the United States! I do not wonder that his race was the main prop of the Scottish throne for he is certainly one of the ablest men I ever met!"

Dramatically touched, the lieutenant was silent—then, slowly: "I am sure my father will employ all means to settle this matter amicably. To me, you seem not unlike Englishmen here, cultivating your own estates. Lords of your own manors."

To the homes of his brothers Charles and Lindsay, Jesse led the young noblemen, and to the land claim of James Nesmith a few miles farther on. He, too, staked their horses on the grass and invited them into his cabin, fourteen feet square, with puncheon floor,

mud chimney and not a pane of glass. The furniture had been made by the future senator with an ax and augur. Boiled wheat and jerked beef was the extent of his larder and these scions of nobility slept that night in their own blankets on the cabin floor. But the ex-soldier's scintillant wit made this adventure unforgettable.

Twenty-five years later one of those officers met Senator Nesmith in Washington.

"Do you recall that I was once your guest in Oregon?" Blushing, the senator attempted to apologize for the brevity of his bill of fare at that time.

"My dear sir," interrupted the polite Englishman, "the fare was splendid and we enjoyed it hugely. You gave us the best you had; the Prince of Wales could do no more."

Departing in haste by special ship and a short cut across Mexico to London, young William Peel carried a message, as it were from Uncle Sam, directly to his father, the Prime Minister of England.

"What message!" pondered the farmer-statesman of Oregon. "That we are fearless and resolute, and rapidly increasing? It may be as well for England to know what we have here decided!"

Very close to the cradle of their country were these first Pacific Americans, men and women to whom "old soldiers" still meant their own sires and grand-sires of the Continental Army. And now to see the red coats on the Columbia! . . . Jesse Applegate endeavored to silence the muttering of his countrymen, even as McLoughlin, on his part, was urging and urging—"The country is not worth a war, gentlemen! not *worth* a war!"

But when early in '46 Dr. McLoughlin left Fort Vancouver and began building a colonial home in

Oregon City, the first and finest on the coast, the pioneer hastened to pay him a visit of congratulation and friendship. "For a long time there have been rumors of this removal, Doctor, and now you have come, with hardware and fire-brick from England, and window-glass!—a luxury unknown as yet even in Mexican California!—"

Waving his gold-headed cane, directing his workmen, very busy was the doctor when this greeting fell upon his ear. Quickly approaching, with outstretched hand, nodding and nodding as if continuing a recent argument:

"Yes, yes, it has all come about as I anticipated, Mr. Applegate! I am casting in my lot with you Americans. I claim to have discharged all just obligations to the government of my birth, all just obligations! And as an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, I know that I have been faithful to its interests. . . . And now. . . ."

"Faithful still, Doctor! You belong to humanity and to us, and I am proud to welcome and congratulate you!" Never more effective had been the Spartan simplicity of the surveyor whose compass and wagon broke the sage into Oregon. That strong, firm, flexible voice reassured the agitated Briton who sought a home for his old age in the land he had ruled for a quarter of a century.

As father and son they conversed, the intellectual young American—his head so high-domed, his eye so deep and penetrating, only thirty-two when he came into the realm of the white-headed fur trader—the beginning, and the end, each of an era. All the day long possibilities were discussed, for had not McLoughlin lost his position largely on account of assistance to Americans? It was no secret.

"That critic last year, when I was helping the 'lost immigrants' to food and clothing, did you hear what he said? That I was disloyal! That but for me there would not now be thirty American families in this valley!"

"Which is probably true, Doctor," interpolated Mr. Applegate.

"No! no! no! What with trappers and missionaries Americans outnumbered us long before that. But should saving human lives be counted against me? What else could one do in such a case? What could one do where a man and his little children were starving?" Pounding the walk with his cane, the doctor's indignation mounting, his steel-blue eye blazing, his white hair bristling: "I'd do it again, Mr. Applegate. I'd do it *again*!" "Nevertheless," he drew a paper from his waistcoat,—“has not Governor Pelly himself written me from London commending my humanity to strangers in distress: 'Be they competitors in trade or otherwise all feelings of self-interest must be laid aside when we can relieve or assist our fellow-creatures.' Am I not justified?"

Never more sympathetic ear listened to a defence. Grasping the old man's hand: "Don't I know it, Doctor, know it? Oregon will one day honor herself in honoring you."

Soothed and mollified, the demoted fur-trader invited his guest to sleep that night in the unfinished mansion—with a fireplace in every room and a butler's pantry leading out to extensive kitchens in the rear.

Born as he had been on the St. Lawrence just at the close of the American Revolution, accustomed in his youth to the queue, knee trousers, silver buckles, and blue cape-coat of the period, tonight Dr. McLoughlin with his long flowing white hair brought

something of the grand *seigneur* to his new Oregon City home, sitting at the center of his Anglican board with a giant candlestick on either hand lacking only his kilted piper, faithful Colin Fraser playing "The Cock o' the North" behind his chair, to complete a picture of that earlier time at the fort in which he had acted a conspicuous part down to the very moment of American entrance. In the twinkling of an eye, presto, a new time, a new generation occupied the Oregon stage.

As to the *Modeste* in the river—Dr. McLoughlin said all that he could to quiet apprehensions:

"Just a matter of precaution, the *Modeste*, a guard for the fort, Mr. Applegate. A very fine man, Captain Baillie, a very civil gentleman."

Of course the doctor found excuses for Britain, how could he help it; just as over there he had excused Americans, warding off clashes like lightning surcharging the sky.

"Good night, good night, and God bless you, Mr. Applegate!" The old trader handed him a candle at the foot of the stairs, (stairs and old colonial home preserved in Oregon City to this day.)

But cogitating on dangers and possibilities sleep came not to relieve the tenseness of a situation that had arisen—"A new emigration already on the way and a warship in the river! Great God! What will happen now!" "Why, oh, why does not Congress hasten to acknowledge us, her mettlesome children? With the doctor gone from Fort Vancouver, who, now, will send boats to rescue our venturesome countrymen? Who now will feed the starving when soon frantic thousands, impatient, impertinent, defiant perhaps, will be pouring over the mountains!" . . . Restlessly the pioneer paced the spacious room overlooking the falls of Willamette.

"Have I done all that I could, all that ought to be done for my country?" While others slept, a feeling of personal responsibility weighed upon him.

Had Dr. McLoughlin not been sleeping soundly below he must have heard the all night tramping and groaning of his guest—"The exclusive navigation of the Columbia is of as much importance to Oregon as the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi was to the Middle West. The question is not local, but national!"

Behold Oregon, evergreen Oregon, dangling as it were in mid-air between rival claimants two great and powerful nations any mistake, any clash "Great God! World wars have been kindled at less!"

Unable to quiet the tumult of his brain, before daylight anxious Applegate stole down the staircase . . . into a watchman at the door. Out of a bedroom off his office adjoining, suddenly emerged the doctor in his black silk nightcap.

"Here, there, Mr. Applegate, breakfast before you go! I am dispatching an Indian express to Champoege for wheat. That will carry your supplies." First and last a thousand dollars or more out of his own pocket the pioneer paid in outfitting an expedition.

A savory odor from the butler's pantry—"Yes, yes, Doctor."

All that day up the wimpling Willamette, half dreaming at the beating of the paddles, Jesse Applegate was mulling over an apparently unsolvable problem. Eastward, above the tree-tops, Mount Hood led her train of sister peaks.

Suddenly sitting up he almost shouted:

"How are they to know, those coming people, that a mighty mountain wall shuts in this green Northwest; snow-peaks, from Puget Sound to California, a

barrier broken only by the Columbia, and on that Columbia!—Why, . . .”groaned Applegate, “there are not enough boats in the entire country to bring them down!”

But deafened by their monotonous “*hoha-hoha-hoha*” at the paddles, no Indian heard or would have understood the travail of the pioneer.

XII

PETER SKENE OGDEN

1820-30-46

GAILY THE FRENCHMEN of Champoege welcomed "M'sieu Applegat! Ver' good Americain!" rapidly unloading his outfit from the wheat barge. Had not their red brothers feasted at the great potlatch? Never-to-be forgotten? At the cordial clasp of their friendly hands came to Jesse a sub-conscious recollection—Peter Skene Ogden.

"Of course the traders know a road! They follow the Indian." And had not Ogden, jolly little, pursy little Peter Skene Ogden once upon a time confided to him a tale of adventure, signed with his own goose-quill "Skene"?

It happened at Fort Vancouver when the annual fur-brigade was coming down on the high water of June, flags flying, every voyageur gaily bedecked in sash and feather, their shrill voices sending songs of old France across the blue Columbia. Furs were everywhere, furs, the fruits of a beaver kingdom. Instantly it recalled days in Applegate's boyhood when his own home town of St. Louis was emporium of the fur trade, when April fleets of buffalo, bear and deerskins came racing down the Mississippi. Just such carousing! Just such noisy welcomes! Frenchmen, too—of "little ol' San Loui!"

Never guest had been more welcome than the recent emigrant from Missouri. Never old Fort Vancouver entertained a more delightful conversationalist. Far cut off from civilized intercourse, like a draught of fresh water had been this visit from one

who knew those rival Rocky Mountain traders, and Clark, legendary hero of the Columbia, who with Meriwether Lewis had led the first white men.

"It was Governor Clark, himself, a tall, fine-looking old man with long curling white hair and most benevolent countenance, that first fired my youthful enthusiasm to see this country!" Jesse Applegate told them. "Soon after that, Hunt, Wilson Price Hunt, founder of Astoria, became postmaster of St. Louis, and I, a clerk in the surveyor-general's office, hurried night after night to the old postoffice basement to help Mr. Hunt sort his furs and hear about John Jacob Astor."

"Jedediah Smith"—everybody sat up at the well-remembered name. "Directly from an adventure here Jedediah Smith came to St. Louis, and with Ashley, Sublette and other Rocky Mountain heroes boarded at the same Green Tree Tavern where I was staying. Handy with the pen in those days, handier still with figures, I volunteered to keep their records, to learn of their exploits."

"So that's where my furs went on record—at the Green Tree Tavern!" the high pitched voice of Chief Factor Peter Skene Ogden, a voice that hypnotized Indians, broke into the narrative. "Twenty years ago!"—puffing his pipe reminiscently—wrinkling his weather-beaten face into a smile—nodding and nodding at his auditors.

"A terrible time for me that spring when all my free trappers went over to your people with their winter's catch of furs! Why, the Americans gave five dollars a skin! We could allow only one or two dollars. God preserve us, how in the name of Prince Rupert could I meet competition like that!!!" His voice ran up into a shriek. "Those rascally Frenchmen with two hundred horseloads of best Rocky Mountain

beaver cantered away to St. Louis leaving me there in the Utah desert with only fifteen men! Worst backset in all my trapping days! And you, *you*, no doubt, was the young rapsallion who counted them!" shaking a crooked finger under Mr. Applegate's nose.

"Must have been so!" Jesse laughed apologetically. "I remember the excitement there! General Ashley dazzled St. Louis, fired the city as if he had discovered a gold mine. Next to Benton he became the greatest man. Furs, rivers of furs were pouring into St. Louis in 1825. Miles away the mere whisper 'Ashley is coming!' created a stampede. All the young men in the country were begging to go out through the newly-discovered South Pass into that beaver-land Beyond the Rockies. General Ashley set out again that very fall with seventy men, three hundred packmules of Indian goods and a small cannon, the first wheels over the mountains. My own brother, Lindsay Applegate, was with them. I wanted to go, but Edward Bates dissuaded me." Pausing for recollection: "I assure you, Mr. Ogden, those Rocky Mountain furs were exceptionally thick and glossy. I saw them myself."

"No doubt! No doubt!" sniffing and puffing his pipe. "They said I had no right there, it was out of Oregon and a part of the Louisiana Purchase! I said it was No Man's Land, ours if we could take it!!" Ogden made a big eye at Applegate. "After that the St. Louis traders made that sheltered spot in the desert a regular rendezvous for their winter fairs. In a pocket in the lofty mountains where two snow-water rivers made beaver-meadows—what could be warmer than Ogden's Hole near the Salt Lake! Hundreds of traders brought their Indian wives and children. Yes, American traders married Indian women as much as we did, or more. Had to, to get

trade. Made good wives, too! Scraped many a tough hide into a warm soft buffalo-robe."

Thoughtfully puffing his pipe—everybody waited spellbound. Ogden's wife was a chief's daughter, famous for courage, respected alike by red men and white.

"God preserve us! Never such a racing and chasing until buffalo herds swarming through the South Pass appeared on the plains of the Snake. In that April, 1825, I, myself, shot a dozen at American Falls."

Puff—puff—puff—pause.

"By the time your great man Ashley arrived three thousand Shoshones were camped around Ogden's Hole, bringing their beaver. And there were battles with the Blackfeet. Never such a hullabaloo! Of course Americans always won—they had the ammunition!! No wonder Ashley made a quarter of a million in three or four years!"

Fascinated Jesse Applegate heard this version of the British traders, a tale familiar to his boyhood when two nations looked for nothing less than war—inevitable war—over rival claims in the Pacific Northwest.

"But you must have trapped elsewhere, Mr. Ogden, for we have heard that Dr. McLoughlin always received you with especial distinction," interposed one disturbed at Peter Skene's evident excitement. "You were resourceful—"

"Oh, I turned south to the Klamath and California before Americans got there!" inconsequentially waving his pipe. Puff—puff—puff.

"About 1830," Mr. Applegate reminisced—"yes, 1830—Milton Sublette of St. Louis took a caravan of ten wagons and four dearborns through the South Pass—"

"Yes, yes, and again I lost my furs!" Ogden sat up fiercely. "Is it any wonder our free men gave preference to the American service that paid extravagant prices for beaver? God preserve us! London was too far away! St. Louis too near!" Puff—puff—puff—Suddenly removing his pipe:

"All in the game! All in the game!" throwing up his hands. "Between us we trapped the beaver out. That's the way, first the beaver, then missionaries, then immigrants. No bad feeling at all, at all, Mr. Applegate! There we met. East and West. You Missourians had the money! And the mules!"

Shaking his corpulent sides Peter Skene burst into laughter that set them all off. Merry, round-faced, none enjoyed his quips more than Peter Skene Ogden himself. A good loser, sooner than most he realized the South Pass made a plain path for the white-topped caravans of Uncle Sam.

Suave, agreeable, always raising a roar with the feminine voice that had driven this sensitive, educated son of Chief Justice Ogden of Montreal into the wilderness, Peter Skene put on his glasses to take a new look at this interesting stranger who knew inside details of St. Louis fur-trading.

"And I knew John Jacob Astor, too!" again piped the chief factor. "As a lad I sorted fox pelts in his warehouse. Came near being an American myself, then, even if my father—loyal to King George—did run away from New York to have me born in Canada!

Another laugh ran around the circle. Skene Ogden's witticisms were current jokes at Fort Vancouver. Hitching his chair nearer: "And what became of Jedediah?"

"Scalped by Comanches on the Cimarron—the bravest scout of them all!" slowly replied Mr. Applegate. "The roving, plundering, murdering, Coman-

ches! That was a sad day in St. Louis when we heard it. The first American to cross to California; the first to traverse from San Diego to the Columbia!"

There was a silence. They remembered. And they liked Jedediah. "Almost lost his scalp out here!" sighed Peter Skene. "Down on the Umpqua!"

No mean scholar himself, Mr. Ogden quickly appreciated this kindred spirit and entrusted to Jesse Applegate a precious manuscript: "Written on the field, sir, in blood and sand! where I discovered a river—Ogden's river, lost in the silver sand."

If Jesse Applegate had not been able to sleep in Doctor McLoughlin's house, still less when he reached his own wilderness home long after night had cast her shadows. Only Cynthia waited by the fire with a baby at her breast. Putting out a hand: "Hush! Hush! Do not wake the children! What is it, Jesse?"

"There *is* a road! I must call my brothers."

Cynthia never doubted anything Jesse said. He was her oracle, first, last and forever. But she had caution: "They are asleep, Jesse. Wait until morning."

Throwing himself, fully dressed, upon one of her marvellous patchwork quilts, he closed his eyes, listening as if for a voice across the continent. Cognizant of preparations back there on the border, some of their own kindred coming, aunts, uncles, cousins whom they had urged, invited, and the Boones—certain of vaster caravans . . . But the brothers, anxious as Jesse himself, burst into the door. "What news?" Jesse came to his feet with a bound.

"There is a back door to this valley, boys, a secret entrance that only the trappers know. It may be difficult. It may be dangerous. But there *IS* a way."

All started. "Who told you? How did you discover? McLoughlin?"

"No, not McLoughlin. Peter Skene Ogden."

"Skene Ogden! Why, of course. He leads the trappers."

"You remember how I browsed all last winter deciphering the old trader's manuscript by the light of pine-knots?"

Those pine-knot studies! A trace of recollection—just a reminiscence—crossed their faces. Always reading, reading by pine-knots, one autumn day in Jesse's first primitive study in the grizzly-bear country a thread of fire ran up his hut of pine boughs. Fanned by the afternoon sea-breeze, puff! a sharp explosion above his head swept books, papers, his very hat in flame.

Oh, the trials of a student in the wilderness! How could they smile, even think of trifles, tonight! Jesse's high emotional nature was strained to the breaking point. The youngest of the brothers, the poet, the dreamer and the scholar, often so absorbed as to be unaware of surroundings:

"Think of the tragedy of it! Think of our own losses!" All were sober enough now. "Think of last year! I talked with Terwilliger of the 'lost immigrants.' His wife died of the hardships. Burying her at The Dalles he brought the crying children on down to that spot in the deep woods where we, too, camped in our sorrow. Unable to move another step, he waits there still, near Couch, and Pettygrove and Lovejoy—"

"What of Barlow," ventured Charles.

"Who knows whether Barlow *ever* can bring in a wagon! Over a mountain! Never yet has one entered this valley on its own wheels. Every wagon so far has been brought in on boats, even our own, as you know. In case of hostilities what possible aid could America send? A warship in command of the Columbia—we in this rock-bound valley pocketed, bottled— . . .

"And Indians! never must they be forgotten, menacing more and more as 'Bostons' race down the Great River. How shall our people pass the worst water and most treacherous tribes at Celilo falls, *Tselalo*, the Whirling Water?"

Again and again had the Applegates re-lived that tragedy at Celilo . . . The boys ahead in a skiff, merrily laughing, shouting as their boat rose and fell on the white caps. The wrinkled brown pilot squatted low in the bow, an old red handkerchief over his head, his long black hair hanging . . . Suddenly a rumbling, a pulsing cloud of water-smoke . . . an overturned boat . . . on rocks in mid-river the children were flung! In horror at the sight rising, Jesse and his brother Lindsay were about to leap, when screaming Elizabeth caught their coats . . .

"Men, men! attend to this boat, or we shall *all* be lost!" barely they missed a jutting rock, speeding by like a racehorse.

Heading to shore, to the sand, Lindsay had snatched a gun to shoot the Indian pilot. But his quick-witted wife threw a tablecloth over his head, permitting the pilot to escape. "Would you bring the whole Indian world down upon us!" she cried. "Who knows what may lurk behind these hills?"

And on shore, in full sight of their disaster, unable to aid, camped the entire exploring expedition of John Charles Fremont then on his way to Fort Vancouver!

In the kindness of his heart, not until long afterward did Dr. McLoughlin refer to an excited chief who had come directly to him: "We must kill these Bostons."

"What!" cried the doctor.

"They or we must die," calmly replied the chief. Could that have been Kamaiaikan, head of the fourteen allied tribes of the Yakima nation?

Flashed Jesse Applegate: "Was not our catastrophe an effort to cut us off at our very entrance to this country?" He always believed it.

"Possibly! Possibly! It may have been!" the doctor had admitted. "I feared it, and did all in my power to counteract."

Feared! Did not the doctor *know* the danger in the irritable state of public feeling on both sides of the Atlantic? Had there been a massacre of her emigrants would not America have leaped to arms in a war that might have changed the face of history? How many things those words explained! The old fur-trader's unexpected kindness, his solicitude, his almost fraternal welcome to these Americans.

"And now other children may be drowned, whole families, and can no hand be raised to help or save?" Jesse shook his head solemnly. "Events are shaping. Savages are watching. Disaster, continued disaster menaces the Columbia, so far the only known entrance to this green Willamette."

"It is a war measure!" Lindsay, the soldier, strode the room restlessly. "It is up to us to find a pass! Levi Scott believes the Cascade Range terminates near the California border. Fremont went down from The Dalles, you know, east of the Cascades."

Fremont! Had he not followed their train out in 1843, followed the "sage smashers" where his own military wagons were too light to break through? "The most presumptuous young man I ever met!" McLoughlin had called him, when, contrary to all advice, down over the high desert in winter John Charles Fremont took his little brass cannon to California. But Carson led, Kit Carson, the cautious,

apparently divinely appointed to guard the fiery Fremont. Out of 104 horses that left The Dalles only 32 lived to reach Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento.

"Find a pass? How can you when others have failed?" practical Cynthia Ann arose before them, her pink cheeks crimson. "And who will put in the crops? Who will look after the farm with so much to be done?"

"Leave them to me, and the boys," Charles, the eldest brother volunteered. "Besides, Quatley and his Klikitats like a job now and then."

"Yes, yes, Mother!" Jesse, always gentle with his wife, put his arm around her shoulders. "Charles will be here. But those coming—"

Clasping the child to her bosom:

"Go Jesse, I can manage here!" It was too dark to see her tears as Cynthia Ann turned her face from the firelight. "If others can be spared what we have suffered . . . it is your duty . . . to help them!" She stifled a sob.

"Anybody sick, anybody dead?" Elisha, a nervous wakeful boy, had come with his mother, Elizabeth, with baby Oliver Cromwell in her arms. She, too, said, "Go!" The wise Elizabeth, Lindsay's wife, who in that catastrophic trip down the Columbia twice had saved their lives! With women to urge, who dare falter? "*Goo!*" echoed baby Oliver Cromwell, the future famous Captain O. C. Applegate, pacifier of the Modocs.

"A wagon road? Preposterous!"

Chief Factor Peter Skene Ogden at Fort Vancouver was astonished when he heard that fifteen men were planning to set out for that region marked on all the maps "unexplored"; a desert without water, infested with fierce and warlike savages, "Who will at-

tack every party, steal their traps, waylay and murder the men!" Had he not experienced that frightful land—and almost died there?

"I must warn these reckless Americans! 'Tis the height of rashness and folly! There *is* no South Road into Oregon! And the River Rogue—well is it named for the Rogues—the rascals—on its border! From the beginning they have been hostile to white men."

Much as he had become attached to Peter Skene Ogden, Jesse Applegate took the warning with a grain of salt.

"It is their private, secret, last-reserved hunting-ground. Of course the British traders would object—but we must *know* that land! Otherwise our settlements are at their mercy. We have no troops or supplies for defense, no munitions. Away from the Columbia, it will open to us a road to the States!" Besides, feeling precisely as had Simmons when McLoughlin would deter him from Puget Sound: "I shall take a look at that country if I have to fight my way there!"

Like soldiers mounted for battle, with guns and knapsacks, spades and axes, on a bright June morning, 1846, fifteen brave men rode out from the Rickreall to find, if possible, a safer route into the Willamette. Or, if need be, a back door for exit should a foe descend upon the settlements! Oh, inborn dread of man for man!

Counting brothers-in-law and sons-in-law, five of the fifteen were Applegates, and the rest close friends and neighbors, men of heroic mold. Reining with difficulty their dancing, prancing horses for a last kiss to wives and sweethearts and babies held high, Jesse looked into the firm, strong, handsome faces of his brothers: "In memory of our dead we make this journey!"

"AND FOR THE LIVING!" they answered.

"Father!" screamed little Gertrude with outstretched arms. "What if you should *never* come back to mother and me and the babies?"

Bending low for a last embrace: "We will come back!" With tear-wet eyes they galloped away to discover if possible "What lies beyond the Calapooias?" that mysterious chain across the southern boundary of the valley.

In the very springtime of life they were riding, lured by the high vision that led Governor Spottswood of Virginia beyond the Blue Ridge; led Daniel Boone into "the fair Kentuckie;" led Lewis and Clark beyond the Shining Mountains; that led themselves to the River of the West.

Riding, riding, encamping for a night at the foot of gray old Chintimini, guardian peak of a city yet unborn; on, up steeply winding footpaths of the red men of ages, trails narrow, dim and tangled across the main Calapooias; descending into the walled-in vale of the Umpqua "Indians have recently passed!"

"Where Indians have gone we can go! even though it leads into yonder canyon, the dry bed of a river, damp and dark and littered with arrows."

"But what are Indians, or arrows, or even a canyon, if a road can be opened?" Down from their horses, pacing, measuring, calculating: "Yes, with some cutting, wagons can be taken through!" Such was the consensus of fifteen practical road-hunters in the glorious days of June, 1846.

Beyond the canyon, with enchanted eyes they entered unmeasured meadows of the Rogue dotted with oak orchards to the very Siskiyou border of California. Great horned owls hooted the night through, "Who? Who? Who invades our solitude?"

on the identical spot where a few years later Lindsay Applegate was to assist in founding the beautiful city of Ashland on the Rogue. Turning eastward, on the Fourth of July the low summit of the Cascade Range was passed, "Lower even than we dreamed!" Thence on, penetrating a forest of yellow pine so straight, so tall, so vast, so dim that even red men fled its shadow

Emerging into daylight, thrilling moment! Like Balboa on a peak of Darien, as one man they burst into cheers. Prophetic Levi Scott raised his hand: "Far as the eye can reach extends the veritable Canaan of the Bible, with a lake, blue as Galilee!"

"Hist! Look beyond!" John, the young son of Levi Scott gave the alarm.

Startled Indians had heard the shout, the cheers. To them had it seemed the white man's war-whoop, a challenge to battle? Even as John pointed, the lake was covered with canoes, fleeing, retreating in panic. Suddenly on the heights signal fires, signal smokes arose, Indian telegrams: "*White men coming!*"

Lindsay was down from his horse examining the trail.

"Here men! Is this not the Klamath? Have we not intersected Fremont's route to California . . . with signs of recent battle and burial of the dead? Look! Scattered papers under the laurels . . . and . . . graves, graves! No wonder the savages flee! They believe us avengers upon their track!"

"Here we cross our Rubicon, boys. No turning back now. We must pass or fail. If we fail, Oregon is lost!"

More than Jesse Applegate realized it was a Rubicon, into the land of the Modocs who for thirty years were to shout defiance and twang their poisoned arrows: "*Back, go back! This is the red man's country!*"

Camping for the night on Fremont's battle ground daylight discovered the red men vanished save from their signal peaks. Had they felt the bite of the little brass cannon?

How could the explorers know that Fremont returning Oregon-ward had been overtaken by a recall to California? That after reading the dispatch by the light of his campfire creeping Modocs had tomahawked three of his men, the rest saved only by quick Kit Carson! Or that presently a British flagship entering the Golden Gate found that Americans had taken the country!

"Had we not found your flag there I should have set up ours!" the British admiral told Commodore Stockton. Already guns were booming on the Rio Grande, but none in Oregon knew.

With muzzle-loading flintlocks on their shoulders, like Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and George Rogers Clark of other years, with eyes in the very back of their heads, guarding day and night, the explorers advanced into lands never traversed by a white man, across Lost River by a submerged limestone bridge—twenty feet wide—just under the water, near the California border.

How the Modocs loved that Stone Bridge, the nearest to a civilized convenience any Indian had ever known! On shore stretched green meadows for their ponies and the tule marshes were musical with the quacking and honking of millions of ducks and geese, the poultry of the red man, with eggs beyond counting. No wonder they warned "*Go back! Go back! This is the red man's country!*"

How could the white men know that all the long years this had been Modoc-land whence young braves

set forth to capture Shasta women and children, to trade for fish at Tselalo, the Whirling Water on the Columbia? War, piracy, slavery was a major business, the custom of Modoc-land. Even now the trail was wet with blood and tears, but all unaware across it the explorers pressed around Goose Lake; around mountains, rocks, ravines, out of Southern Oregon by compass into Northern Nevada—

“Where Ogden wandered and found a river!”

“Are you sure, Jesse, about that river out here in this dusty desert?”

“Yes, yes, Ogden’s River. He discovered it away back in the late ’20s when he trapped on his way to California. To the south he discovered Mount Shasta and named it. To the north, in the Salt Lake country he lost his furs to the Rocky Mountain traders.”

But what possible sign of a river! “No wonder Peter Skene held prayers and read his Bible here!!!” some muttered. Like the desolate bottom of a sea, around them alkali drifts white as snow billowed over unseen silver and gold, rich mines of tomorrow. No water, mirages, a land of silence broken not even by the shuffling of their famishing horses in the fine light dust rising like a thick fog, burning, blinding.

Scorched by the July sun—

“Must we perish here? But even here trace the fingerprints of God!” Following tiny trails across the dust Levi Scott was down on his knees. Rabbit-tracks, thousands of them, running all in one direction, led to hidden water holes among the rocks in the very region where in days to come thousands would scramble for gold in the Rabbit Hole Diggings.

“Who could have imagined! Even desert creatures have wells!” the tired old man scooped out a living spring.

Carefully mapping these oases, each with its patch of grass for the horses, encouraged riders pressing ahead came suddenly upon the low reedy sink of a river—"Ogden's River"—and a few miles farther on the ashes and irons of burned immigrant wagons among the rocks.

"A part of a train, wandered away in search of California waylaid by Indians Oh God! They are from the Oregon Trail!"

Overcome by heat, thirst, anxiety and exhaustion, Jesse Applegate fainted.

XIII

DANIEL BOONE'S OLD COMPASS

1846

"I SAY that man is alive, full grown, and is listening to what I say, who will yet see Asiatic commerce traversing the North Pacific Ocean, entering the Oregon River, climbing the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, issuing from its gorges, and spreading its fertilizing streams over our side-extended Union! The steamboat and the steamcar have not exhausted all their wonders. They have not yet found their amplest and most appropriate theatres—the tranquil surface of the North Pacific Ocean, and the vast inclined plains which spread east and west from the base of the Rocky Mountains. The magic boat and the flying car are not yet seen upon this ocean and this plain, but they WILL be seen there; and St. Louis is yet to find herself as near Canton as she now is to London, with a better and safer route by land and sea to China and Japan than she now has to France and Great Britain."

Walking the platform in one of his panegyrics of the West, with locks thrown back and shaking his fist as if ready to fight the man that dared contradict him, Senator Thomas H. Benton was addressing a vast assemblage in the city of St. Louis. Arrogant and full of foibles, yet "Old Bullion," as the people fondly called him, "The Emperor of Missouri, God bless him!"—had the gift of vision, lifting with majestic gesture the curtain of the future.

No one knew the sun was hot as with bared heads they stood listening and shouting that summer day.

As his voice thundered out prophetic, over the rim of the Rockies they beheld cities and towns and ships—all but heard the roll of Pacific waves. Ponderous the orator might be, dignified and pedantic, but he answered the cry, "What lies beyond?" Not gold, not glory, but ultimate America.

Applauding, enchanted throngs crowded to shake his hand. But children could not get in. Dramatically waving the people back:

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not. For when the years have whitened their heads and time has left its ineffaceable mark on their faces they will be proud to say: 'I have shaken hands with Benton who predicted what surely came to pass!'" No wonder Missouri overflowed into emigrant trains! No wonder those children's children inhabit the shores of the Pacific.

Many a young man in that concourse felt the senator's eye fixed upon him—him! That electric finger seemed to point to *him*—singling him out as one destined to deeds in that mystical West.

Perhaps Senator Benton did look at George Law Curry, distinguished of feature, expansive of forehead. Of Quaker stock, born in Philadelphia, still clinging to the cape overcoat, long hair, big black tie, but dropping the "thee" and "thou" of his heritage, young Curry caught the vision of "Old Bullion." Behind him were memories of South America where his father had been an American consul; the death of that father; a sea-voyage north, where as a lad of eleven he became the ward of an uncle in Boston.

In that nursery of letters the boy grew up, touching elbows now and then with Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Hawthorne. Apprenticed while yet a lad to a watchmaker, night after night was stolen to study. At eighteen, president of the Mechanic Apprentices'

Library of Boston; at twenty-one, Fourth of July poet of a Boston celebration; three years later in St. Louis associated with the father of Kate Field in the publication of *The Reville* George Law Curry was thrilling at the spell of Benton. An electric current was in the air. He must go.

When catkins on the willows proclaimed April, 1846, Kansas City—six-hundred miles by water from St. Louis—was the busiest point on the border, for here it was that Albert Gallatin Boone, proprietor of tradingposts among the Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, had his chief stock of goods for outfitting traders for the mountains and emigrants for Oregon. Here, too, came Osage chieftains, Kaws, Pawnees, and Shawnees shaved to the scalplock, buying on credit, until annuity day brought them silver dollars by the kegful. Thousands at a payment went into the bank chests of border traders.

Every year Albert Gallatin Boone journeyed to Philadelphia, bringing back hogsheads of beads, cloth, ribbons, and vermilion—treasures that easily made him king from Kansas City to the headwaters of the South Platte where Denver was yet to be. To him came the tribes for counsel, and were one day to negotiate the sale of Colorado, with him and Kit Carson, his cousin.

But now the grocery was thronged with departing emigrants after everything from a pound of tea to a wagon-wheel. Pressing through them Boone came out to the side of his brother, named for an old Spanish friend of their father.

"And so you are going, Alphonso?"

"All but George Luther, and you know best where he is."

"Gone to the Arapahoes. Ought to be back in six weeks." Albert gazed toward the prairie as if he half

expected to see the boy loping in now. "Substituting for Kit Carson, off with Fremont."

The colonel turned away, proud of his son, already a trusted employe of Albert Gallatin, greatest trader on the border, and of Kit, his cousin. All Boones were forelopers, even the girls.

"And why shouldn't we go, Uncle?" spoke up pretty Chloe, picturesque in high waist, long skirt, and poke bonnet, a Missouri belle. "Cousin Rachel Kindred went two years ago, and Cousin Rhoda T'Vault last year!"

All winter the Boone wheels has been a-humming, spinning, weaving linsey-woolsey and stout brown Kentucky jeans to fit out brothers and sisters for the Oregon journey. And back in those wagons stood chests packed with new linen towels, tablecloths, and counterpanes, the handiwork of Chloe. None better knew the fireside industries of eighty years ago.

"And why shouldn't we go?" again the laughing maid demanded.

"Oh, I know, I know, plenty of people are going, Chloe. It wouldn't be Boone nature to linger with new countries in sight. And sister Panthea?"

"Aunt Panthea and the governor will join us tomorrow."

Governor Lilburn W. Boggs, one of Missouri's most noted executives, had called out the militia over the disputed boundary with Iowa—would have fought a war with Iowa—and on top of that had sent two regiments of mounted volunteers to the Seminole War in Florida. Altogether his might have been called a militant administration from whose upheavals now thousands were turning westward. Gilliam he had known, and the Waldos and Applegates, until now the restless ex-governor resolved, "I, too, will quit this stormy border for Pacific California."

Panthea, his wife, one of the two beautiful daughters of Jesse, the son of Daniel Boone, had been a belle in her day, with hair that swept her feet, and as the bride of the governor of Missouri she had initiated Chloe, her niece, into many a quaint old custom at Jefferson City. Next to the capitol stood the governor's house, the handsomest outside of St. Louis. As to the Boones, Aunt Panthea could tell Chloe things that nobody else remembered, dating back to the very beginning of things.

"Looks like a Boone exodus!" laughed Albert Gallatin, fat and good-humored, glancing at the lineup of his brother's children—Chloe, Mary, Lucy, Jesse, James, Morris, and the little nine-year-old Phonse—all mounted with their cousins on the best Boone horses.

As boys, Albert Gallatin, himself, and this same brother Alphonso, had gone out with Ashley in the '20s, paddling and poling up the Platte, through the newly discovered South Pass, and helped to haul cannon to Utah Lake on the first wheels that ever crossed the Rockies. More than once the grandsons of Daniel Boone had come in contact with the British traders of Oregon.

"And here is Daniel Boone's old compass—the very one Lord Dunmore gave him when he went out to call in the hunters from the Falls of Ohio in 1774," added the colonel, laying hands on the treasured relic swung shot-pouch fashion across his shoulders.

"And, pray, where did you get that old brass contrivance, big as a dinner-plate?" Albert Gallatin took hold of the treasure. "It looks good for many a survey yet."

"Stopped with Aunt Sally last night, and as we left this morning the good old soul brought out this compass. 'Take, it, Colonel,' she said. 'Daniel Boone

gave it to his son Daniel M. when he left Kentucky in 1787. Mounted on his pony, with a wallet of corn and a rifle on his back, straight west Daniel M. rode for thirty days without meeting a single human being. About dusk one evening he paused on the banks of the Mississippi, opposite St. Louis, and hallooed for an hour before any one heard him. Then an old Frenchman came over in a canoe. After that he carried it to the Osage country, had it when he married me, and when Governor Clark appointed him farmer to the Kansas Indians. Since Daniel M. died"—she broke into tears,—"it—has—hung—on my—cabin—wall—unused." Poor old Aunt Sally! "And now, Alphonso," said she, "I want you to take it—to—pilot—you—to—Oregon." Of course I kissed her, and took the compass and grandfather Dan's surveying outfit. I may need them."

"Need them! of course you'll need them!" interjected Albert Gallatin; "if you lay out all the land Senator Benton has promised, to say nothing of a hundred and sixty apiece for each of your children."

The next morning at break of day other actors in the continental drama came rolling in. Francis Parkman, the historian, bought a mule of Chloe's father, but he saw not the pretty maid under her sunbonnet nor the future governor she would wed.

For two years Tabitha Brown, lineal descendant of Ann Hutchinson of colonial fame, had been reading the journals of Lewis and Clark, studying the land whither her son had gone—a wee bit of a woman sixty-six years old, not weighing more than a hundred pounds, and walking with a crutch from a fall on the ice.

"Even if I am lame, I am good for something yet," Aunt Tabitha nodded her white head, "and I want to go with my children."

Almost ethereally spiritual looked the delicate old lady, with her thin white forehead, blue eyes, and crown of silver around a face forever young. Among all her acquaintances Aunt Tabitha was called "a great manager," for, as the widow of a Massachusetts clergyman, she had gone to Missouri in an early day and opened a school that proved a success both educationally and financially. Mistress of a thousand arts known only to the Yankee schoolma'am—dressmaker, milliner, boarding-house keeper—for a quarter of a century Tabitha Brown had battled for her children until all were surrounded by families of their own. And now Uncle John, a retired sea captain and brother of her dead husband, had come to spend with her his declining years.

"I do believe the trip would help my rheumatiz," said the world-wandering Captain Brown, now past eighty.

"Certainly, Uncle John," the spry little grandmother encouraged her charge; "we can take you right along! I shall provide myself with a good ox-wagon and team and a supply of whatever may be requisite for our comfort, and that of a driver, and accompany Orus and his wife and eight children, and Pherne and her family, to Oregon."

A well out-fitted body of people were the emigrants of '46—some with carpeted vehicles furnished with rocking-chairs and other conveniences of family life, forerunners of the railroad car. The men were collecting their long trains of horses and cattle and re-invoicing their lists of supplies, when Chloe Boone came galloping by on her mettlesome Kentucky blue-grass mare.

"And may I ride with you?"

With a flick of his whip young George Law Curry, ex-editor of *The St. Louis Reveille*, was at her side,

his long wavy hair dancing on his velvet collar as he followed the maid he had met at the Governor's.

"Yes, if you can keep up." Radiant in new ribbons, Chloe flashed a smile back and darted away bearing his heart at her saddle bow. Behind followed a laughing cavalcade of sister and cousins.

"Te!—he—he! Young folks will be young folks, Tabitha!" commented Uncle John as the merry racers passed him on his slow jog-trot, for Uncle John insisted on crossing the plains on horseback.

"Drat those giddy heels, startling my oxen so!" growled J. Quinn Thornton whose uncommonly heavy outfit was enough, without a load at all, for an ordinary yoke of oxen. J. Quinn always was irascible, a man of books and schools, a dyspeptic student, unacquainted with the ways of frontiersmen—he and his amiable wife, another teacher like Aunt Tabitha, were in search of health in the Green Land Far Away. "Seek 'em Prince Darco," he called to his greyhound, "Seek 'em!"

On every side it was "Colonel Boone! O Colonel!" for this grandson of Daniel was a man of energy, who never said "Go," but always "Come," when a difficult task must be performed. And few in that train knew the border as did Boone. Somehow his very name and presence bore assurance of safety. Six feet in his boots, blue-eyed, brown-hair sprinkled with gray, Alphonso Boone felt as few did the responsibility of his office. Every morning his call was first to arouse the sleeping camp: "Turn out! turn out!"—a trick he had caught of the trappers in his youth when he travelled with his brother and Ashley.

Slender, willowy, with satin hair looped over her ears, Chloe Boone was a girl to attract attention anywhere; even Indians singled her out for special favors, tearing by on their fleet little ponies, snatching off

the girls' bonnets and riding away with ribbons streaming on the wind.

But not all Indians were gay. The great wonder of the tribes over this stream of whites was giving way to indignation in 1846. The entire white race was believed to be moving westward. Vast herds ate up the pasturage, and no rains came to renew the cropped verdure.

"You had better move on," urged Bissonette at Fort Laramie. "There will be four hundred lodges of the Sioux here to-morrow, coming to leave their families while they go out to war with the Snakes and Crows."

Hastily the trains reharnessed and moved on; but at ten o'clock the plains grew black with mounted warriors approaching in all the glittering paraphernalia of battle directly across the line of emigrant march. Nearer—nearer—which should have the road?

"Only fear of the United States Government prevents them from attacking us!" J. Quinn Thornton glared through his glasses. But Mrs. Thornton, hugging Prince Darco with one hand, with the other handed out a bag of biscuit.

Magic act! as if it had been a tribute, or a tax, the Indians opened ranks and gave up the road on the banks of the River Platte. But down the long line, each Indian with swinging locks gaily riding alongside lifted the wagon covers and looked in—for his biscuit. Hundreds shook hands.

"Ah!" admiringly exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, "few of our city exquisites can present a hand so soft and elegantly formed as these Indians."

"No wonder; never did any work!" growled her husband. "Wouldn't soil their hands!"

"But notice," urged Mrs. Thornton, "some of them are really elegantly dressed and appear more

independent and high-spirited than any we have ever seen."

"Very likely! independent warriors! Did you know the Pawnees killed a man in the St. Joe train? His widow is coming yonder."

"Alas, poor woman!" Mrs. Thornton looked back at the slow rolling wagon of Mrs. Trimble. The meekness of his refined and delicate wife always stirred up J. Quinn.

"Just a beginning," he added, encouragingly. "One company of this train lost a hundred cattle in a single night by wolves—or Indians."

"I'll not lose my mare!" Aunt Tabitha Brown carefully tied one end of a rope around her favorite's neck and the other around her own waist, while Uncle John slept. Pulling down the curtains and lighting a candle in her little travelling parlor, she sat down in her easy-chair to knit. "Ah! a tug at Blossom's rope!" She drew it in, about two feet of it, cut short, the rest gone with mare and colt.

"Didn't I say so?" began J. Quinn Thornton the next morning. "Another widow of this train plundered of her best mare last night by your gentlemanly Sioux."

Mrs. Thornton gasped. "Am I to blame for the Sioux, John?"

April, May, June melted into fervid summer, and still no rain.

"We must lighten up, the wheels are shrinking, the teams are failing." Unceremoniously claw-footed tables and carved oak bureaus, relics of an ancestral time, were dumped by the wayside in this flight to a newer America.

"Fifty dollars for a pair of goggles!" cried J. Quinn in the dusty Black Hills beyond Laramie. But no goggles existed west of St. Joseph.

Everybody loved Nancy Thornton, patient with the whims of a temperamental husband, but in that husband—pencil in hand—Nancy saw a Carlyle, writing an immortal book. While she laughed at humors of the journey, he growled at discomforts, acknowledging long after, "But for my wife I could never have got through." A man of the cloister, introspective, although American-born he had gone abroad and studied in the Temple at London, had been admitted to the bar, an experience altogether more regular and complete than usually befell a lawyer of the frontier. But nervous, impatient, like most writers J. Quinn Thornton was busy with his thoughts. "My mind to me a kingdom is." How could wide-awake emigrants, intent on the job in hand, appreciate an absent-minded scribbling author who understood not the foibles of an ox-team!

"He wastes too much time! Them oxen'll run away! Writin' is not work!"

XIV
AN EDITOR IN LOVE

1846

IN THE AUTUMN of 1846 Fort Hall on the River Snake was afire with noise and news, Oregonians crying their various roads, and Californians seeking to draw away trains to the Spanish country.

"The Columbia is not safe; a British warship there!"

"California is not safe; there is war with Mexico!"

"Take the Mount Hood route; good wagon-trail right into the Willamette Valley!"

"The southern route is best. A new entrance is just discovered through the splendid countries of the Klamath, Rogue, and Umpqua. All needed now is axemen to go ahead and cut out the canyons."

"Right this way for California-ah! We are intending to revolutionize the country as soon as Americans enough have arrived to fight the Spaniards."

The babel was terrific. Captain Grant put his fingers in his ears: "This beats an Indian battle!" Nothing like it had ever been heard in the silent sage lands.

"Count me for California!" announced the militant ex-Governor Boggs of Missouri. "I was destined to that from the start."

"I would avoid a war!" The peaceful Colonel Boone preferred the southern route, "where there are neither Mexicans nor battleships!"

"Captain Applegate? Certainly! I knew you in Missouri, in the old U. S. Land office in Saint Louis!" Governor Boggs shook hard the hand of the captain

who had come out to pilot the immigrants in. On foot and alone, ahead of his associates, Jesse Applegate had arrived at Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail.

"Volunteers, volunteers to cut the southern road," the Captain was calling.

"Aye, aye, sir!" Thomas Norris, a descendant of Lord Baltimore, whose Star of the West lay in the eyes of Mary Boone, stepped forward, followed by others.

With the axemen Captain Jesse Applegate set out immediately, leaving Levi Scott and David Goff to guide. At Bear River, west of Fort Hall, side by side the trains drew up and farewells were spoken with tears. Out of the sweets of civilization they had driven together, through heats and perils and fatigues cementing the friendships of a lifetime. And now the ways parted, most of them never to meet again.

As if with a premonition that he was needed in the valley, George Law Curry, with six others, had already galloped ahead with a few leading teams down the dusty Snake toward the Columbia. Directed by Captain Barlow at The Dalles, they entered Barlow's Toll Gate at the eastern base of the Cascades, and on, up, up to an altitude fearfully appalling, steep and difficult, they entered the profound solitudes of the Mount Hood forest where Barlow's blazers had been cutting all summer. "All I ask," Captain Barlow had said, "is that my son Billy may have the honor of driving the first team over the first road over the Cascades." Behind the boys the wagons were coming, coming, with Billy Barlow at the head.

As the sun was setting in the crimson Pacific on a chilly August night, Curry and his friends emerged into a glen on the very breast of snowy Hood. Above them, the mountain's vast and sinewy arms interlocked with neighboring peaks. Here was the foun-

tainhead of rivers where only the dash of the glacial torrent on its plunge to the distant valley broke the silence. Aloft towered the summit, its crest glittering in the departing sunlight.

"The crossing of the Rockies, the Bear River range, and the Big Brule of the Blue Mountains are nothing to this!" Curry gazed beyond the timber line to the vast snow-plain above them "The women could hardly have climbed it."

"But women have! We saw a cabin back there, a Shaker bonnet, and a baby's shoe," answered his companions returning from hobbling their winded horses in a mountain meadow.

Slowly day died, with such chilling effect that gladly the group hovered within the comfortable vicinage of a camp-fire, unstrapping haversacks of bread and bacon. Awed by the rapid gathering of shadows, very quietly the boys brought ferns and fir-boughs on which to stretch their weary limbs.

"If only Chloe were here!" From his coniferous pillow Curry looked up into the moonlit firs and listened to their sighing: "*All is well!—well!—w-e-ll!*" The excitement of being at so great an altitude kept him awake, but by ten o'clock all was unbroken silence under the unwonted splendor of the August stars. Suddenly a boom of distant thunder rumbled in the valley, the startled wind sounded a fierce alarm, "*Rain in the southern mountains!*" The lightning flashed in fantastic chases through deep walled canyons and played upon inrolling inky clouds like a magnified spectre of the Brocken. A dash of hail swept over the sleepers, now thoroughly aroused; thick flakes of snow fell fast, and Curry poked up the fire while the rest gathered tighter their blankets.

"Oh, Chloe! Chloe!" Unconsciously he spoke aloud,—never before had the Bostonian realized how

much he thought of this daughter of the Boones, *somewhere now in the southern mountains!* But with dawn the sun burst in opalescent splendor kindling the uttermost heights, while far below their aerial camp billowed an ocean of clouds like breakers on a beach. And again in the clouds he saw the face of Chloe, appealing: "Come! Come to me in the southern mountains!"

"Look! Look!" cried his companions. Outlining the Cascade Range from north to south, like islands in the heaving rolling rosy deep, snow-capped Rainier, St. Helens, Mount Adams, twenty-six peaks in the Mount Jefferson area, a veritable Switzerland—lifted their glacial summits to the sunrise. Gazing, the awed group seemed standing in a sea of fire at the judgment of the world.

Fascinated, they watched the fleecy glow dissolving down Hood's rugged sides disclosing spurs, buttresses and deep rocky clefts not visible the night before. Tarrying briefly at a hurried breakfast, and carving their names on rocks and trees, names that linger to this day, the boys started down the never-to-be-forgotten Laurel Hill where great trees must be chained to Billy Barlow's wheels to keep them from sliding too swiftly that steep incline.

Descending, ever descending, amid aisles of Douglas spruce, brushing barriers of Alaska cedar, flaming thickets of rhododendron—mammoth rose of the mountain—sliding, falling, they reached the settlements. The sharp, keen air was fragrant. The world Pacific.

"Ah, editor of *The St. Louis Reveille*?" hummed William G. T'Vault of Oregon City examining the personal card of George Law Curry. "Just the gentleman we have been looking for!" Immediately the dust and travel stained Bostonian was installed in

charge of *The Oregon Spectator*, first newspaper on the Pacific Coast.

"Any notice as to when Uncle Sam will extend his jurisdiction out here?"

"The matter was up before Congress when we left," the new editor was glad to say. Straightway a salute of rifles rang from the bluff, to the immeasurable disturbance of Dr. McLoughlin lest war might have been declared. Soon a flag fluttered from *The Spectator* office. Dr. McLoughlin eyed it with mingled hope and apprehension—his interest lay on both sides, British and American. But with kindness of heart for which he was ever noted, the ancient fur trader turned to a youth offering an elkskin and a pack of beaver for flour at the mill.

"You are a Yankee?"

"Just in from the Barlow road!" nodded the shockheaded one. "Been hunting up there."

"Well, sir," bristled the doctor, who had long had a monopoly on beaver, "when I came here from Canada, overland, and a thousand miles down the Columbia by canoe, I thought here was a place where Yankees could never come. But here they are!! I think if it were necessary to build a road right over the top of Mount Hood they would build it. Why, I never saw such a people!" Marvelling at the doctor's vehemence the boy took his flour and passed on.

"But Chloe—where is Chloe?" uneasily the editor was wondering, hauling in his flag from the evening mists of Willamette. Ever her face rose to him out of the foamy falls, and ever seemed beckoning when he began to serve as secretary of enthusiastic night mass meetings petitioning Congress for an immediate railroad to the Oregon country.

Apparently everything he did now was for Chloe, and the home he would make for her—if she were not

lost in those southern mountains! "Indians are there, —I am told—fierce, intractable, murderous! Oh, why did we separate? Why did I not tie her up with a ring on her finger as Henry Croisan did that sweet Mary Hall back there on the Platte?"

XV
THE VALLEYS OF PARADISE

1846

RAINS, indeed, in the southern mountains! A month earlier than usual, and Nevada Meadows, oh, the Meadows, green and cool and swampy, completely carpeted with sand lilies, marshmallows and primroses out of the desert dust. No wonder emigrants lingered recruiting their stock knee-deep in fragrant wild flora! Rains, flooding the creeks and the canyons of Oregon. Rains, turning to snow in the Sierras where the Donner party already had hurried ahead to cross into California. Scattered in the drifts the Donner oxen were lost and out of eighty-seven people thirty-three perished—most monumental tragedy of California pioneering.

All unaware of the California disaster, still wading in flowers the Oregon contingent turned into the Applegate route, driving their oxen over the convenient Stone Bridge of Lost River.

What! a shower of arrows in the valleys of Paradise? The depredating Modocs were awake. "*Back! Go back! This is the red man's country!*" Long since the trailmakers had gone on hewing out the canyons when the first immigrant company drew up on the shores of Klamath Lake. Ghastly in the evening glow, a white man lay shot—in so fair a land!

"Corral the wagons!" came the quick command of Levi Scott. Implicitly every wheel fell into lock, tents were set inside, and under guard the famished oxen were turned to graze on the hill; just before dawn a troop of Indians hallooing and waving blankets stam-

peded the cattle that rushed, pell mell, down through and over the camp like a herd of buffalo, overturning wagons, tearing down tents, nor stopping until they plunged into Klamath Lake beyond.

It was a frightful waking, that first morning in the paradise of southern Oregon. Step by step all that day in the tule meadows not Mexicans, not British, but Indians contested the American advance. Where the meadows narrowed between bluffs, with almost civilized cunning the savages had dug a ditch across the lowland from hill to hill. Sixty mounted scouts were advancing to reconnoiter when with a whizz, quick and thick as a swarm of hornets, three hundred bronze warriors let fly their poisoned shafts.

For unknown ages the Modocs had fought their neighbors, the Shastas and the Rogue Rivers, their object plunder and to capture squaws to sell into slavery. All Oregon, into distant Idaho, had captive Rogue and Shasta slaves, bought from raiding Modocs. Today, for the first time, the marauders met a check in the guns of white men.

"Hasten, we have met the hostiles!" messengers were galloping to notify the rear.

Unaware or but partially informed of the Modoc skirmish, Colonel Boone came into that Eden vale with Chloe, wide-eyed and white, encountering her first Indian battle. Along lilting streams and on emerald hills gangs of elk, antelope and deer gazed in wonder at this invasion of the primeval solitude. But none might hunt, not even one might leave the train, for hidden, hovering savages were ambushed unseen in the lava beds.

Provisions were failing, man and beast looked wild and famished. Terrified children were crying. With outspread arms, Chloe, Madonna-like, mothered her little flock.

"Hark, to the scalp-haloo!" . . . shrill, blood-curdling, defiant. No longer in ambush, but in plain sight, with long sinewy bows as tall as themselves, painted Indians with raised arms ready to twang their poisoned arrows defied advance. "*Back! Go back! This is the red man's country!*"

"Boys, who will ride ahead to parley with them Injuns?" Colonel Boone stood out on his wagon-tongue.

Startled face looked into face at the colonel's word. Who was ready to give his life for loved ones in that company?

"I will go, Father."

Jesse Boone, type of his old ancestor, rode out with cocked gun on the pommel of his saddle. There was a hush in which silently Henry Croisan crossed to his side, Henry Croisan, of Huguenot stock, whose fathers had fled terrors great as this in tempestuous old France.

"Henry!" the voice of a child-bride rang over the breathless wagon group, for back on the Platte sweet Mary Hall had stood up with Henry Croisan before Rev. Cornwall, and this was their wedding journey. If Henry heard he looked not back—the Indians were before him!

The very bravado of those two men surprised the Modocs lined up with arrows strung. No more Mrs. Thornton admired their shapely hands; afar Chloe Boone looked to see her brother perish. Mary Hall—little Mrs. Croisan—hid her face behind the twins, her baby brothers, born on the plains. One shot would have precipitated a second battle.

"But that shot must not be fired!" With lifted right hand, palm toward the Indians, Jesse Boone stood up in his saddle with the signal of peace, halt, heritage from his grandfather. Awed by that abso-

lute fearlessness—or perhaps more by the guns leveled at their heads—slowly the Indians retired, wavered, broke and ran—disappearing like mist before the sunrise.

“Great Medicine, the secret code of the savage! So will our obstacles vanish,” declared the colonel, as out of it all came the train unmolested into the Siskiyou within whose rocky ravines Jesse Boone and Henry Croisan now disappeared.

“We must save what cattle we can,” Colonel Boone had said when out of the scattered herds shot full of poison arrows a few escaped. Now, in the freedom and safety of the mountains, Mary Hall, Mary Boone, and three other girls drove their precious bovines into the mountain meadows.

“We were to camp at a spring, girls. Let’s find the spring,” Mary Boone pushed ahead when a fog shut down like a cap over the mountain. But a solitary wagon could be discovered in the swift approaching night. “What! You girls out here alone? Come to our fire.” With only a cup of milk from their cows for supper, five girls rolled up in their capes like cocoons slept that night in the cold Siskiyou.

XVI
CHLOE BOONE

1846

DRAT THAT TEAM! there go my geological specimens!" Daylight's dissolving vapors disclosed J. Quinn Thornton's overturned wagon in the southern mountains. "Ah, my precious carnelians and variegated marble, and the granite with magnetic iron ore!" Madly he rushed after the retreating treasures.

"Them rocks are no use to you or any one else!" shouted Colonel Boone. "Let 'em go, lighten up, Mr. Thornton, and you'll git along better. Always writin', or prowlin' after grass, weeds, and sich truck!" muttered the practical colonel.

Willowy, quiet, reserved, always busy with her numerous family, "Chloe is the apple of her father's eye," said the immigrants. "Ask your sister Chloe, my child!" was the colonel's invariable advice to his children. "A dutiful darter! The Lord never made none better!" word of so many tired fathers and mothers of dutiful children, when even little girls from seven to ten years old were expert breadmakers, candle-makers, housekeepers and seamstresses for their distracted families.

But this morning the delicate blue veins shone darker through Chloe's thin skin. Her eyes were heavy for want of sleep. Had she dreamed of her lover as he shivered on Mount Hood? Had she answered his desolate call?

Old Chief John of the Rogue Rivers was watching when the immigrants came into his valley; he remembered the promise of Jesse Applegate: "Travelers

will pass, and not tarry"—but he lit his signal fires on all the hills, darting and crackling like volcanic eruptions until the entire ridge was ablaze with crimson banners. Well might the newcomers fancy that whole armies lay encamped behind those fiery battlements.

Chief John knew something of white men—he had seen them in the Willamette—and as king of the sugar pine groves he ordered his warriors to string their bows when some lingered, hunting for fords. From its glacial source in mountain snows the turbulent Rogue leaps down, a continuous cataract. "Go, stop not!" fiercely Chief John gestured when a man with a flock of sheep set up his canvas corral. Under compulsion the sheep were driven in, one hundred and fifty, and every one went down in the mad and merciless River Rogue.

Late autumn found the Boones in the Umpqua Mountains. November rains were flooding the canyon, so deep and dark that stars were visible at midday.

"*I will drive through!*" insisted J. Quinn Thornton. His wagon turned over, and his load floated away.

"*I must drive through!*" Dr. Wood had brought a stand of bees. His hives upset, killed the queen, and all the bees died.

Stuck in the throat of that awful labyrinth, one after another the vehicles were abandoned. Men began to pack their goods on horses and oxen, carrying their wives and children on their backs, wading arm-pit-deep in the icy Umpqua. Snatching from the debris his rifle, revolver, large knife, some ammunition and a morsel of food from his shot-pouch J. Quinn Thornton and his wife struggled forward, passing abandoned wagons, cattle that had perished, and the wreckage of bedding, furniture, and household utensils discarded in wild confusion.

Stepping from stone to stone with the support of sticks, Prince Darco swimming and clinging with his feet to the sides of rocks behind them, they were endeavoring to continue the apparently hopeless struggle for escape. Suddenly slipping into cold snow water above her waist, Mrs. Thornton fainted.

"If she should die I could never take her out!" moaned J. Quinn, chafing her temples, shaking and calling her name aloud. Pallid were her lips, and thin and compressed; her eyes turned up in their sockets and her head fell back with the fixedness of death.

"Nancy, darling, for God's sake, Nancy!"

"Do not be alarmed; I am worth two dead women yet!" unexpectedly the courageous woman opened her eyes and endeavored to rise.

Beyond that gorge the Reverend Josephus Cornwall of Georgia had set up his tent. The wagon-load of books—his precious library—had gone through, but the chill had killed his mules; and now thronging for shelter scores of fugitives were grateful for the mere blaze of his camp-fire. Even through their woes some smiled at the recollection, "It must be Sunday!" Back on the plains more than once Colonel Boone had said: "If it wasn't for Mr. Cornwall we wouldn't know when Sunday came!" for always there was rest and a Bible service at the Cornwall tent. But this was no Sunday. In pots and pans, teacups and tin dippers, Josephus Cornwall and his daughter Lizzie were serving hot soup to the famishing.

"It is useless to attempt to get the teams through!" Colonel Boone was struggling still in the canyon. "We must cache the wagons until something can be carried out." Leaving Phonse, Mary and thirteen-year-old Morris to guard, walking ahead of his daughters with his rifle over his shoulder Colonel Boone picked out the way holding their bridles in dangerous spots to

help them through. Eighteen times Chloe counted the crossings as they forded from bank to bank down the fearful twelve miles of Umpqua Canyon; twice was she swept from the saddle and nearly lost when her little mare slipped on boulders in the swift water.

"This is too dangerous, girls. Dismount; it is safer to jump from log to log and from tussock to tussock." But wherever the colonel led Chloe's little mare, her mistress followed.

"That hot bean soup saved my life!" sobbed Chloe recovering from cold and exposure at the Cornwall tent.

"Listen, Mary, to the wolves!" shuddered little Phonse back in the canyon, big gray timber wolves, scourge of the Oregon forest. Now near, now far, came the prolonged howl, difficult to locate, as if the walls were patrolled by ever shifting sentinels. "Don't you see their eyes, Morris, shining in rows in the dark up there?"

"Hush, Phonse, the fire will keep them back!" Reassuringly Morris piled on pitchwood and stirred up the flames.

"We can do no more. Leave the rest" said the colonel, returning on the eighteenth day. Packing some indispensables on an ox, wading the creek lengthwise and walking on dead cattle, with the hand of little Phonse in his Colonel Boone came with the last of his children upon the left bank of the Umpqua where now stands the village of Canyonville. Like fugitives from battle they emerged into a prairie scattered with disastrous rout where Chloe had a camp-fire and steaming kettles.

Colonel Boone looked on the hungry throng. Mothers were hushing wailing babes; fathers were in despair.

"Is that all the meat, James?" The boy was bringing in the last remnant of the last ox for supper. The rest had been distributed.

"Yes, father."

"Well, Chloe, put it all on to cook and invite in the neighbors. We'll eat what there is, and if we starve, we'll all starve together."

"But, father!" Chloe hesitated, "would you give away the last mouthful and let your children suffer?"

"Never you fear, Chloe, never you fear! Relief will come. I never knew it to fail."

"Then I wish we had the Newtons here, father," said Chloe, preparing to serve her guests.

All the two thousand miles from Missouri Mr. Newton had walked behind the Boones, leading a pony upon which rode his wife and baby. Fearing to cross the swollen Umpqua, the Newtons had decided to wait until the waters abated. But alone with the wolves—"Mother, *we must* follow the Boones!" Fording and following to within sight of their camp-fire he rested, while the Boones and their neighbors were devouring the last pot of meat.

"The boys, the boys!" There was joy in the Boone camp that night—Tom Norris had come, and others who had helped hew out the canyons.

"Leave everything, Colonel!" adjured Tom, with an eye on the pallid Mary. "All we can do is to get in. Here are horses for the girls."

"All right, Tom, go ahead, while I stay with these people behind;" and the great-hearted grandson of Daniel Boone turned back to help family after family out of the disastrous Umpqua Mountains.

With a little roll of clothing Chloe Boone was galloping again at the head of her train, and toward that lover whose prophetic heart had stirred the whole valley. Quickly the word had come, "A scattered

train struggling in the southern mountains!" Detained beyond all reason by the long journey, by Indian skirmishes, and by efforts to recuperate the failing stock, November had dropped down with surging floods and torrential watercourses. Streams that in summer were mere trickling rivulets or dried in their beds now raged like mimic Niagaras.

Amazed at such unprecedented disaster, the settlements pushed forth rescuers packed with provisions, and as the routed and flying arrived every cabin was open, every fireside aglow with sympathy.

Orus Brown had driven in by The Dalles. He, too, heard of the trouble in the south, and set out to rescue his heroic little mother. Not yet had winter swollen that trap in the mountains to the torrent it later became, but still, abandoning her wagon and everything but the horse she was on, the white-haired grandmother, followed by Uncle John, buffeted for three days with water up to their horses' sides, emerged into the beautiful vale of the Umpqua inhabited only by beasts and wild Indians.

"Fly, mother, from starvation!" pleaded her daughter Pherne. "Hurry ahead with Uncle John and try to catch the forward wagons."

The last bit of bacon was divided; three slices and a cup of tea fell to Aunt Tabitha. With horses saddled they set out into the wild and virgin world whither few had penetrated before them.

"I am ill!" Captain Brown complained on the afternoon of the second day. Slowly the aged rider crept on; then, delirious, fell from his horse.

Aunt Tabitha bent over until he opened his eyes. "Uncle John, I am afraid to jump down from my horse; it is one that no woman ever rode before and I know I could never get on again. Lift your cane."

The cane fell back from a nerveless hand.

"Oh, Uncle John, if we can only reach yonder hollow I am sure I can assist you to your saddle."

Weakly, feebly, the spot was reached, and, after repeated trials, the captain was up. "Hold tight, Uncle; I will lead by the bridle." In face of the wind-driven rain Aunt Tabitha was crossing the last divide.

"What are you going to do?"

Aunt Tabitha had stopped and seemed to be studying the landscape. Uneasily Uncle John watched her. Not a human sign was in sight, not a vestige that man had ever trodden that lone wilderness save a trace cut by wheels. The shades of night were gathering, Uncle John was shivering. "What are you going to do, Tabitha?"

"Camp for the night" answered the spry little grandmother, alighting with her crutch, flinging off saddle and saddle-pack, and tying her horse fast to a tree with a lasso rope.

Uncle John groaned and slipped to the ground without a word.

Quickly Aunt Tabitha gathered the wagon sheet which she had under her packsaddle, flung it over a projecting limb of the tree, and made a tent. Stripping the captain's horse and tying him, with saddle, blankets, and bridles under the tent, the bewildered old sailor was assisted in with a show of gayety: "Come, Uncle, let me introduce you to our new lodging!"

With a smile the exhausted octogenarian lapsed into insensibility. Covering him with blankets, Aunt Tabitha seated herself on the ground beside him. "I shall be alone with the dead," she murmured, doubtful if dawn would find her companion alive. Without food, without fire, cold and shivering, wolves

fighting and howling around, Aunt Tabitha kept her vigil. Dark clouds hid the stars, but a deep prayer welled in her heart: "Thou, God, Whom I have ever known, art watching me still. To Thee I commit all and feel no fear."

Heavily the old man slumbered; now and then in the dark her gentle hand drew up the blankets. Light dawned at last. The Captain awoke refreshed; he could stand upon his feet. Pulling down her tent and saddling her horses Aunt Tabitha stood a moment as if in expectation.

"Of all things in this world, Aunt Tabitha, you here alone?" the cheerful voice of an immigrant startled her, one from the advance wagons with which she had entered the canyon a week ago. "And here are fresh tracks of Indians within eight feet of your night encampment!"

Tabitha looked. "I did not know Indians had been here. Perhaps they would not kill a woman," undreaming that precisely on that spot Mr. Newton would be killed in sight of the camp-fire of the Boones.

Arriving at Salem never ingenuity deserted Aunt Tabitha. Penniless, destitute, everything lost in the canyon, she waited until Harvey Clark could bring her to the wheat-claim bought of her son at Forest Grove. Warmly Emmaline, with a baby, welcomed the sixty-six-year-old grandmother on crutches, so frail, whitehaired—daintily lifting aside her silk bonnet—high-fronted like an old-fashioned gig—adjusting her lace cap and drawing off her gloves.

"Those gloves—" laughing, Tabitha sat at the tea-table. "For two or three weeks I had felt in the end of my glove-finger something which I supposed to be a button. On examination it proved to be a picayune—a 6½-cent piece—the whole of my cash capital to commence business with in Oregon. With it at Salem—

our first stop—I purchased three needles, traded off some of my old clothes to the squaws for buckskin, worked it into gloves and sold them, right there in Salem, clearing upwards of thirty dollars.”

“Oh, had I but wealth!” like a prayer came the words.

“What would you do?”

“I would gather little children and mother them!” burst the kind heart wrung by their woes on the Trail—cold, wet, tired, hungry, crying little children.

Harvey looked at Emmaline. “May this be our college?”

With the spirit of Ann Hutchinson animating her, and of the same blood lineage as Nathan Hale and Henry Ward Beecher, how could Tabitha Brown falter! A few months later with broken knives and forks, tin pans and dishes, whatever immigrants could part with, gathering stray little orphans, children whose parents had been killed by Indians, children whose fathers and mothers soon after rushed away to the gold mines of California, the little lame old lady opened an orphanage in Harvey Clark’s log meeting-house that became the cradle of Pacific University.

Months had passed since that bright June morning when the brave fifteen rode out from the Rickreall on their errand of humanity. With their bare hands, amid perils and hardships, they had blazed a path that was to become a populous highway. But now—

“Is this the ghost of Jesse Applegate?” Cynthia Ann, her blue eyes blurred with weeping, lifted her hands in amaze at sight of her worn and torn and tattered husband. “Long since we heard you were all dead! Killed by the Indians!”

“Cynthia! Dear Cynthia! My consoler in adversity!” He caught her in his arms and mingled his

tears with hers Then hoarsely—"A hundred wagons are following, Mother! I must hurry right back!" Absolutely worn out, yet unresting, friends and neighbors hastened to the rescue, as every train had to be rescued in those wilderness days.

Sympathetic Frenchmen of Champoege laid aside their pipes and fiddles and loading up provisions raced their spotted ponies along with "Our good friend M'sieu Applegat. Now we give potlatch to heem American!"

Over the snowy Calapooias those immigrants were creeping, destitute, desperate, to behold with tears the first human habitation in two thousand miles, the pole cabin of Eugene Skinner, erected since the explorers passed in June, no door, no window, but to be celebrated henceforth in song and story—Eugene, the Athens of Oregon. And miles yet more, Chloe Boone and her sisters dismounted at the lone outpost of Joseph Avery, founder of Corvallis, Heart of the Mountains, in the Shadow of Chintimini. Before roaring fires, "Wait. Rest," urged Mr. Avery. "Help will be coming. Is here already!" as Jesse Applegate entered and welcomed the daughters of the Boones.

At sunup the Boone girls sat their saddles like queens entering a kingdom. "The most beautiful valley I ever beheld!" Chloe murmured. "We shall soon forget all our hardships. Where are we going?" she called to the hurrying guide.

"To Cynthian!" was the sententious reply as on they galloped in grass green as midsummer waving in the warm south wind. And Chloe wondered who Cynthian might be, unaware the guide's whole settlement was sometimes called "Cynthian" for one who always had beds and a generous table for unnumbered guests. Or that the whole community had ovens all jammed, fragrant and steaming for their reception?

Above all, the roadhunters' wives were celebrating the return of their husbands, with gardens all saved, wheat all harvested and threshed. "Better than we could have done it ourselves!" declared their grateful husbands.

"Such boys!" Directed by Uncle Charles, and assisted by Chief Quatley and his Klikitats, the grain cradled and bound by hand had been winnowed in the wind. And rails, more fence rails had been split than ever before—"For our fathers are gone! Killed by the Indians! Work! Work! We boys must work!" And now, at the same table where he had entertained the British officers, Jesse Applegate did honor to the grandchildren of Daniel Boone. In the neighborhood altogether fifty new families tarried that winter until John Lyle's school, assisted by Chloe, became a popular institute.

Who paid the cost of the South Road expedition?

"Jesse Applegate," according to Elisha. "Nobody else did. Nobody else could, save the intrepid explorers who dedicated their lives to the venture." And did any question the wisdom of that venture? "Oregon was at stake!" was their unanimous reply. "How could we hesitate? Our only recompense is a sense of duty well done." Apparently Jesse Applegate was the only man with any money for public necessities, and he carried Oregon—until it broke him.

Here, there, everywhere Gertrude, rosy little Gertrude, who all summer long had helped her mother and tended the babies, flitted among the guests, and with Frances, the Indian maid, was eager for the new school ma'am, Chloe Boone, first woman teacher outside of the missions in Oregon. Wild Indians looked in at the windows, herds of deer came trooping by, when, with a packload of Webster's bluebacked spelling books just off his press, an editor from Oregon

City came to woo the great-grand-daughter of Daniel Boone. And he left a ring on her finger.

"Name the day, Chloe!" Smiling she kissed the future governor.

"At last we are here, Chloe, where dwells the Sleeping Beauty—Oregon—behind her battlements; this land of rest and calm, this quieter of nerves!" After all dangers of recent days they sat—listening to the wind whispering in the treetops, soft susurrus meant for them alone.

"We belong here, Chloe, to the forest and the sea!" said the poet. Together they peered into the windy night, heard the sighing of the firs, heard the laughter of the firs. Hark! high up under the moon trumpeter swans were winging north Already Spring, Spring, Springtime was calling.

"Of all God-given gifts at this moment a lawyer is most needed!" exclaimed the perplexed provisional governor of Oregon, thankfully receiving J. Quinn Thornton and his credentials. Six weeks later he was appointed chief justice of the colonial supreme court, and a few months later was dispatched as the governor's unofficial envoy to Washington to assist in bringing in Oregon as a territory.

Sitting solitary in his room one night in Washington, meditating, perhaps, on his changed status from an emigrant in an ox-train to a delegate to Congress, Thornton heard a knock at his door, introducing a former American consul to London. Seating himself—

"My dear Mr. Thornton," began the ex-consul, "I come with a business proposition of great moment to you and your territory: That the Hudson's Bay Company is willing to sell all its Oregon holdings to the United States Government for the sum of three

million dollars, and leave the country in peace. And further, that if you, Mr. Thornton, will favor and advocate such a settlement, you will be paid a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"A fee, of TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!"
Thornton, the lawyer, never saw so much money! "\$25,000 for what?"

Staring wide-eyed until he caught the full import of the proposition, J. Quinn Thornton, irascible as ever, irrevocably a patriot, leaped to his feet

"Who are you? Who sent you? How dare you attempt to bribe me to betray my country! That land already belongs to America! Get out of my room before I kick you down stairs!"

"Not theirs, only the buildings and improvements, but the territory belongs to the United States," said Jesse Applegate when, a few years later, as a member of a government commission to settle treaty claims, he submitted a voluminous report of the property values of the fur company. And Congress paid—but not three millions.

XVII

THE BOUNDARY SETTLED

1846-47

ALL THAT eventful summer of '46 while the Americans were struggling through canyons and over almost impassable mountains, her British Majesty's battleship *Modeste* lay moored in the Columbia and frigates-of-war held possession of the Sound. While Barlow and Applegate with their axemen were blazing roads, Vancouver was gay with private theatricals, and music and dancing. The band from the warship played, and the old fort-plain was staked into a race-course. From distant tribes Indians came with fast horses to run against the "shipmen," dressed in fancy riding costumes and now and then a gay cockade to the screaming delight of the red men.

According to the Klikitats not even Jesse Applegate's all-summer potlatch could equal it.

"*Kinchotch* great man!" they exulted, hiring out horses to the marines and pocketing gold and silver. "*Kinchotch*—"

"King George! why, he has long been dead!" boomed the deep-toned commander of the warship.

"Of course," explained the conciliatory Douglas, "but these Indians never heard of Victoria. All Englishmen are to them 'King George men' and all Americans are 'Bostons.' "

Kamaiakan, chief of the fourteen allied tribes of the Yakima nation, galloped his spotted cayuse to Fort Vancouver and scowled at Chief Quatley there. Scarcely saw he the races; already his eagle beak had counted three hundred wagons on boats coming

from The Dalles. While others bet and shouted, Kamaikan watched the slow rafts drifting down the Columbia and turning up the Willamette. Darkly prescient of the future the disturbed chief shook his head: "Um too many Bostons, Quatley, too many Bostons! *Kinchotch* man much better!"

November came and rain drove home the racers. For this season an unusually large number of Hudson's Bay grandees were gathered at the fort, feverish for news. Peter Skene Ogden was back from England, whither he had been on the boundary business; John Work was down from Fort Simpson on the Northwest coast; Dr. Tolmie from Nisqually; Angus McDonald from Colville; in fact, every chief factor that could leave his post had gathered at headquarters where still lay the *Modeste* on guard.

"Truly, more than the country is worth! Still, it is well to bring Brother Jonathan to his senses!" Chief Factor Work admitted, referring to Captain Gordon and his fifty-gun frigate in Fuca's straits all summer. "But not so many Yankees this year," reported Dugald McTavish, the clerk whose duty it was supposed to be to keep count.

"I met a party of them on their way to Puget Sound," Mr. Work went on, "struggling along through the mud on foot with little bags of flour on their shoulders, very badly clothed, and altogether wretched in appearance, but apparently in high spirits."

"Mr. Work," solemnly affirmed Douglas, "Dr. McLoughlin has applied for citizenship to the United States! Birnie, too, poor fellow, has left our employ and is concerned in a saw-mill with some Americans!"

Certainly the outlook was gloomy for the great fur company that soon now must abandon its Oregon hunting grounds. Disintegration had already set in.

Even *voyageurs* were praying to be made American citizens in order to secure land claims.

"That demoralizing donation land law!"—how the fur magnates hated it! "It makes our servants restless and independent and destroys their former systematic obedience."

"David Magloglin, de dogtor's son, heemself, haf return wit' goods from 'Onolulu to set up merchant," whispered the gossipy Canadians, "and Billee McKay he be a clerk at Oregon Ceety. Boston trade pay better."

Then one day came Ben Stark, purser on the Yankee brig *Toulon*, spreading the news up the Columbia: "Oregon has cut loose from Queen Vic's apron-strings. No war. All south of forty-ninth parallel belongs to the United States. President Polk has compromised."

Peter Skene Ogden drew a relieved sigh. "Far better that than Polk's loud crow of 'Fifty-four-forty-or-fight!' My faith has been staked on the Columbia River boundary. But no scheme of British conception could contend against such a liberal measure as the Linn Bill, six hundred forty acres to every man and wife!"

The Americans too, sighed. Some were indignant at the loss of British Columbia. Even Jesse Applegate went on record:

"If we had had a railroad across the continent British arrogance would have taken a much lower key, and Mr. Polk's administration would not have dared to yield an inch of Oregon!" That railroad—would it never—never—come?

"But, after all, what is there worth having north of forty-nine? A few hills, a few valleys, a coastline without resources. It is gone and a good riddance!" vaped a few, endeavoring to console themselves.

But, thankfully, through it all, at his Oregon City home McLoughlin repeated: "*I saved a war! I saved a war!*" Nor could he forget the tactful, courageous American who brought him into the provisional government, and who again and again in time of crisis had been the intermediary, the conciliator, the peacemaker.

"Yes, yes," Jesse Applegate himself might have soliloquized: "My father's Revolutionary flag lies at the bottom of the Columbia, symbolical of difficulties buried forever!" Often his thoughts reverted to his own ancestral line, to that English Captain Applegate, friend of the Pilgrims in Holland, who in 1629 visited them in America, walking up Leyden Street of Plymouth with his soldier-mate, Miles Standish. . . . Six years later Thomas, his son, founded the family name in Massachusetts.

Following the epic of the race, in search of a perfect world, Applegates pushed into the new lands of Jersey, where, at Morristown in 1780, with home burned and mother dead, a little Daniel, too young to fight—taught as an infant to play the fife and drum, was enlisted with his father and elder brothers to grow up, little mascot-fifer in Washington's army.

The thought filled his eyes with tears, "My own father, Daniel Applegate, a twelve-year old boy in Washington's army!"

Is it surprising that Daniel Applegate's three valiant sons, Charles, Lindsay and Jesse, patriots by birth and tradition, led the first large caravan beyond the Rockies to the Pacific Ocean?

Every week, now, anxious batteaux from Puget Sound and Fort Vancouver paddled to Oregon City for *The Spectator*, and forty miles down the Willamette came Minto and the Gilliams for the precious sheet that kept them posted on the outer world.

Even *voyageurs* who could not read English subscribed and sent the paper to their friends in Canada. Somehow, this newspaper reminded the fort of its isolation. For cannon were thundering on the Rio Grande. America was at war with Mexico, not England. No wonder Polk compromised!

When the springtime honk-honk-honk of wild geese fell all day from the troubled sky, and the pink-flowering Oregon currant brightened the dark forest as if war never had been or could be, the fur-traders again were paddling away on distant rivers and American settlers were staking out land claims.

"Come boys," Colonel Boone proposed, "let us go back after our property." The birds were calling, the waters were falling—Oregon March was like May in the States.

But, already ahead of him, Indians had looted Umpqua Canyon. Every wagon was stripped; furniture, clothing, whatever could be carried, had been taken; the rest, destroyed—even the feather-bed. "Take it, father," Chloe had pled when they left Missouri. "It belonged to our mother." Now the unsentimental Indians had ripped it open, scattering feathers all down the Umpqua Mountains, and carried off the tick! Chloe's precious linen had gone with the rest, to enhance the drapery of an Indian belle.

"But the compass, boys, Daniel Boone's compass! and his surveying instruments!" Search was unavailing. They, too, were gone, after all the battles of Dunmore's day on the eve of the American Revolution, after all the journeys through Cumberland Gap across the dark and bloody Kentucky, into the fortified frontier of Missouri in the old Spanish eon, into the Osage and Kansas borders, taken at last by the Indians of Oregon!

"I never expect to see them again," grieved the colonel. "More than likely by this time Chief John and his Rogues have broken them into arrow-points!"

A little below Che-mek-eta at a point on the Willamette known to this day as Boone's Ferry, Alphonso Boone and his sons located on adjoining tracts of a thousand acres of land. On a big fir-tree the colonel chipped his name, a triple log cabin was built facing the river, and here stood Chloe. . . . Her eyes sought the mountains, prophetic mountains rimmed with silver. Hood and St. Helens stood cloudless. Far off she could hear the "*hoha—hoha—hoha*" of Indians at the paddles, beating time. And she knew her lover was coming to their wedding day.

Martha Ann Morrison, too, had lovers a score in the months since her father's cabin was erected on the old site of Fort Clatsop where Lewis and Clark spent a winter by the sea, lovers whose names rank among builders and captains of industry. Every evening forest cavaliers sought the hearth of Captain Morrison.

"Will you marry me, Martha Ann," begged a beau of the Columbia woods. "I have a good, warm cabin and as fine a claim as there is in Clatsop County. Come, now, won't you marry me?"

On the high-backed settee in the big log kitchen within sound of the rumbling ocean Martha Ann sat with her head held down, counting the beads of her rosebud rosary. A cloud of curls fell over the crimson cheeks as she snatched her hand away. "No, I'll never marry you!"

Still he came. "We didn't have a very good understanding last time, Martha Ann. Won't you marry me sometime?"

Again the curls shook. "No, I'll not marry you now, nor ever. Don't you come again!"

"But, Martha Ann, if you won't marry me, my partner wants to know if he can't come; we'd like to have you in the family, anyway!"

"No cloth in all Oregon," reported Captain Morrison, returning from a tour of the settlements. Even flour-sacks, bed-ticking, and wagon-covers were cut into women's dresses. In the last outgrown skirt of her childhood, patched, faded, and darned, Martha Ann washed the scant linen at a creek, singing in a voice that rivalled the birds for melody. Like Homer's Greek princess, Martha Ann spread the sheets to dry. The sun kindled a halo upon her hair, her white arms gleamed, and the song—stopped. In the far border of her father's clearing appeared a well-dressed gentleman.

Martha Ann turned to fly. "Mother! Mother! if Joe Watt comes I'll hide!" Slender and full of grace, her head a mop of curls, her dress so scant, her feet so white and bare, Joe caught only the broken song and the gleam of her twinkling departure. Night came. Joe had settled down to stay a week, visiting his old friends of the prairie caravan.

"You *must* meet him, Martha Ann," pleaded her mother. The proud little beauty yielded, covering her face with her hands, shaking with sobs: "Oh, Mother! Mother! I am so ragged, he so well dressed!" and to Joe Watt's pleadings—

"No! no!" ever monosyllabled the mortified queen of Clatsop.

But Nancy Irwin Morrison was a woman of resources. In a short time her cabin became the centre of an entire industrial plant of milling, dairying, spinning, weaving, and soap-boiling, as well as the curing of skins and the preparation of hemp and flax

for her loom. In a mortar burnt in a fir-log the boys ground the wheat that made the bread, and on winter nights by the big fire the father read "Lewis and Clark," while the daughters knit and plied the needle. Yellow moccasins beaded with Indian embroidery, soft leggings of elkskin from the same herds that clad Lewis and Clark, fringed jackets and skirt and girdles, were makeshifts of the Morrison girls. With the family Bible on a home-made stand the kitchen became the germ of the Presbyterian Church on the Lower Columbia, and the little log school-house built by the captain alongside his dwelling was the beginning of public schools in Clatsop County.

"What a pity Martha Ann is going to marry John Minto and go off to live in that wild Willamette Valley!" Rachel Kindred felt outraged at the thought "She might have done as well nearer home."

Mrs. James Welch, too, denounced it: "When we have so few white women! The Astoria boys ought to throw him into the river!"

"Well," slowly replied the sagacious Mrs. Morrison, "so long as John Minto can do a day's work, his wife, whoever she is, will be well cared for, for John Minto hasn't a lazy bone in his body."

From some mysterious receptacle came the wedding finery, shimmering silk with a sprig of lilac, relic of her mother's bridal in Tennessee "silken hose and satin shoon" and a brooch of antique pattern. Even ball gowns, wedding-dresses, and heirlooms had found their way across the plains.

"How could you have kept them hidden from us!" exclaimed the girls who often had wondered about the contents of "that chest" in the back of the big travelling wagon. Now, its gossamer lace and bits of ribbon told, as they had never guessed before, the story of the time when "that Morrison boy" from

Harrod's Fort married Judge Irwin's daughter, the handsomest girl in Tennessee.

At least five of John Minto's would-be rivals helped to celebrate the wedding. Hardly could the fiddler play, his hand shook so, for Martha Ann was going, going, gone—to another!

With homespun linen the sixteen-year-old bride set out for her new home. Two sheets, two thin pillows, two small quilts that had crossed the Plains, one thin feather-bed, two old tin plates, one broken knife, and one whole fork made up the wedding dowry.

"No dishes to be had at Oregon City, nothing but three butcher-knives and one small stew-kettle!" reported the anxious bridegroom on his wedding journey. But undismayed, the rosy-cheeked, hazel-eyed Martha Ann was as happy as Chloe Boone at the entrance of a new and untried future.

Disappointed, but undaunted, and doubly now impressed with the necessity for clothing, Joe Watt spent long evenings with Dr. McLoughlin at Oregon City, discussing the needs of the settlements. And still he heard the click of shuttles in the rushing, roaring falls of Willamette "My grandfather was a skilled Scotch-Irish weaver at Belfast"!

"These im- im-" Dr. McLoughlin stuttered sometimes—"now these immigrants, they must get sheep, and spin and weave and make their own cloth," counselled the doctor.

Like wine in the veins the news of Oregon's boundary settlement thrilled America, accompanied as it was by the Mexican War and the advent of California. "Opportunity! Opportunity!" waved her signal flag.

After an unprecedentedly stormy voyage around Cape Horn, late in the autumn of '46 Captain Kil-

born's little brig *Henry* put into Honolulu for repairs, and early in '47 ran into The River with a miscellaneous cargo of Leghorn bonnets, beflowered, be-ribboned, the first ever seen beyond the Rockies; and discarded Queen Anne mahogany from Massachusetts; claw-footed tables dating to days before the Revolution; constitutional mirrors with eagles on top; high-backed English sofas inlaid with pearl; spindle-legged chairs, carved highboys, tall post-bedsteads and pewter candlesticks—every second-hand shop in Newburyport had been cleared of relics for Captain Kilborn's venture into the distant seas.

"A ship in the river!" Joe Watt, with cabin yet unfurnished, hastened down to examine the "notions" of the enterprising Yankee captain. Expatriating on his wares, the trader fixed his eye on Joseph Watt:

"Now these clocks, Seth Thomas clocks, right from Connecticut—five dollars apiece and not a cent less! Only five dollars! Five dollars! Five dollars! if any dealer will take them off my hands! I could not let them go for that singly after all my trouble in getting them here, stormbound, all but shipwrecked. A bargain! a bargain at five dollars!"

Always for business, keen at a bargain, Joe walked away, as others had, calculating, musing, "Not a clock, hardly a watch in Oregon!" and returning, "I'll give you four dollars apiece for the lot and here is your money!"

The captain stared—"Money! real honest-to-God money in Oregon? So said, so done. Take your clocks off my ship!" and continued his sing-song: "Furniture! best maho-gany, ri-i-ght from Newburyport! came in the Mayflower, made in England! all it needs is a little tinkering." Dr. McLoughlin dropped in, and Jesse Applegate, buying mahogany from Captain Kilborn. Never shrewder Yankee

sailed the Oregon sea than Captain Kilborn when he filled pioneer homes with antiques to be sought and bought again for a hundred years.

"Joe Watt and his clocks!" became a hilarious joke among the pioneers, but carefully, methodically, with a handsome timepiece bulging each of his saddlebags threading the trails on horseback Joseph Watt set out peddling clocks in a clockless land.

"Surely, I want a timepiece!" pioneer mothers declared, "days are so long without a clock! Have been going by the sun ever since we left the States! but, Lord bless you! we haven't a dollar!"

"I understand. But how about wheat?" Wheat? two-dollars-and-a-half a bushel? For ten or twelve bushels Joe could be induced to part with a precious clock, and Captain Couch took the wheat.

Reserving the last clock for himself, "Now I'll have a flock of sheep!" In three years the ragged immigrant had become a capitalist, and homeward bent, early in May, with four thousand dollars sewed up in his belt Joseph Watt set out through the now famous pass of Umpqua Canyon. For miles that lonely mountain gap was strewn with the wreckage of cart-wheels and crockery. Along Rogue River he could kindle his breakfast fire with Indian arrows that lay thick around his camp.

On, east of the Rockies, over plains black with buffalos feeding tame as cattle in the meadows of June, hardly moving out of his way, Watt came again to Fort Laramie where three summers before Aunt Sally and "Red Head" had served hot coffee to the Sioux.

As an old friend, Bissonette, the Frenchman, embraced Joseph Watt, and the friendly Sioux screamed with laughter, waving their feathered bonnets: "Yes, go east young man; go back to the white man's

land!" A few days later painted Pawnees whooped a farewell, "Yes, it is good to go!"

On, on, every step of the way east Joe Watt met prairie schooners with sunburnt inmates leaning to catch a good word from the land to which they were journeying.

"Going back after sheep, did you say?"

"Yes, you must spin and weave and make your own cloth."

Farmers with a few sheep felt encouraged. Merchants saw their fortunes ahead, and Henderson Luelling of Iowa guarded with even more care his travelling nursery of apples, pears, plums, cherries, berries, quinces, grapes and flowers planted in earth in his wagon beds.

"It is a very hazardous undertaking to draw such a load over the Rocky Mountains!" said some.

"They will dry up and die on the Plains!"

"The overwork will kill your oxen!"

"You can never keep up!"

"You endanger your family!"

"You had better leave them here on the Platte!"

"They will not grow in Oregon!"

But at every protest the nurseryman turned a resolute ear, pausing at every stream to water the tiny trees whose fruits were to bring fame and fortune to the land Beyond the Rockies; pausing at the Whitman Mission, where John and Francis Sagar, ambitious boys in their teens, were eager to help with the water, reliable boys, a comfort to Dr. Whitman.

There, in the three years since their arrival, sober, thoughtful Catherine, entirely recovered from her lameness, had become the trusted companion and assistant of Mrs. Whitman. Industrious Elizabeth, quickly skilled with the needle, taught Indian girls to sew; gay, laughing, musical Matilda; dainty five-

year-old Louise, of delicate beauty; and goldilocks Henrietta, now a babe of three, led all the pupils, red or white, in America's most tragic mission school.

For, scarcely had the traveling orchard reached its destination below when Jesse Applegate's premonition was fulfilled: "A *massacre!* Great God! That Whitman should fall, whose sole concern was for humanity! 'Tis like the crucifixion!"

There had been sickness in that overland train of '47. "Only a few children with the measles. Very light cases. Inconsequential!" the emigrants told Joseph Watt.

To whites, perhaps, inconsequential, but measles—fatal to red men—culminating in tragedy at the Whitman Mission where the suddenly stricken, dying Cayuses believed Dr. Whitman was poisoning them all and slew him with the tomahawk! His wife, the lovely Narcissa—she of the golden hair and golden voice—sank with a bullet in her bosom. The Sagar boys, John and Francis, and others fell, fourteen altogether, and the girls—immigrant girls and women—were carried into unspeakable captivity.

"God preserve us!" Before word even reached the settlements, out from the British trading fort feminine-voiced Peter Skene Ogden, small, fat, indomitable, with twenty-two oarsmen crouched in three batteaux, was on his way up to rescue the captives.

"Uncle Pete has come!" "Uncle Pete" to all the Indians. Save Ogden none could so instantly have arrested attention.

Calling a council at Fort Walla Walla, fourteen hours Peter Skene Ogden stood arguing, reasoning, bargaining with those savages—a ransom of five hundred dollars in goods he would give for the captives; displaying knives shining and new, with

handles that would open and shut! blankets, shirts, guns, tobacco, beautiful bandannas—dazzling gifts for the Christmas-tide of 1847—whatever he had been able hastily to gather at old Fort Vancouver.

Yielding—wavering—hesitating still—chiefs and head-men, wagons and drivers, were dispatched to find and bring the unhappy prisoners in. Hours seemed days—days seemed weeks—would those wheels never come creaking? Walking, talking, preparing provisions, Ogden slept not nor ate. . . .

“Go fast! Go fast!” Frantically an Indian woman ran out and waved to them in passing—as Matilda told in after years. Slowly over the gravel, slowly the wagons rolled into the fort gate. The doors were banged shut and locked.

“Keep out of sight!” Ogden shoved the girls back, as bare-headed, disheveled, distracted women and children cried aloud at sight of their rescuer. “Be silent!” he stamped an iron foot, frowning ferociously. “Not a word! These walls have ears!”

Terrified, cowed, they hushed their cries while Ogden slipped out another way to face the savages already pounding and banging at the gate, clamoring for the promised ransom. Calling the chiefs about him, slowly, deliberately, with much *wa-wa*, talk-talk—stalling for time until the last belated captive should arrive—one by one, piece by piece, the ransom was handed over.

Woody by that familiar voice in which they long had had confidence, examining their treasures, taking them home and trading with one another, before the hypnotic spell was broken fifty rescued women and girls—the Sagars among them—except Louise who had died of the measles—had been swiftly, silently lifted into the waiting batteaux.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" breathless Ogden leaped in behind as the last boat gritted on the sand on that blustery cold morning of the New Year, 1848. Scarcely had the little flotilla headed into mid-stream to the swift beat of a Canadian boat song when sixty mounted warriors dashed into view. Had they heard an army was coming?

"Barely escaped!" murmured the chief factor, collapsing from exhaustion while ineffectual savage shots showered above, around, behind them. Six days—terrific days—they fled down the wintry Columbia, one of the most thrilling episodes of historic America.

"An act of pure mercy and philanthropy which money could neither hire nor reward!" Jesse Applegate pronounced Ogden's heroic deed. No wonder the new Applegate baby was named Peter Skene Ogden for the courageous chief factor.

But—"God preserve us!"—in that daring deed Trader Ogden's hair turned white as snow! Shrinking from congratulations, twisting his lips into a half-smile, half-sob: "Thanks to the Almighty, I have succeeded!"

At first word of the tragedy while still the captives were hidden in teepees of the Upper Columbia every settlement became a recruiting station. Provisional Governor Abernethy issued a proclamation. The valley rose as one man. Every horse and gun that could be spared was given for the Cayuse war.

Bonding their own personal credit Governor Abernethy, Amos Lovejoy, the Bostonian, and Jesse Applegate negotiated a loan from James Douglas of the British trading company.

From every direction avengers flocked to the colonial army, rendezvousing at Oregon City on Christmas Day, 1847: Frenchmen from Champoeig in

their tasselled caps, farmers from their claims in the deep woods. "I am going to square things up with those Cayuses!" Captain Morrison and his sons with guns and powder-horns hurried up from their home by the sea. Leaving his bride of a few weeks, John Minto rolled up a blanket and started. Four Shaw sons followed Uncle Billy, joining the Boones, and the Barlows, and five hundred others—into a war quickly fought, quickly won. The Indians fled and their teepees were desolate.

"Give me those dispatches!" Captain Kilborn on the brig *Henry* carried the first word to the outer world—to Hawaii. Oh, the anguish of isolation—when the whole colony might be massacred and the world be none the wiser!

With compassionate arms all Oregon embraced the rescued children, but Cornelius Gilliam, colonel-commander, impatient, impetuous to the end, was numbered with the unreturning.

XVIII

DOUGLAS ABANDONS THE COLUMBIA

1848

"ASSESSMENTS? taxes? What do you mean?" gasped Chief Factor Douglas of Fort Vancouver. "The idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's property being assessed by Oregon is absurd! We only agreed to pay taxes on sales to the settlers!"

Dan Clark, assessor, bit his pen and reflected. "But now the boundary is decided, Mr. Douglas. This is American territory, and the law makes it my duty to assess it."

This mortifying necessity and customs regulations as much as anything, hastened the move to a new headquarters and the birth of Victoria, in a second England, with oaks so old, moss-hung, and mistle-toed that Druids might well have worshipped there.

When James Douglas and his family set out for Vancouver Island, in June, 1849, he felt a certain relief at the change. The wreck and ruin of control caused by the rush of Americans, the boundary settlement, the Whitman massacre, swift on the heels of which had followed the Cayuse war and the unparalleled gold stampede to California, all together reconciled the traders to a more quiet harbor on a wild new northern shore.

Mother England, the greatest trading nation in the world, compromised with her young daughter, the United States of America. And the States—with some muttering—yielded the claim on which they had elected a president.

A full year previously whisperings of gold had come among the American settlers when some of the boys of Gilliam's neighborhood had sent back word from Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento.

"I has come immediately rich, and I does vish to do sometings vor mine old frents," Captain Sutter, the Swiss, had whispered to his Oregon favorites. "You must go to Coloma; tare ish golt fount tare, and you all gets rich. You can shust takes it out as you please."

Sometime in August, 1848, a little brig ran up to Oregon City. "Picks, pans, shovels, flour, grain, vegetables, lumber," the captain wanted. But to all inquiries as to business or destination his lips closed like a steel trap until the ship was laden.

"Must be a pirate!" ran the shudder up through the village. A crowd gathered, "Ought to be arrested!" some said.

"Ah, boys, I had almost forgotten!" For the first time the mysterious stranger's lips parted in a smile. "Here is a letter for Colonel Alphonso Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone. Any such settler in Oregon?"

Quick hands grasped the document. Colonel Boone had opened a boat-line on the river, just now bringing down wheat for Dr. McLoughlin. He took the letter—from Governor Boggs, now an honored alcalde at Sonoma, California.

"Yes, it is true, gold is discovered in great quantities. Come, bag and baggage."

That Colonel Boone had received such a word from Governor Boggs set all Oregon astir. No longer could it be doubted; there must be gold, and discovered by James W. Marshall at that, a carriage-builder and expert in woodwork, who had come with the trains of '44 and made his home at Gilliam's.

Why, even the ploughs of the Gilliam neighborhood had been stocked by "Jimmy" Marshall.

"Governor Boggs has sent word to come!" Everywhere immigrants were trading good horses for tough Indian ponies, packing even oxen with tools and provisions, to hurry away. Bequeathing the triple log cabins to Chloe, Colonel Boone and his boys were off.

Oregon bade fair to be depopulated. Some went by sea—stiff breakers over the Columbia bar reminding them of herds of buffalos they had seen thundering across the plains—some by land. Apple-gate's southern trail became the trail of the gold-seekers, opening the first wagon-road into California.

In a day, too, gold brought disintegration to the Hudson's Bay forts, overturning the feudal regime of the fur traders exactly as it was overturning the baronial rule of Spanish California. Douglas and Ogden shook doubting heads. "This gold will become a curse!" Every ship brought glittering news.

"Why should we stay here?" whispered voyageurs, servants, employes of every rank and grade, whom contact with Americans had already given a glimpse of personal freedom. In vain the gates were watched; deserters scaled the very palisades. Glad to escape, by boat they fled, by canoe, or on horseback. If men were sent to hunt up deserters, they too were lost. Only the faithful Kanakas and a few officers were left to man Vancouver.

"Mines! mines! what a craze! We shall have to employ Indians!" Douglas was at his wits' end. But even Indians discovered how defenceless Vancouver was when at evening dusk or daybreak they desecrated their own tribesmen standing on the pickets.

In front of Vancouver the Hudson's Bay trading bark *Columbia* lay half laden with wheat for Sitka; the crew had disappeared. Neither the schooner *Cadboro*, the *Beaver*, not even the new steamer *Otter* could be relied on. Captain McNeill, who never hesitated to discipline offenders in bastion or on ship-board, found shackles of iron or imprisonment of no avail; the men would escape. Even Indians looked out for deserters and felt justified in shooting and scalping them.

"Gold on the Sacramento!" Chief Factor Work was astonished when for the last time he reached the old hall at Vancouver. "I know the spot well; we camped there." Then, for a moment, the trader became reminiscent of those days when he found whole California villages filled with the dead, and dogs howling around tepees where not an Indian remained alive, victims of the same contagion that had swept the *Columbia*.

Three regents ruled now at Fort Vancouver—Douglas, Work, and Ogden, and great was their gossiping about the "Big Doctor" who had gone to live with the Americans at Oregon City.

"Why, Dr. McLoughlin might obtain two hundred thousand dollars for his property, and is making money fast. But what a regret that he lowers himself by keeping shop and retailing to Yankees! This is no disgrace to any person who is obliged to do so; but that is not the case with him, and a man of his standing and means might be better occupied."

"All rank in society is levelled," bemoaned fat little Peter Skene Ogden, shaking his silver locks. "Why, even among the Indians money is so plentiful that it is reckoned of little value. And right here in Fort Vancouver you may meet worthless fellows who have long been under our orders now possessed of

more means than we ourselves!" His voice ran up into shriller falsetto, that singular voice that so often hypnotized the Indians.

Democracy cut to the core old British notions of rank and class and authority, and swept like a hurricane over all established regulations of gentlemen and servants. Democracy came in with gold. No wonder Douglas wanted to get out of the country. At Nisqually on the Sound it was the same—clock-work routine was broken up, humdrum days were no more.

"The great folks are coming; we must make some high four-post bed-steads," was Dr. Tolmie's sudden order to the head carpenter. "Affairs must be put in shape; Chief Factor James Douglas is coming with all his family!"

Never had been such a rush around Nisqually House. Not only high-post bedsteads, but chairs and tables must evolve instantaneously out of the Puget forests. Every hand knew that Douglas was coming, even the Indians, whose daughters and sisters were wedded to Canadians.

Preparations were in full swing when, just as the horn blew for dinner one day, tall, dark—for his famous ancestor "Black Douglas" they called him—arrived on horseback from the Columbia with his wife and daughters all in a gay cavalcade, followed in the afternoon by five wagons containing cases of gold-dust, bales of furs and the Douglas goods.

The high-post bedsteads were ready, the new tables were groaning with Tamaree's best cookery. Even gold troubles were forgotten in the newer sensations of well-dressed women and convivial dinners at the Hudson's Bay house of Nisqually. The handsome daughters of Douglas, fresh from Mrs. Thornton's Seminary at Oregon City, romped, as girls will,

through the bachelor halls, stirring not a little the susceptible heart of the lonely fur trader.

All summer the *Cadboro* plied across Puget Sound transferring cattle, sheep, pigs, flour from Colonel Simmons' mill at Tumwater, cases of gold-dust and the Douglas goods to Victoria, and in June James Douglas himself and all his family passed over to the province he was destined to rule for many a day as Sir James Douglas—knighted by the Queen—the first governor of British Columbia.

But in her own new life Oregon scarce noted the departure of Douglas. At the very time when the chief factor was moving to the north to found Victoria and British Columbia, Jesse Applegate, the surveyor, was trekking to the south to establish American safety beyond the Calapooias.

"Far into the night," said one of those women in future years, "the men would sit and talk and plan. The young wives talked, too, of the sacrifices of their married years, of their babes, of the future, and said they would not go!"

But, like his ancestors back to the Pilgrims, Jesse Applegate had a dream, a vision, of a social colony better, fairer than any yet known. "Here in Oregon will arise the ideal commonwealth wherein the principle of brotherhood will supersede the principle of competition." As at the feet of a prophet neighbors gathered and listened, as they always listened to the Seer, the Sage, the Teacher:

"The pioneers of the United States are of illustrious descent," declared that voice, richly melodious. "Their forefathers were of that band of heroes who shed their blood for the rights of conscience in Europe three centuries ago. And rightly appreciating the blessings of civil and religious liberty, they ran all risks and endured all hardships to plant these

precious seeds in virgin soil. They have taken deep root, and, watered with the blood of patriotism, they have borne abundant fruit. And now, upon us, falls the next advance. We must colonize that savage southern Oregon and redeem it to humanity."

The women looked at one another and sighed. What had they not sacrificed for these restless husbands of theirs? In particular, Cynthia Ann recalled her first meeting with Jesse Applegate, at a log-rolling in Missouri; then the wedding, the halcyon days at St. Louis where Jesse sat in the land office, skilled draughtsman for the government. But he must needs go into the western counties, deputy United States surveyor-general, and there on the Osage, she, herself, with a girl's slight strength helped build his frontier home. With prosperity just dawning, upstakes again, he must away to found an ideal state on the Pacific. The sorrows, the losses! If a tear-drop fell she hid it with her knitting. "Yes, we must go with our husbands."

It seemed a ruthless tearing-up where the Applegates had formed a common settlement, in roomy log homes built to accommodate a community. In terror lest they lose their civilization, all three brothers had the very walls papered with the precious *New York Tribune*, that the merest child might learn to read; and here, at Jesse's house, in the book-lined cedar parlor, the young people gathered as at a seat of learning. Did the enchanter talk too long, or was it getting late? The fire on the hearth glowed red with dreams and shadows of things to be. Cynthia Ann would arise, clattering with the kettle and the pot-hook, as if to call attention to the Seth Thomas clock and the fast-approaching hour of midnight.

"Jesse!" Her voice was soft and gentle, calling a halt, as it were, to so much eloquence. The most self-

effacing of women, no one ever thought of Cynthia Ann as one to "speak in meeting," but her slightest whisper moved the distinguished monologist as nothing else ever could. While all hung on the lips of Uncle Jesse as he came to be called, the family knew that Cynthia's was the voice behind the throne.

And now, and now—No wonder the women broke down and cried as they took down homespun curtains, and packed up household furnishings for another journey to a region known to be hostile. In 1849—a year in advance of his brothers—Jesse set out to discover locations and points of vantage. And with him went the surveying instruments with which for the next twenty years Jesse Applegate was to lay out metes and bounds on the Rogue and the Umpqua, as already he had laid out the counties of western Missouri and donation land claims on the Willamette. And Dr. Dagan, who to the end of his life followed the Applegates, to sleep at last on the evergreen banks of the River Rogue.

Trailing in the rear, solemn and silent, Chief Quatley and his Klikitats with a string of ponies were on their way south—immemorial shadows of Indianland, wives and children, dogs and teepees slid over the Calapooias. The big clattering Santa Fé wagon made more noise than a whole Indian nation, and crying little Peter Skene Ogden Applegate raised more hullabaloo than all the Klikitat babies together, laced and hushed in their moss and elkskin cradles.

Chief Quatley, an unusually intelligent Indian who sought friendship with the whites, bade all his neighbors good bye when he left, the Gilliams, the Nesmiths—pretty Pauline Goff had become bride in the 14 x 14 cabin—and other friends of the grizzly bear country.

Did Cynthia object to these red retainers?

"They may be a protection, Cynthia, dear. May be a guard of honor!" Jesse responded. "They know the wild tribes and speak their tongues. I asked them to come."

Cynthia gasped. "You did! Why Jesse Applegate! What for?"

"To make it safe to live there, Cynthia."

"Oh-h-h! Into what are you taking us, Jesse?"

"Into the world's last Eden—between Oregon and California."

A sudden flash of intelligence passed between Gertrude and Frances, the Indian maid. Sid-na-yah knew this country over which her people had raced and hunted and gambled, betting horses, beads, guns and blankets until they lost the very shirts from their backs and went home in breech-clouts. She knew her people, and, too, she knew, or thought she knew, the whites.

"I show you!" whispered Sid-na-yah, gathering handfuls of pine-nuts as they came into vast sugar pine groves, stately groves with long cones swaying like temple bells in the warm west breeze. Down into her old playgrounds among the wild Rogues and Umpquas they were coming to name a whole new region "the Applegate Country."

New worlds, new lands, a race of poets. There dwelt the cabineer.

XIX

THE RETURN OF JOSEPH WATT

1848

BUT if Jesse Applegate was gone with his large family of boys and girls, his flocks and herds, Joe Watt was back, after heroic happenings since that morning when he reached the old home in Missouri.

"Mother, Mother, maybe you think I cannot pay my way!" With a jerk Joseph Watt emptied a bag of 5, 10 and 20-dollar pieces upon the home kitchen table in Missouri, and eight young sisters jumped to rescue those rolling away.

"Let me count!" with nimble fingers eleven-year old Roxana spread them out. "Hundreds and hundreds, never so much money! Now we can all go to Oregon, Mother!" But mother was sobbing on the shoulder of the boy she had sent out with only a roundabout from her loom. "I knew you would come, Joe!" And father, one of the never-to-be-forgotten heroes with Commodore Perry on Lake Erie, father realized that his venturesome son had lived to come back from the End of the World.

That winter a flock was purchased, the best obtainable, and with the springing grass of April they were ready, not as Joe started three years before, practically penniless, but with wagons carrying a set of cards for a carding machine and castings for a loom and a spinning wheel, ten yoke of oxen and four hundred sheep, with herders to drive them. "Baa! baa! baa!" such a bleating had never been heard on the old Indian border.

"Drive all them sheep to Oregon?" Neighbors scouted the idea, doubted its possibility. "Another Yankee notion! What next? How will he feed 'em?" "How will he climb the mountings? How will he cross the rivers? What if Indians attack him?" For was not Missouri the Jumping-off Place, and all beyond the desert and wild Comanche country in 1848, before the Days of Gold? Such an incredible undertaking! They shook their heads. "Easy game for prairie wolves!" Farmers for miles around gathered to see Joe Watt's woolly band fade into the steppes of America, winding its slow nibbling march to the Land of Beginning Again.

But another, even greater, problem had arisen. Mother, devoted mother, overwrought by a winter of preparation for the great journey, lay delirious with a fever. Indomitable daughter of old Scotch Covenanters—with appealing hands:

"Don't *leave* me! Don't leave *me*!" she cried while the sheep were crossing the raging Missouri, turbulent with the high-flooding of springtime. "Take me . . . take me across the dark water . . . to the Land of Freedom. . . . There are no slaves in Oregon!" That night the Soul of America crossed the dark water with the mother of Joseph Watt.

How much that raving revealed! Born in Ohio, moving westward, trapped in a slave state where there was nothing for a free man to do, what hope for the future? All the most promising young men were fleeing north of Mason and Dixon's line, or west to the Indian country. Naturally afraid of the tempestuous river, yet frenziedly calling: "Take me! Take me! The dark water, the dark, dark!" shuddering, delirious, ready to leap from their grasp, on a corded bed husband and children held her while they passed over the wrathful, black rolling Missouri.

"She will never live to get there!" the neighbors bewailed.

"She will be well in Oregon!!" answered Joseph Watt.

As for the sheep, chief herder was Joe's brother, Ahio—named for Ohio—and—springing to her saddle without aid—ever at his side the little Roxana, Shepherdess of the Plains, celebrating her twelfth birthday on the two-thousand mile journey. Suffocating dust came up in clouds, magenta dust from the powdered red earth, or white in regions of alkali. "I swallowed my peck, following the sheep!" Roxana was wont to declare in after years, and Joe Watt himself said: "I have driven day after day pushing the sheep along by my knees, unable to see them for the dust."

Fortunately the rivers were low in '48, until they reached the strong, swift Snake of the future Idaho. In plunged the sheep, and down swept the current, carrying some to destruction.

"Oh-oh-oh, they will all be *lost*!" Brave little Roxana clutched her delicate fingers, her sunbonnet hanging around her neck. In vain the horses of Joe and Ahio dashed in beside them, until a huge ram with massive horns struck out for the opposite shore leading his flock to safety. Then with firm set childish lips little Roxana whipped her pony into the water. The wind blew back her sunburned hair. No one feared for little Roxana, the gay, the darling, the dauntless, light as a feather, who invariably came out at the side of her brothers.

How weeks and weeks later—following the marks of wagon wheels on trees of the Mount Hood forest—they negotiated the winding, rough and rocky Barlow Pass is still a mystery, but sheep will follow a leader, and over they came into the valley of the Willamette with little Roxana behind them.

All of the eight sisters of Joseph Watt became heroines of Oregon's Homeric age, and their mother—"beyond the dark water" the fever left her. In the free open air of the prairies she grew stronger, until, with health restored, the mother of Joseph Watt stepped on the sacred soil of the Land of Freedom.

Yes, with the friendly Seth Thomas clock ticking a welcome home on his cabin wall, Joe Watt was back, with a flock of fine-fleeced merinos, bleating and nibbling the thick green sward of Oregon. But no one cared about sheep now; every man able to go had left his plow in the furrow, and away, by land, by sea, afoot and horseback, was rushing to golden California fully a year before the rest of the world heard about it. In his absence Joe Watt's wheat had ripened and fallen unheeded. Cutting now a tree and dragging it over the field he harrowed in the grain that grew to a second harvest.

"Not even a school teacher left!" complained the neighbors, and forthwith came bids for Ahio Watt, Missouri schoolmaster, with little Roxana as assistant.

"We need him here! More than twenty children on the Rickreall!"

"No, no, we have thirty over here!" Such was the rival strife that half way between the two Ahio Watt built a schoolhouse on his father's claim and named it "Amity." Around the schoolhouse a settlement grew—to this day Amity.

"They say Joe Watt actually has a machine that shapes rolls all ready for spinning!" Profound was the gratitude among women. No more slow carding by hand. Miraculous invention. Likewise the Watt loom-shuttles began to click, and with wool clipped from the newly-arrived sheep these descendants of a famous old weaver of Belfast soon had dresses and blankets, while Joe hurried away down over the

Applegate trail to dig gold, gold for that mill of his dreams.

Just in time to be caught on the wave of prosperity Captain Kilborn had sold out his antiques and loaded up with wheat for California. There was a market for all that Oregon could produce. Lumber from Hunt's little sawmill suddenly leaped from twelve to one hundred dollars a thousand feet, and the first steamer into the Columbia ascended to Portland for "Lumber, lumber!" So insistent was the cry that ships almost threatened to tear down the mills to carry away the boards.

Captain Couch, merchant-trader, who had gone to "tell the world," came racing back around Cape Horn with finished pine from Maine, to be dropped at the Golden Gate at \$600 a thousand. How he swore and tore and drove *Chenamus* home!

"Razors and hones! we need a steam mill right here at Portland!" He aroused the whole village to action and out of giant firs on the spot, hoisted by derrick and block and tackle, with all the men of Portland and Oregon City to help, arose the first unit of the lumber capital of the world. Blanketed Indians watched with wonder, flying in terror at the first blast of the steam whistle.

Already for miles along the Willamette Captain Couch saw a Strand reaching to the Columbia and lined with slips for steamers. As New Orleans was the cotton mart of the world, he saw Portland the lumber capital.

"But now, razors and hones! They cannot *eat* gold down there at San Francisco!" Couch and the captains were loading bacon, beef and flour. A madness was in the air, a frenzy of accomplishment, as with poles and paddles, sails and oars, up-river settlements were rafting down butter and pigs and

chickens to catch the ships at Portland. Back through forest and canyon Pettygrove and his men were hewing a trail into the wheatfields of Tualatin, the road that "made Portland." Little streams that had never borne a boat became food-carriers, all converging at the point where five years before Captain Couch had tied up his brig to a tree on the wild Willamette.

Past Clatsop farms down by the sea sailed the Argonauts, and deep in lush grass the Morrison herds roamed the sea-ridge. Out from her lattice Nancy Morrison spied the brig *Henry*.

"Wilson, O Wilson!" she called. "Captain Kilborn is anchored below. Take this five-gallon can of cream and sell it for me." Smoothing down his whiskers, obediently the captain set out—captain still from old overland days—delivered his cream to the steward, and lingered to talk with Captain Kilborn.

"Where is my money for my cream?" Nancy was waiting his return.

A blank look overspread the captain's face. "Nancy! Nancy! I forgot all about it!" glancing regretfully where already in the distance can and cream were sailing away on the brig *Henry*.

"Hold your hosses, Nancy, hold your hosses until the old brig gets back!" And then, unruffled, "The cap'n tells me that Billy Barlow cleared \$6,000 on that lot of flour."

"Six-thousand! when I wanted only enough to buy a piece of fine linen for Martha Ann, finer than any I could weave, for the baby—"

"Weel, weel, weel, Nancy!"

Smiling, inscrutably, as only Nancy could smile, she went out and, by way of giving vent to disappointment, hurled the basin in her hand as far as she

could heave it; a little later Wilson brought it in, wondering "How in the world that basin got out there in the grass!" But Nancy was watching the capes where Captain Kilborn had disappeared into the sunset.

Grand as a Norwegian fiord sweeps the Columbia out between imposing promontories. Pouring full-bosomed into the Pacific no other great river so majestically meets the ocean. Northward, Cape Disappointment, and southward, Point Adams, stretched their fir-plumed arms about a bay studded with ships careening under flowing sails. Reeling in heavy seas where the mighty river strikes the ocean, drawing in sails as men rein in their steeds, the little ships of '49 came in where seldom ship had come before.

Even before the boundary line was settled far-sighted Benton of the eagle nose—"Old Bullion"—began studying the Columbia harbor and reported to Congress: "I tell you, gentlemen, experts report to me that the Columbia River has a better harbor than that of New York City. It has deeper water, better channels, is more accessible to the sea, has no points off the mouth to shelter the enemy's cruisers, the winds are regular and steady, it is free from ice, and is never too warm."

"A good channel, by the Lord!" Captain Crosby of the *Toulon*—Nathaniel Crosby of Cape Cod—in 1845 brought out from Maine the first frame house in Portland: "No other river in the world is more nearly a ship canal!" Kilborn, too, had a good word, Captain Kilborn who threatened to start a town of his own opposite Portland. "Dredge out that bar at the river's mouth and the greatest ships can enter!"

THOSE YANKEE SAILOR BOYS

1784-1844

BUT for courageous Yankee sailor boys after the American Revolution whether Oregon might not have been English or Spanish or Russian is a question. More than likely the Pacific Northwest territory might not have been American at all, nor even its name Oregon. Ships and men uncounted had sought and sailed in vain to find a River of the West. Its very existence seemed a fable. For two hundred years the Spaniards had traversed the Pacific, filling their treasure-ships at the Philippines and claiming every land in sight, but some protecting wind or rain or fog kept them out of the greatest Pacific river. More than 350 years ago a Spanish captain did discover the rocky headlands of southern Oregon. It was March, the stormy time, and he sailed away.

Then Sir Francis Drake came freebooting into the Pacific in his stout little ship, the *Golden Hind*. He chased the Spanish galleons, and plundered them of gold and silver and silks until his ship could hold no more. Sailing north, he, too, perhaps sighted southern Oregon, then striking south and west by way of the Cape of Good Hope, returned again to England.

While our forefathers were fighting for independence, Spanish padres from Mexico were founding missions in California. One Spanish captain, Heceta, exploring along the Oregon coast tried to enter the River of the West, but the angry currents, beat him back, and in the night drove his ship far out to sea. "I am sure there is a river there," said Heceta, and

without returning marked on his map "Rio de San Roque." By and by an English Captain Meares, flying the Portuguese flag, came along, and was almost wrecked in trying to enter. "There is no River St. Roc there!" growled Meares, and marked on his map "Deception Bay," and "Cape Disappointment."

Then England sent Captain Cook, who discovered the Hawaiian Islands, and sailing over toward Oregon passed the Columbia's mouth unseen on a dark and stormy night. Alas for Captain Cook! North and north he passed to the end of America, only to return and lose his life in Hawaii.

George Vancouver had been with Captain Cook. He was sent to survey the American Pacific coast. Skirting all the rugged shores, he, too, behind the amphitheatre of hills saw no River of the West. An American, John Ledyard of Connecticut, had been with Captain Cook. When once again he reached his native land, eagerly in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, he talked with merchants of the fortunes to be gained in furs on the northwest coast of America. "Go, send there your ships!" he said. "It will be the greatest enterprise ever embarked on in this country! It is of the very first moment to the trade of America!" Men thought him visionary, even Robert Morris, financier of the Revolution. The British were chasing Washington down through New Jersey. The times were too unsettled. The hazard seemed too great.

The belligerent colonies emerged from the Revolution bankrupt, poverty-stricken, only 150 years ago. And still the Columbia had not been discovered! Victorious young America, without money, without commerce, without manufactures or industries except agricultural, with dense forests, horrific mountains and savages behind; with a hostile ocean before, with every customary avenue of colonial trade between

New England and the West Indies cut off; shut in, confined, bursting with energy, brave young sailors who had helped win the war were ready for any adventure.

They remembered a great Tea-Party in Boston. The powerful British East India Company had a monopoly on tea, and on the oriental trade. When England said none but British ships could land tea in Boston, no wonder Boston threw that tea overboard. Was not freedom on land or sea the keynote of Independence? Whence came that tea? The stories of John Ledyard were not forgotten. Fortunes lay untouched at the back of America. There lay the land of mystery and of commerce, Asia, India, the China of Marco Polo.

No money in America, nothing even to pay the Revolutionary soldiers, in debt, rags and tatters, coming home to their neglected farms! Privateers that had swarmed the seas in war-time now lay flapping their idle sails in quiet harbors. Did those captains sit down and weep? Did they ask *Washington* to give them employment? Did they go out of commission and commit suicide? *NO!*

Hardly was the ink dry on the treaty of peace before Robert Morris, patriot financier of the Revolution, Signer of the Declaration of Independence, who had already given a million of his own money, stepped into the breach to save his country. Hiring some of those able seamen, renaming one of the old privateers *Empress of China* he dispatched her, in 1784, on the first American voyage ever made to the Pacific. When the *Empress* brought home a profit of \$30,000 on that one voyage, no wonder every restless, impatient sloop, cutter, brigantine was eager to sail to China.

Who ever imagined those little ships were laying the foundation of America's earliest fortunes and breaking down barriers of ages! Or that out there they would discover a mighty river at the back of the continent! Boys that would now be in high school manned those sixty, seventy and eighty-ton sloops, one even of fifty tons, captained by young Cleveland of a family name that would one day found a great city and give America a president. Mere boys went before the mast and became captains while still in their teens, serving their country, not by blood and slaughter, but in life-saving commerce for the comfort of the world.

John Ledyard had told about furs on the northwest coast, and the demand for furs in China. Chinese houses were unheated, furs were for clothing. FURS those young captains sought, trading them to China for tea, tea, to sell not only at home but in Europe itself through the Napoleonic wars, to France, Russia, Holland, Hamburg; bringing home also from China silks, spices, sugar, firecrackers, fans and camphor, the very birth of a trade even today in infancy.

Young America's economic recovery was directly due to the China trade. Prosperity came to the bankrupt new nation. Commerce led to the discovery of the River of the West when on a May day in 1792, Captain Robert Gray in his little bark *Columbia* slipped easily over the blessed bar that had concealed the second greatest river in America until the young republic was ready to grasp the world-sought prize, ten years after the close of the Revolution. Captain Robert Gray and John Kendrick—also on the coast in his little *Lady Washington*—had both been privateers in the Revolution. The very ships they used must have been in patriotic service for

their country, scarred yet, no doubt; tiny and frail, but dependable. No wonder the battered old sea-chest and ship's mirror carried by Robert Gray on that memorable voyage is treasured with honor at the State Historical Rooms in Portland, mementoes of a hero great as Hendrick Hudson or Fernando DeSoto.

Notwithstanding that northwest fur and China trade Oregon even yet might have been lost to the United States had not President Jefferson, impressed by the stories of John Ledyard, sent Lewis and Clark overland to find the Columbia and trace its gulf-like waters to the sea. Even while those young officers were on their way a Russian ship from Sitka was trying to plant a colony on the Columbia. But so dense the fog that veiled the shore, three days the *Junco* tried to pass the gate that guarded Oregon. Three days she tried and gave it up. The door was locked. The key was lost.

So easily with persistence, Oregon might have belonged to Spain, or Russia, or England, but for the dauntless sailor boys. For sixty years those tiny tossing little ships had been rounding Cape Horn until Caleb Cushing was sent to make an American treaty with China in the very year that Captain Couch had tied up a Cushing ship at the site of Portland. In 1844.

While emigrating sons of the American Revolution with ox-teams were making the continental march across the Rockies, Yankee sailors around Cape Horn were taking the sundown seas and thither their sails fluttered like flocks of birds in springtime and in autumn. It was the great traveltime, the exploringtime, that gave us Oregon and the Columbia River basin, an expanse of territory equal to all New England, the Middle States and half the South.

XXI OREGON COINS MONEY

1849

ENCOURAGED by returning Argonauts, George L. Curry's old jeweller's craft came into play. "They say you can make rings?"

"Yes, learned the trade in Boston." And then—such a flocking to Curry's impromptu workshop! All young men in the country needed gold rings for their sweethearts! And for every ring manufactured Curry received pinches of dust, a dollar a pinch, wasting, scattering—

With yellow dust \$10 an ounce, pale gold with silver, red gold with copper, green gold, all loaded up with precious little bags Curry paddled down to Portland to consult with Captain Couch.

"Razors and hones, George! I, too, have dust enough to buy a ship! We need a mint!" And a mint there was as a trading necessity.

Up from the south, Mexican doubloons were flying everywhere. San Francisco was laid out; the plat lies filed to this day at Oregon City, the first United States land office Beyond the Rockies. Where of old two or three ships a year had entered the River of Romance, now fifty arrived in '49. At Portland twenty vessels stood waiting at once for cargoes; and Oregon flour taken down to California sold for one hundred dollars a barrel. The schooner *Joseph Lane* sailed from Oregon City with several tons of eggs that sold in Sacramento for a dollar apiece. Butter, eggs—a great day was it when Martha Ann Minto received her first needles and pins and all the "findings"

in return for her butter and eggs. Packed in moss like jewels, apples from Luelling's infant orchards brought from \$2 to \$5 apiece in San Francisco, and two years later the sturdy nurseryman who hauled his sprouts across the plains gave Oregon her fame as the Land of Big Red Apples.

And then, just then, when independent Oregon had written her own constitution, founded her own cities, fought her own war, and was coining her own money, out from the States came a governor.

When General Joseph Lane, pulling an oar himself, suddenly landed at Oregon City on the second day of March, 1849, as governor of Oregon Territory, he brought the first visible proof that Congress had taken over the country.

With outstretched hand William T'Vault met him:

"Don't you know me, Governor?"

"Know you, sir?" General Lane swept a searching glance. "Yes, I attended your wedding when you took for your wife, Rhoda, the granddaughter of Daniel Boone."

Handsome, almost boyish the Governor looked, in the uniform of a general of the Mexican war with a golden eagle in his cap and the jeweled sword of Santa Ana at his belt. Full to the finger-tips with life, with baggage still strapped on his shoulders, he ran up the landing ahead of T'Vault. "And how is Rhoda?"

That little woman was flitting among her kitchen pots and pans when the governor came—to be ensconced in her attic, shut up, a day and a night, scribbling, scrawling at his proclamation. George L. Curry was sent for, the most literary man of the territory, and at daylight, March 3, 1848, the document was ready.

"Spin it off your press!" cried the Governor. "I promised President Polk to see Oregon an organized territory before his administration ended, and we've not a day to spare."

Quickly the type was set, some of its display letters whittled out of fir by the editor himself. Jumping around in his shirt sleeves Curry spread the pages on the form, young Phonse Boone worked the lever to strike them off, Governor Lane himself handing out the sheets to the waiting throng. With a few hours to spare Oregon was a territory before the presidential exit of James K. Polk, elected four years before under the slogan of "Fifty-four-forty-or-fight."

Joseph Lane, of old Jamestown ancestry, founders of Virginia, brought with him overwhelming traditions of the confident South. Bold, brave, successful, one of his first acts was to bring deluded perpetrators of the Whitman massacre to trial and execution at the foot of the cataract at Oregon City. No wonder scattered homesteaders breathed relief: "With such a guardian we are safe, safe!" The Marion of the Mexican War was the most popular man.

Gold, gold was intoxicating Oregon, farmers coming home with \$30,000 or \$40,000 after washing California streams a year or two. When Governor Lane came, \$2,000,000 in gold dust was lying around in buckskin bags. Merchants in trade gave but \$11 an ounce and the Hudson's Bay Company but \$10, buying it up to ship to England by the keful. \$50,000 was coined before Lane arrived, raising dust from \$11 to \$16 an ounce. No wonder farming was neglected but for faithful toiling mothers whose butter, cheese, and gardens saved the country. With all the ships racing to San Francisco, eggs, even in Oregon, went up to a dollar apiece in the all-but famine year of '52.

XXII

LED BY THEIR DREAMS

1852

FIFTY-THOUSAND Americans were on the plains in 1852, the very life-blood of the nation flowing westward into strange wild lands, completing the circle of the world. Ominous wheels crunched the bones of dead buffalos. The world grew larger, the skies higher, the air thinner, the sun farther away, the horizon more distant, the silence more stupendous. A few scattered graves marked "Killed by Indians" introduced the tonic that keyed up courage and loaded rifles afresh after the buffalo hunt. On the borders of Omaha naked savages with strings of ripe black crickets collected toll as the pilgrims passed into the short curly grass of the yellow Platte. Already the smoke of sod-houses arose in the hollows. Two years later Nebraska became a territory.

"Toll, toll!" With bows, arrows and guns, painted Pawnees intercepted the crossing at the junction of the Elkhorn.

"It will be all right," gestured the chief, "if you pay a cow."

"Only a cow?" Thankfully it was paid and the Oregonians hurried on.

"Pay, pay!" At the Loup a hideous horde of Pawnee Loups—Pawnee Wolves of the Platte—bore down with brandishing tomahawks.

"How much?"

"Five dollars a head."

"'Tis robbery! We'll fight first!"

"Give me your money, boys, I will see what I can do." Purse in hand, the wife of Dr. Weatherford walked out and interviewed the chief.

"Yes, he will let us pass for fifty cents a wagon," she returned. As the mud-begrimed wains ascended the bank beyond, a mourning party were burying their dead after a battle at that very crossing.

Fort Kearney had been erected for the protection of emigrants. Above it waved the Stars and Stripes. Toward it swept a squad of soldiers at a gallop.

"Indians!" floated the warning from hurrying horsemen.

There was a panic, women weeping and pleading, children wailing, men tired, wet, sick, and discouraged, wishing they had never heard of Oregon. "We must return, it is useless to go forward." But the Soul of America in the form of a little woman, name unknown and lineage forgotten, a pioneer mother, stepped out on a wagon wheel. The wind blew her locks backward; her voice was thin and penetrating:

"Did you all start out on a pleasure journey, my friends, that you turn back at the first note of opposition? How many weapons are there in this train? How many brave hands to wield them? Turn back, to what, with our homes sold and our hearth-fires cold? No, I have started for Oregon, and I intend to go there! Have we not known Indians? When have they prevailed against us? Is the new land to be reached without some effort? I say, let us go on!" And stepping back she cracked her whip and led the train.

Tears were dried. Men picked up their reins. "Who said anything about going back? Not I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" Fears fled, discontent vanished, and the column moved on to Fort Kearney.

The Pawnees were flying for life to Fort Kearney—Sioux and Cheyennes were on their track. The last winter Sioux and Pawnees had herded five thousand buffalo on the Platte; a quarrel arose, and now they were fighting to the death.

Seldom were the trains out of sight of grazing herds, but where was time to hunt? "Beware of Indians here!" perched up in the ground by their own horns placarded buffalo skulls stared along the Platte. Along the great highway from Omaha to Laramie bones and bones bleached white as paper were the postoffices, the newspapers, scribbled with pencilled histories, with announcements, farewells, and directions to grass and water. But one day the Bone Express gave out a new bulletin: "*Look out for Cholera!*"

The sun rode higher in the heavens, meat tainted quicker, pallid lightnings sheeted the surcharged sky and peals of cloudless electricity shook hill and heaven with deep-toned cannonade. But no drop of rain quenched the torrid drouth that was beginning to stagnate the summer streams rimmed with reefs of pure white saleratus. Sirocco winds burnt the grass and withered the very air. No thirst could be quenched with the shallow ooze of the warm and lazy trailing Platte.

Hark! an agonized scream in the night "O-O-O-h-h Mother! Mother! why don't some of you *come!!!*" a shriek, a rush, a hush, and a stillness betokening the presence of terror. At daylight a hole was dug and a youth was buried with only the wild beast to howl his requiem.

"Drive, drive for your lives—IT IS, IT IS THE CHOLERA!"

Dread warning. Out of tainted water, alkali-poisoned streams and polluted ponds arose the black wing of Death, hovering unseen. Wagons, beds,

bedding, whole household equipments that no man—not even an Indian—would touch, fell heaped and abandoned by the roadside. Night sentinels guarding cattle in the prairies came in at dawn to find the dead in rows awaiting interment. In shallow graves by the sandy Platte they laid them; and as the fleeing living glanced back fierce troops of snarling wolves were seen swooping and fighting to disinter. Instantly Sioux and Cheyennes in war-bonnets fled the country. About Laramie and eastward the vast plain was a veritable field of battle as heroic hearts went down one after another before the consummate horror.

In one patriarchal group surrounding a new-made grave stood a weeping lad of fourteen from Illinois. Just before her death his mother called him to her side and in a few parting words impressed upon his plastic mind the purpose of a life; then: "All is well" and sank into untroubled sleep. In a narrow sarcophagus chiseled by loving hands from the soft sandstone of the Laramie hills was laid the mortal remains of the mother of Harvey Scott.

Knelt there six sun-tanned emigrant girls suddenly bereft, six beautiful daughters of an adored mother: Mary Frances, 19; Margaret Ann, 18; Abigail Jane, 17; Harvey Whitefield, 14; Catherine Amanda, 13; Harriet Louise, 11; Sarah Maria, 6; and two small brothers.

For the father—John Tucker Scott—the world had come to an end. Never a better equipped outfit left the States, a veritable train before the days of railroads. Five great prairie schooners—wagon-boats built to travel by land or water—yokes of oxen to each, provision wagon, camp equipage wagon, family wagon, mother's wagon, miscellaneous wagon, each with drivers and attendants, 27 people in all, stood there that sorrowful Sunday in June. Down a

ravine beside the trail wild roses were blooming. Overhead the sky was of brass. A hot wind was blowing, wind of the summer drouth. And mother's wagon was empty.

"The mystery of it! The mystery of it!" Harvey pondered in after years. "That journey was not a rational undertaking!"

More and more rugged wound the road up the Rockies over the backbone of America. Cool and delicious the leaping, laughing, singing Sweetwater rolled from unpolluted snows in the great South Pass—7,500 feet above the sea.

Led by their dreams a Quaker schoolmaster from Indiana, with wife and children, one of them ten-year-old Joaquin Miller, future Poet of the Sierras, were caught in those snows, burning up their furniture for fuel.

"He will meet us, my old pupil, Joe Lane the Governor!" the magic of whose name had drawn them westward. For lived he not there—just over the Rockies!

That amazing South Pass—God's Gateway—unknown to Lewis and Clark who toiled through a northern route; unknown to the Astor-Hunt expedition that almost died of hardships. That South Pass through the Rocky Mountains—revealed to Jedediah Smith by a friendly Crow Indian—how much it had meant to traders, how much more to these home-builders in uttermost flight!

Sublette's Cut-off—how recently those first wheels had negotiated that rocky, devious route into Ogden's Hole in Utah-land! How distant as dreamland afar glittered the silver tips of Colorado! Along the Platte time and again the Scotts met freight-wagons, massive vans, en route to St. Louis with buffalo-robes, some

dressed, even embroidered—by faithful, ever-industrious Indian women.

At Green River twenty thousand souls turned off to Oregon, thirty thousand to golden California. "Patience!" Mr. Scott adjured his children, "We shall soon reach the ocean!" that blessed Pacific, still a thousand miles distant; but they knew it not. It was of no use to complain of weariness in that desolate land; endurance was the safeguard of man and beast. What if some were falling? The ranks must close up and march on, on to the Garden of the World!

Xenophon's Retreat of the Ten Thousand to the Sea was but a holiday jaunt to this hegira of fifty-thousand over half a continent toward the mightiest unmeasured ocean.

Like nomads of old pressing on from water to water, camp signaled to camp in red night fires on the desert, a thousand, two thousand miles from the Missouri to the sea. All day long the crunch—crunch—crunch of sagebrush. Sage. Dust. Rich volcanic dust, calling for water to build an empire. Through sand and sage with faces black as whites could get boys and girls drove the lagging cattle. No battle-flags or roll of drums, but courage, courage, courage.

"Wings, O Lord, Wings!" they looked on high, unaware that a youthful Oregon circuit-rider with the same prayer on his lips would return to Indiana and become the father of Wilbur and Orville Wright answering the world-cry for "Wings, O Lord, Wings!"

"Ten dollars for a glass of water!" Ten miles a team drove ahead, brought back the water and sold it. On the burning sands with hanging tongues and bloodshot eyes, moaning, bellowing cattle three miles away scented the River Snake, and stampeding, uncontrollable, hundreds rushed into the flood head

first, to drown and float away. Others stood in the cool waves and drank and drank until they died.

"Beware of marauding Snake Indians led by a renegade!" warned the officials at Fort Hall. "Last year they killed thirty-four people and stole eighteen-thousand dollars' worth of property from emigrants passing through their country."

Could that have been Jemmy Jock? Back on the trail some remembered a handsome chief sitting with his four wives on a high elevation watching the crossing at Ham's Fork of Bear River. His features were fine and Grecian; he wore a crest of feathers and a warcloak; his long beautiful ringlets shook as he scowled at the passing companies along the Great Medicine Road of the whites—

"The broadest, longest, most marvellous road in the whole world," Father De Smet called it, "smooth as a barn floor swept by the winds."

How many perished on that road?

"Five thousand," estimates Meeker, "in '52 alone. Relief from Portland saved more."

"More like ten-thousand!" cries another. "We could find our way back to the States by the graves of our dead—never out of sight."

"Twenty-thousand in a series of years," adds *The Oregonian*. "No doubt many more." No man knows. No record could be kept.

As feathered Indians on the north bank of the Ohio menaced Kentucky in the 1700's, so now, a hundred years later, feathered Indians on the north bank of the Columbia menaced pioneers of Oregon.

Word of the Fort Boise massacre the year before had gone east and yet, baptized in blood and tears, the Sacred Way wound west. Why did they come? Why every year and every year did new thousands set out on that exhausting, that tremendous journey,

fairly jumping over Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas? Was it a spurt of the old Revolutionary fire. "This is *our* country, and we'll hold it to the ocean"? Was it a patriotic battle?

John Tucker Scott's aged father stood at the gate that April morning when they left Illinois, snowflakes falling on his white locks, weeping that he, too, might not embark for that Green Land Far Away. Why?

It was the dream, the royal dream, about to burst upon them. Oregon. Oregon and the Columbia.

Loaded to the water's edge with wagons, teams, people, slowly the barges floated westward. The past was behind, with funeral bells tolling for Webster and Henry Clay. The past was behind, with those graves on the Platte. This was the resurrection, on a wide, vast river that nourished a new Mother-land beside the warm Pacific. As children they came into her arms—born again. Out of Death they came into Life, into a future beyond all imagining. As the drifting scows passed Fort Vancouver Colonel Bonneville was laying out a United States military reserve on the old Hudson's Bay ground, and Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant was training wild horses in McLoughlin's old wheat fields.

XXIII

COUCH AND THE CAPTAINS

1852

"A THOUSAND immigrants are trapped at the Cascades, and more behind them!" rang the courier's cry. The long expected had happened, the congestion foreseen by Jesse Applegate in '46, surpassing anything ever imagined. Who could have supposed that 50,000 dreamers, visionaries, idealists, would leave their comfortable homes in the States for such an unparalleled journey?

"Help them! for God's sake help them!" Some believed Ladd and Corbett and Couch and Failing unduly excited until the footsore, worn and weary came pouring down river and over mountain reporting others stranded. No wonder terrified Indians clapped hands to their mouths at sight of this onrushing, invading army: "The whole white nation is moving! Are any left back there?" Flatboats with forty wagons and three-hundred passengers at a time slid into Portland.

"Bring them in! Bring them in!" Startled Oregon leaped into action. Ben Stark was on the jump. "We'll take care of them, boys, or Molly Stark's a widow!"

Francis Pettygrove, who named Portland, had sailed for Puget Sound in search of a land of oysters and codfish like his old home at Calais in the State of Maine—Pettygrove and Lovejoy, had traded their Portland claim to Dan Lownsdale of Georgia for a pack of brown leather. But now, Lownsdale, the tanner—donating land for churches and parks, laying

foundations, looked in amazement: "The city has come, pellmell!"

Coffin, Steve Coffin of Maine—importing the first churchbell into the Oregon Country and establishing a newspaper—threw open his new hotel to the shivering strangers.

To the worn crusaders how heavenly seemed Portland with cabin lights among the stumps! These frail shelters—tiny forts in the forest—meant homes, hearthfires, cradles, as still more belated pilgrims drifted down the black water under the moon, the torn moon of November to Couch's wharf lit with flares.

"A light, a light, and tables!" guests of honor wept and laughed by turns—"At last, at last, we have reached God's country, Beyond the Rockies!"

"Why do you weep?" Stifling a sob—one replied:

"To see . . . to see women! . . . in houses again! . . . cooking on stoves! . . . with tables and chairs and dishes! . . . We are crying for joy! We have reached the Beginning of the End!"

Many unrecorded philanthropists of that day gave and gave unto bankruptcy. "Here, take this and this, and this!" With tears and thrills was born the soul of Portland, a village of less than a thousand in 1852. Nothing was spared as boats pulled out with bread and coffee, beef and sugar to meet and rescue the dripping, discouraged, ill, destitute and hungry hundreds back there on The River. In that year—that unparalleled year—like a lily bulb sending up its green shoots Portland became rooted.

A little boy of the caravan, George A. Waggoner, relates in his old age: "Portland, a muddy burg in the midst of a forest beside the river, sent out trucks, handcarts, drays, carriages, even wheelbarrows to bring the bedraggled strangers in—not one left be-

hind, not any possession, all taken into homes to shelter from the rain.

"Many were lodged in a large vacant house built for a hotel. We were furnished with clothing, provisions, firewood. Physicians came to care for the sick. The same hands that reached out to us when starving beyond the mountains, now loaded us with comforts and welcomed us to the new land." And, he adds:

"Even at this late date I want it known that in that homeless crowd of sufferers there was one motherless boy into whose heart those acts of kindness sank deep; and in all the years that have passed he has loved the city of Portland."

That little boy had been cold and wet and hungry back in the mountains and children were dying. It was night. Camped in the Grande Ronde, crowds of immigrants, foodless, fireless, heard the glad cry: "Food, help from Portland!" In came the relief wagons. By the light of bonfires a fat beef was slaughtered on the spot where the city of La Grande was yet to rise. "They have come! They have come to take us in!" Help, humanity, home and hope had met them Beyond the Rockies.

"How come?"

"Sent by Portland merchants and people when they heard you were stranded here."

Oregon City, Salem, vied with Portland to the rescue. Their names are written in gold. "How much?" eager purchasers would know.

"Nothing for sale, gentlemen! Nothing at all!" one answered. "I am Lot Whitcomb and this load was contributed by Milwaukie, future metropolis of the coast," handing out to whoever applied. "Come with me!" and many followed Lot Whitcomb to his town of Milwaukie.

"You cannot travel *so*!" Samuel K. Barlow stopped a family with nine children passing his settlement of Barlow. "Come in! Come in!" One little boy lay dead in the wagon, another about to expire. "Billy, fix a cup of that hot medicine!" Susannah Lee called to her son. "Give him a teaspoonful!"

The sick child took the cup and before any one noticed drank it *all*. "All? It will *kill* him!" moaned Susannah excitedly shaking her cap. In ten minutes the cramped boy straightened out, and lived to tell the tale at ninety-three.

"My, oh, My! what a hungry crowd the people of Oregon will have to feed this winter!" exclaimed Enoch Conyers of Illinois, and they did feed from ten to twenty thousand, sending many into the fields to harvest whatever had been planted. And there was all but famine in a country denuded by absence of farmers in the gold mines. "My, oh, My! pine, fir, oak, cedar, fuel at every door!" And Conyers founded Clatskanie on the Lower Columbia.

"Another such immigration and Oregon will be knocking for statehood!" proudly her citizens proclaimed, hurrying out the best welcome of the territory. Hundreds of miles, to The Dalles, to the Grande Ronde, to the Blue Mountains, even to Fort Hall, Portland merchants and farmers and villagers of every settlement were sending pack animals and fresh teams to haul in the racked and battered schooners that had navigated half a continent.

Every home had its guests. All winter wives and children were kept while fathers and brothers went out in search of claims, many of them with nothing to eat but grains of wheat in their pockets. With flour fifty dollars a sack and wheat five dollars a bushel, men and women whose feet had left trails of blood as at Valley Forge were thankful for wheat—cracked

wheat, parched wheat, pounded wheat, boiled wheat, raw wheat—the perfect food from Pharaoh's time to now.

Back of Portland, beyond and below for miles and miles vast fir forests climbed the ridges into "the bad country," land of jungles, haunts of the panther and the bear. Here the immigrants built their cedar homes, and here today their children dwell amid endless orchards.

Never lived a more self-reliant people than the Americans. Gifts of food, save as tokens of affection from the most intimate friends or relatives, are unknown; so, it is related that John Tucker Scott was "strangely moved" when a former acquaintance sent out a quarter of beef and a fresh team of oxen to his camp. It touched a heart already tender. For out of that inexplicable hegira had not John Tucker Scott left the wife of his youth and the mother of his children asleep in the Laramie Mountains, and later, had not the tired little baby boy gone away to seek his mother? Harvey, the brother, with a similar illness, was saved only by the watchful devotion of his sister Mary Frances.

From that memorable June Sunday in the Laramie Mountains Mary Frances and Margaret Ann had mothered the family. Washing, mending, setting the bread to rise every morning and baking it every night, even from Illinois they had been campcooks and caretakers. When her shoes gave out on the lava trails Mary Frances wrapped her feet in buckskin, and over the stony Blue Mountains gently she carried the little six-year old Sarah Maria, too ill to walk or ride. Abigail Jane was the book-girl, the scribe, appointed by her father to keep a daily record of the journey. Thirteen-year old Catherine Amanda helped everywhere, and all the many miles eleven-year old Harriet

Louise rode her pony Shuttleback, keeping up the lagging cows. What a tale of little women, famous women they became Beyond the Rockies.

For lack of boats on the Columbia, over the Mount Hood road the Scotts crossed where valiant Barlow and his axemen had widened a deer-trail into a wagon track; where George Law Curry had dreamed of his sweetheart; where little Roxana had followed the sheep—and where now the Scotts last cow fell dead in her tracks and Shuttleback was lost in the mountains, leaving tired, tanned, dusty little eleven-year old Harriet Louise to ride down the trail with her sisters.

“So *this* is the Garden of the World!” To reach it could John Tucker Scott forget the sacrifice: the lives of loved ones, a comfortable farm home in Illinois, and practically his last dollar?

But—prophet of the future—his fourteen year old son was already questioning: “Are there any colleges in this country?”

“Colleges, boy? Oh yes, out Tualatin way, at Forest Grove they have just dedicated Pacific University.”

Years later, Harvey Scott said: “That was the first thing we heard on reaching Oregon.” Blessed little college—beacon on the hilltop—of the far, far west!

At the first settlement Catherine Amanda was sent to a cottage for milk. Weeping she returned, face buried in her apron.

“Why, Catty, what is the matter?”

“Oh-h Father! A white tablecloth and—a—M-o-th-e-r !!!”

Clad in deerskin, lordly young landholders were bidding for families. “Come with me! Come with me!” With but seven left of the forty-two oxen with which they started, the Scotts moved on to Lafayette

where Dr. Weatherford had already set up a drug-store out of his covered wagon. Immediately the Scott girls were in demand in the deep woods where young lady school-teachers were precious beyond price.

Heaped and laden with the fruits of autumn, Willamette barges were paddling down to Portland, and with them glided Harvey and his father on a tour of inspection to the market in the lap of the rivers.

In pea-green jacket and sailor cap, Captain Couch was at his dock welcoming tramp freighters from the sea or the smallest raft on the rivers.

"Couch is getting all the business and the town will be built down there!" Rival captains were hurriedly throwing up log landings. Characteristically Couch congratulated:

"Canoes, boats, sailboats, can tie up anywhere. But whatever comes, ships are the first consideration. Ships need docks. Go to it. Build and invite your ships!" and then, beckoning the Scott batteau:

"Bring on your plunder, the more the better!! No way to get to Portland except by water. No way to get away. Rivers reach Portland, rivers reach the sea. Hey there, boy, hoist up those cabbages, turnips, onions, or what-have-you?" and Harvey leaped to obey.

King of the dock as well as the deck, Captain Couch picked up cargoes on the best terms he could. But none complained, only too glad to find a purchaser. On the other hand, up from the sea he beckoned mariners: "Come into the only fresh water harbor on the coast. A few days will sweep every barnacle from your ships!"

Portland was thronged with immigrants. Joyfully they heard an anvil ring. Under a spreading fir James Terwilliger's shop had become a village center where

all day long the sturdy smith was shoeing horses and oxen and mending the worn tires of wagons rolling into the green Willamette, a valley larger than the State of Massachusetts. "No food? Go to my farm. Dig some potatoes!" and away they hied up Terwilliger Heights, scenic boulevard of Tomorrow.

"Wait a bit, I will go with you!" throwing down his leather apron. "You can camp with us for the night."

Every year immigrants came out to the six-hundred-forty Terwilliger had bought for a calico pony. Berries, berries everywhere, as the newcomers toiled along the dense forest trail upward.

Hark! a cry, a call of distress!

"Father, Oh-o-o F-a-ather!"

Carrying her pet kitten, the first in Portland, little Charlotte in search of big juicy blackberries had come down to the cattle-ground, a favorite deer salt-lick for ages. She heard a call, "Coo-oo-oo! Coo-oo-oo!"

"Hoo-oo!" sang Charlotte, answering that unknown.

The cat bristled. "Why, kitty, nothing will hurt you!" A third time she called "Hoo-hoo!"

Back came a shriek, directly over her head. Dropping her cat, Charlotte raced into the very arms of her father, panting, breathless: "Oh, Father, a panth'! a panth'! back there at the deer-lick!"

"Jiminy! where are my hounds and my gun!" There was delay, but, to the astonishment of all, at the exact spot on the old stamping ground an enormous panther lay stretched on a limb in wait for the cattle. "Hist!" Terwilliger fired. A second shot brought the nine-foot tawny terror to the ground. Two hounds were killed in the fracas before it lay stiff and still, a female about to give birth to nine kittens—the last panther to be killed on historic Terwilliger Heights.

Dared any complain—"It is work or starve, boys!" laughed genial Captain Couch. "Razors and hones! when all Oregon is crying, appealing, shouting for food, and everybody running away to the mines! Venturesome ships are combing the coast for cargoes, flour \$50 a barrel; potatoes \$5 to \$7 a bushel! With eggs a dollar apiece and butter \$2 a pound—no wonder pioneer mothers become bankers and capitalists while their husbands are hunting for gold! There are nuggets right under your feet, boys! You can be your own boss on Uncle Sam's donation claims!"

As formerly Dr. McLoughlin had said, "Plant wheat, plant potatoes, or there will be a famine in the country!" so now, still more stoutly, Captain Couch reiterated, "Plow, plant, dig! Everything goes to San Francisco. But they cannot *eat* gold. Hey, there, John Minto! Hand me up those apples! They are worth their weight in diamonds!"

Among the first Minto had grafted wild crabtrees with slips from Luelling's nursery. All Oregon had flocked to Luelling; a craze for orchards had captured the country. Even little three-year old trees hung dripping with apples. By another year Luelling fruits became a wonder in the little village of Portland, the gorgeous peach plum, amazing in size and beauty; prunes; pears, grafted on hawthorne, richer, more highly colored than their homelands ever knew. "Better than gold mines!" according to Captain Couch.

As the phantasmagoria of a dream Harvey Scott, the boy, saw Portland: smelt the terebinthine odors of burning forest, heard the crash of falling trees; saw its busy, sharp-featured, clean-shaven, side-whiskered Yankee traders, captains of industry, captains of ships.

The blood of sea-kings for a thousand years flowed in the veins of those captains, men whose Norse ancestors encircled Europe, founding its maritime cities. Their very names belong to the Norman Conquest, and now, with restless energy, indefatigable founders of Atlantic cities, they had ventured around a continent into the Columbia, to barter, to buy, to build, against that day when the front of the world would face the Pacific.

He saw them, men with whose lives his own was to become inextricably tangled, for joy or for sorrow. He saw the beginnings of streets he was to walk in exaltation and in anguish; mountains, toward whose summits his eye would turn to the last sunset, for inspiration, encouragement, relief. Why did that boy linger before a modest sign *The Oregonian* and reach for the scrap of a windblown page?

"Harvey! Don't stand there! We've barely time now, to catch the boat!"

The stern voice of his father recalled to present duty. Harvey ran, he jumped the plank. He saw Captain Couch, with block and tackle and coil of rope, one foot on the anchor chain, waving good-bye, as grasping paddles Harvey and his father felt their broad-bottomed barge slipping away into the blue, deep swift-running Willamette.

So back went Harvey Scott, to dig potatoes for his board and lodging.

What had his mother whispered in that dying hour? He never told, but one might guess: "My son, get an education."

In that farmer's cabin the only book was a dictionary. After the day's work, night after night at the balsamic blaze of the pitch-fire, a stout, ruddy young lad, with rather long hair and firm-set lips, drank in words, words, words, from the weather-

stained old dictionary; slept with words on his attic pillow; walked with them in the muddy fields; dug with them, day by day rehearsing the vocabulary that was to make him famous.

May that explain why, forty years later, Harvey Scott thundered against any conception of "The Man With the Hoe" as the man of the clod? "The fault, dear Brutus, lies not in our stars, but in ourselves, if we are underlings." And yet—strangely, the future famous author of "The Man With the Hoe"—Edwin Markham—was born that very summer in a log cabin on the banks of the river at Oregon City. His mother wrote poems for *The Spectator*.

Like cavaliers of old, every autumn gay knights of the forest rode far out on their splendid horses, vying with one another to relieve fair ladies in distress, ready to lay their lives, their sylvan lodges, their sacred honor, at the feet of courageous damsels from the States. Like the thrill of bugles, youth answered youth. Noble young riders—by all the laws of chivalry every one of them eligible to honors—cast their gauntlets into the ring. With all the feverish romance that trails in clouds of glory above a new land, the three oldest Scott girls—Mary Frances, Margaret Ann and Abigail Jane—the wonderful housekeepers—were swept into homes of their own.

But Harvey—did that dying mother whisper into his ear: "My son, help your father?" It must be so, for in the spring, with a vision of "something better farther on" John Tucker Scott with the younger children crossed the Columbia and took up a claim at an open spot, still known as Scott's Prairie, on the shore of Puget Sound.

Fireside tales still are told of gigantic John Tucker Scott's astounding strength—that he grasped a mad bull by the horns and held it; that he came upon two

deer fighting with locked horns—seizing, he unlocked their horns and let them go. “In deeds of daring,” Harvey was wont to say, “my father led them all.” A man of great vigor of mind and body—only forty-three when he crossed the Plains—life was before him. He would build a new home, in a new land, with a new wife—a young widow with children bereft like the Scotts in the Big Migration.

No school now for Harvey, but toil, toil from morning to night, building, ploughing, harvesting, earning a few dollars in lumber-camps, loading the first schooners that ever sailed the Puget Sea.

Now and then explorers wandered to that shore; now and then out of the waters a boat pulled in. Thus late on a chilly October night came Red Head knocking at John Tucker Scott’s split-cedar door. Tall, dignified, almost impressive:

“Shaw is my name, Benjamin Franklin Shaw, of Olympia. Out meeting Indians, and new settlers. An old-timer, I crossed the Rockies in ’44.”

Harvey, the boy, jumped to relieve Red Head of tan-skin coat and squirrel cap. “Yes, we have heard of you!” Pulled a chair for him at the table. “We came in ’52.”

“So? Some of your ’52 people are settling in Seattle’s country. Came by sea on the *Exact* from Portland.” Long, lank, lean, doubling like a jack-knife to sit in the low home-corded chair, Red Head laughed in that low, whimsical way that awakened attention.

“Just thinking about old Chief Seattle! He gave us a powwow, Colonel Ebey and me, two or three years ago. You know Ebey? Came out with Joe Watt and his sheep in ’48. They went to California together. I met them there.”

"You went to California?" John Tucker Scott was interested.

"Oh, yes, couldn't resist when all the world was flocking. No end of adventure. Got a pocket full of gold, and we, Ebey, Simmons and I, bought the little brig *Orbit* and sailed her to the Sound, first vessel to explore this water. Ebey took up a claim at the Garden Island, Whidby, and together we looked into every bay and inlet along these shores. So we ran onto Chief Seattle."

Again Red Head laughed that low, whimsical chuckle. Nobody spoke a word.

"You see, it was this way: One day out of Olympia we ran into head winds and bad water. Rounding Alki Point and seeing an Indian village we landed. With a blood-curdling 'whoor-r-r-r' out they came like a swarm of bees, whooping, jumping, shaking knives and arrows and blankets, shooting off guns and prancing like jumping-jacks. Ebey was terrified, his hair stood straight up.

"But suddenly they stopped, and a large, middle-aged Indian with very wide head came out and standing on a log made a speech:

"My name is Seattle," he said. "These are my people. We are celebrating the return of the salmon. Our hearts are glad today. Glad to see you. Are you not afraid of us, you, only three Boston men?"

"No," I told him. "Great Chief, you see I am a mere boy, but the Colonel here, he is a very great chief! Why have we come? Why are our hearts stout? Because our country is so crowded we come here to find homes. We will build saw mills, flour mills, blanket mills, for your people and ours. Can you count the salmon? Can you count the trees? So many are our people. Your Great Father is our Great Father. We are brothers.

“Deeply impressed, Seattle invited us to his rancherie, moss-covered, long and low, with many fireplaces. Seating us on a high platform, a wonderful exhibition they put on, the old chief and his people, and invited the white men to come. You see, Mr. Scott, they are afraid of the northern Indians, fierce head-hunting Alaskan tribes that in their great war-canoes can paddle down in a night and cut off the heads of sleeping Puget Sounders.” Thus had Benjamin Franklin Shaw, the Red Head of '44, paved the way to friendship with old Chief Seattle.

XXIV
A DEEP SNOW

1852

"*Kull snass! hyas snass!* (a bad snow! a deep snow!)" the Indians vituperated.

No wonder Kamaiakán called the allied tribes of the Yakima for a council of war. For had not the Americans brought a cold winter with furious storms and snow, a long and awful time? Had not the last end of that migration of '52 sat down, storm-bound, with their cattle at The Dalles? Unprecedentedly, the thermometer fell below zero. Even deer crowded to the teepees for protection and hundreds died in the forests; birds froze in the trees, and large timber wolves sitting on the crusted snow in the bright moonlight howled night after night, wailing in concert.

Terrified immigrants, who had always heard of mild winters in Oregon, abandoning their cattle and camps fled down the Columbia on the ice to Portland to save their lives, and their stock perished. But a few who had tarried with their stock, boiling up some of it for food to save the rest, now started a village at The Dalles.

"What, fence up our track? Fence up the trails our fathers and grandfathers used?" angrily the Indians threw down the fences and rode back over the Klikitat hills to tell Kamaiakán.

In the midst of council the Yakima king flung away his long black Haida pipe. "See! what the Boston does? He must be driven out!" In a dramatic speech Kamaiakán depicted the evils arising from contact with Americans, and all, all but the Nez

Perces, were convinced. "*I am for war! Their trails shall be marked with blood! The Great Spirit has his eyes upon us. We are his people.*"

Six days the council lasted, maturing plans. Then, stamping the earth, "I will let these Bostons know who Kamaiakana is. GO!" Breathing vengeance, lashing their wild ponies, only plumes on the wind showed where his horsemen flew.

But Lawyer, of the Nez Perces, had refused to attend the council. With the eye of an eagle and the nose of a hawk, Chief Lawyer shut his ears. "No use, the whites are as the sands of the sea. We must follow the white man's road." And who should know, if not Lawyer, who had watched them along the Great Medicine Road of the Oregon Trail, who had counted and counted since meeting the Applegate train in '43. . . . "Innumerable!"

Nevertheless, red men, even some Nez Perces, followed the Hyas Tyee, (the Great Chief) Kamaiakana. Under the shadow of Hood, Rainier, and St. Helens, even to Klamath and the Shasta land, at every council fiery nervous orators harangued: "*Destroy the white man! Destroy the white man!*"

"Our head-men feel troubled at so many Bostons!" Owhi whispered confidentially on his next trip to Nisqually House on the Sound. "We like traders like this. We like *Kinchotchman* (King George Man.) He want only fur. The Boston make settlement, open farm, refuse to marry us. White man cannot come into our country. Kamaiakana bids him go. White man afraid of Kamaiakana."

But the Indians, too, were afraid. Depressed and slinking in the presence of the lordly whites, every Indian seemed to hear voices from the *memelose illihee*, the land of the dead. Did a tree creak, or a

plover whistle, "It is a dead person. He whistles through his teeth to tell us of trouble."

Hark! at night a sound of paddles on the water. "Our friends!" The Indians rush out, call, no answer returns. Terrified, they rush back, hiding and shivering in their lodges. In the night mists the very stars seemed to shine dim through the shadowy forms of warrior battalions, riding on the blasts, bending their sinewy bows, pursuing deer in the clouds, moaning in the tops of the lofty firs. Crying with the speckled loon, a whole nether world appeared to be skimming the air, calling even the dogs that jumped up and wagged their tails at nothing. "What do they see? The dead people, hovering about us in sign of disaster."

May this not have been an age-old heritage of fear of warrior tribes, now here, now gone, in piratical raids, taking as bloody trophies the scalps of the helpless? And now these new people, their white hope.

On the Sound, Chief Seattle would have nothing to do with Kamaikan's plans. Had Seattle not contended with these robber Yakimas, galloping over the mountains to plunder and fly, even as the Alaskan Haidas did? Between the two he chose the whites, the protecting whites. Besides, Chief Seattle was getting old. He needed friends.

But among many, even down to the River Rogue, Kamaikan's emissaries met a cordial welcome. From the mountains to the sea, from Puget Sound to California, all knew the great Yakima, Hyas Tyee of all chiefs, the perfect savage, bold, daring, presumptuous, cruel, haughty of stride, unrelenting, overbearing and tyrannical, no wonder his word was law.

Never so busy had been the Indians, collecting arms, ammunition, provisions and supplies. Peculiar

little axes shaped like a tomahawk were very precious now. Old squaws and young children toiled far into the night, drying and storing tons on tons of roots and clams, berries by the thousand weight, and deer and game that even the smallest boys assisted in hunting.

"*When the leaves fall!*" whispered the plotters. It became a secret password.

But the native passion for bad news, tattlers by instinct, brought word to the settlers. Here and there anxious squaws hovered at the doors of houses where they had worked. "*Mesachie chah-co!* Bad ones coming!"

At all the farmhouses Indians came, sharpening knives on the grindstones of the whites, scowling and shaking the glittering blades in the faces of the white women. From the Morrison ranch by the sea to the Minto home in the valley:

"The red skins are getting saucy. I do believe there is going to be trouble!"

Men laughed, but the women were disturbed. Not a strange Indian appeared that they did not watch with apprehension, peeking out of chink-holes of their cabins to see "what those Indians are up to!" Did a dog bark at night, or an owl hoot? In the shadow of the mountains and the forest women shivered at a possibility.

White women themselves were a disturbing element; they would not marry an Indian, not even a chief; would not tolerate their nakedness, nor their vermin, contemptuously even now and then slapping them with their slippers, hardly feeling the "lazy siwash" had spirit enough to retaliate.

But now, little children lay awake nights listening to the barking of Indian dogs and heard the monotonous tom-tom of Indian dancers.

"Is that a war dance, father?"

"Oh, no, my child, that is the way they doctor their sick."

But every day the stress grew deeper. Wolves chased the cattle, bears walked upright like men through the fields; crows cawed drearily in the tree-tops as if calling the Indians to laugh at these whites. The very drumming of the lonely grouse sounded like an Indian signal.

For ten years immigrants had been floating down the Columbia; for seven years they had scaled the Barlow road over the foothills of Mount Hood, or through the southern route had battled with Chief John in his sugar pine groves. How many had been massacred or carried into captivity, none knew. Miners now and then reported young people among the Rogues, the Klamaths, the Umpquas, taken in childhood, and now to all intents and purposes grown into Indians themselves.

Women's dresses and babies' socks, the caps of little lads and pinafores of tiny girls stowed in Indian teepees mutely testified to crimes in those lonely dells. Chiefs stalked around in cradle-quilts, directing the building of signal-fires along the southern heights.

"You can pass, but not stop!" was Chief John's watchword. But the gold hunters defied Chief John.

One Christmas Eve two drivers of a cattle-train camped in Chief John's country; that night they discovered placers of extraordinary richness. Miners trooped in, one man picked up \$50,000 and Jackson's Gulch became Jacksonville. Flour in the cold winter of '52 ran up to a dollar a pound in Jacksonville, tobacco a dollar an ounce, and salt was priceless. The Applegate mill at Yoncalla was humming day and night for pack-trains and for settlers. With

spring, farmers began plowing; every morning arrows were found sticking in the newly-turned sod.

"Why do you steal our horses and kill our stock?" one expostulated with Chief John. With a loud laugh and a wave of his hand, "*Clatawah!* (Get out!)" Chief John galloped out of sight.

Rapidly the Indians were becoming robbers and bandits.

More and more frequently Congress heard from her distant territories whither a company of ex-soldiers of the Mexican War had been dispatched to old Fort Vancouver. About this time General Lane received a letter that later turned up in Oregon archives: "Rock Spring (Shiloh P. O.), Illinois, March 19, 1852. Hon. Joseph Lane, Delegate from Oregon Territory, Washington, D. C.,

Sir:

Apologies take up a gentleman's time and do no good. I write to make some special inquiries about one of your constituents, Jesse Applegate, esq., whose name I see in your communication to the President of December 12, 1851, as having done much to open up a new route for emigrants, explore the country, etc. My object is to learn what I can about his circumstances, his family, his habits, and his pursuits in life. The following brief sketch will explain my motives, and the reasons why I take this interest in his welfare:

In 1827, Rock Spring Seminary (from which subsequently originated Shurtleff College) was opened at this spot, and Mr. Applegate, then about 16 or 17 years of age, one of its first pupils. It is no disparagement to him, or any American, to state he was then a poor boy, had but a single dollar in his pocket, which he paid for entrance fee, and clothing barely sufficient for the winter. His chance for education

had been poor—nothing superior to a ‘back-woods’ log-cabin, and a little instruction in the elements of an English common school education. He soon discovered unwearied industry, incessant application, and an inclination to learn beyond all ordinary students. One of the teachers was the late John Messenger, esq., an old surveyor, a most expert and self-taught mathematician, & a singular mechanical genius. He devoted extra attention to Applegate at night, and he made such proficiency that in the spring of 1828, the trustees made him a tutor, while he continued his lessons. On leaving the institution, after a period of some 12 or 15 months, he had paid all his expenses, procured clothing, and had some \$8.00 or \$10.00 left for pocket money. He then taught school in the interior of St. Louis County, and pursued his mathematical studies with the late Col. Justus Post with the same untiring industry and success. After that he got a berth in the surveyor general’s office in St. Louis, under the late Colonel McRae. Thus he arose step by step by the most singular industry, sobriety and good conduct. He had put on his hands and skill some of the most difficult contracts for surveying in Missouri, and I understood that before he left Missouri he was worth perhaps \$10,000. I have thus given you a mere sketch to explain why I feel no ordinary interest in the prosperity of Mr. Applegate. There are many of his associates in school who often inquire about his welfare. Will you please communicate such facts as are convenient and furnish me his postoffice address. I beg leave to refer you to my friends, Col. W. H. Bissell and Gen. James Shields, from this county, for information concerning the individual who, though a stranger, presumes to address you in this manner. Respectfully yours,

J. M. Peck.”

XXV
UNDER THE EAGLE PEAK

1849

IT WAS the unforgettable spell of the enchanted forest that lured Jesse Applegate back over the Calapooias; to the land where on every hilltop the sugar pines reached abroad their exuberant, exultant, triumphant arms, beckoning, beckoning to the white man, whispering in the wind: "Come! Come! Come!" Who could resist the invitation?

The challenge of No-Man's Land was in the crystal air; in the lilting streams festooned with long swaying vines of wild grape; on the hillsides red with strawberries; and in waving wilds of sun and shadow, the feeding and breeding ground of thousands of deer. For such a scene as this had not their fathers crossed the wintry Atlantic? Had not they, themselves, traversed lands on lands ever westward seeking still the perfect state, the enchanted Tomorrow that now, surely now, lay beyond the Calapooias?

But more. It was a call to assist the human tide into a hostile land. "Hostile?" Jesse Applegate shook his head. "We can make that country safe for the white man! All these Indian troubles are due to inexcusable misunderstandings. These Indians are children; and some white men are not much better!"

So it was that late in '49, Jesse Applegate and in 1850 his brothers, Charles and Lindsay, camped at the foot of a grassy butte called by the Indians Eagle Bird—Yonc-calla. "This shall be our home!" Suddenly, beneath this haunt of wild eagles, Yonc-calla became the home of human eagles: Lindsay, the

millwright, erecting the first gristmill in Southern Oregon; Charles, with his anvil, forging the iron-work, and all together laboriously setting up burr-stones of meteoric granite, flinty sky-stones flung earthward for this human need.

Not far from the Applegate homes under the boughs of an ancient oak clustered the teepees of a wandering band of Yoncallas, a branch of the Calapooias, under their hereditary chief, Halo Fern—lousy, perhaps; thieving, perhaps, but innocently trusting their new white neighbors who soon brought them into settled living, better clothing, with a school for the children, taught by Elisha.

Amazed the Yoncallas saw the rise of the grist mill, heard its all-day clatter, sampled the flour, the wonderful bread of the white man. Delighted they watched the plowing of the fields, the springing green, and with wonder accepted the gifts of grain and vegetables. Chief Halo Fern, too, would be a Boston, wanted a garden. Obliging the Applegates gave him rails to fence a few acres. When Elisha and Jesse Jr. helped him harvest his first wheat never chief was prouder.

Answering the appeal for "Flour, flour for California!" none too soon was the mill ready. All day could be heard the tinkling bells of mule-trains and the jangling spurs of miners passing Yoncalla; all day the short, sharp calls of drivers of massive freight-wagons with long strings of horses, trained, intelligent horses, disappearing around trails narrow and sharp and high; and the pistol-like snap of long braided rawhide lariats urging on, ever on to the gold fields.

Life, movement, progress had come. The World was passing by, and Time, Time. In all this wild hurrah a great anxiety oppressed the Sage, lest his

children might grow up without the advantages of higher education. A school, yes, an academy had been established, the teacher and all the pupils were Applegates, but now, calling the young people around him—sons and daughters, nieces and nephews a score:

“An unexpected sum of money has come, my dear children. Shall I use it to replace this log cabin, or shall we use it to buy new books for you to read and study?”

“Books! books! Buy the books!” cried the children.

Thus, with the very first surplus of their southern industries Jesse Applegate sent a thousand dollars to New York for a library of standard works. By sea, around Cape Horn, and by packtrain to Yoncalla, in due time the volumes arrived, history and poetry and fiction chosen by Jesse himself, when, alas, all too small appeared the home recently erected with so much rejoicing.

Watching his beloved young people straining their eyes over Shakespeare and Scott, Dickens and Cooper by the pine-knot firelight, still more misgivings racked the heart of the pioneer. In the triple valleys of Yoncalla thousands of acres belonged to the three brothers and ever-increasing herds of cattle with money rolling in.

“Cynthian,” he whispered. “Cynthia, see how our children are cut off from social influences in these rude surroundings of the frontier! We must build a better house. Have bigger fireplaces and better lights. We must accustom them to the refinements of modern life.”

And, as ever, compliant Cynthia Ann echoed: “More room; of course we must have more room for the growing children!”

With packsaddle and surveying instruments Jesse Applegate was often away, laying out land-claims and counties, preparing the wilderness for settlement. In those days Cynthia Ann "as chatelaine with all the keys at her belt" in the language of Sally, her daughter, conducted the ranch with cattle on a hundred hills and listened to the tinkling of traders' bells, driving cattle, ever more cattle to the mines of California. Cynthia had no fear, for was not the great house a fortress with an arsenal of arms and loopholed for cannon after the frontier fashion of a hundred years? after the style of feudal days across the Atlantic? And her husband—other surveyors lost in impenetrable forest and mountains of the Rogue night be massacred but Jesse Applegate bore a charmed life. Stories of Oregon roadbuilders are chapters of tragedy through which he walked unscathed.

In those necessary absences—like Martha Ann Minto at Chemeketa, like Nancy Morrison at her home by the sea—from her own sheep Cynthia Ann's faithful fingers—assisted by her daughters—fashioned the gray homespun clothes of her family under the Eagle Peak—socks, shirts, coats, vests. That was the allotted work of women eighty years ago; spinning, weaving, like Penelope of old waiting for their husbands.

When Yoncalla hillsides were carpeted with daisies and buttercups and down by the creeks cowslips, turk's-caps and lilies were nodding, red children and white played in the wilderness together. Stock barns a mile long dotted the ranches and the children gathered eggs in bushel baskets.

XXVI

THE WATCH TOWER ON THE ROGUE

1850-53

TABLE ROCK, a flat-topped mountain overhanging Rogue River in southern Oregon, like a watch-tower on the Rhine sweeps the valley for miles. Kneeling there, day after day eager, anxious, amazed Indians noted incoming immigrants and activities of gold-seekers. Thus, with accurate knowledge of their strength and movements, the red men could swoop with unerring aim and annihilate whole encampments. More and more they became expert robbers, bandits of as wild exploits as any ever celebrated in song or story. Strangers entering that lovely valley of the Rogue little imagined that picturesque peak sheltered the deadliest foe of settlement and civilization.

In early days of the gold-rush large companies passed in comparative safety, but many a straggler, many a group of three or four went out never to return. Then it was, in 1850, that General Joseph Lane, territorial governor, with the Applegates and fifteen friendly Klikitats met the Rogue Rivers for a peace talk. Seating their war chief at his side with great ceremony and the warriors in a circle on the grass:

"I hear you have been murdering and robbing my people. It must stop. My people must pass through your country in safety. Our laws have been extended here. Obey them and you can live in peace. The Great Father at Washington will buy your lands."

He waited for a response, five, ten, twenty minutes, when, suddenly, the wily chief uttered a stentorian note. Leaping with a war-cry, brandishing their weapons, the red men stood menacing. At a flash from the General's eye, Quatley, the Klikitat, seized the treacherous Rogue and held a knife to his throat. Motioning his men not to shoot, with fearlessness that amazed them, General Lane, walked into the midst of the Rogue Rivers knocking up their guns with his revolver.

"Ground your arms!" he sternly motioned. "Sit down!"

With Quatley's knife glittering before his eye the astonished chief squatted and the savages grounded their arms. "Now go home!"—calmly as if nothing had happened Lane went on talking—"Go home! In two days come back to another talk. Your chief shall be my guest."

Leaving their chief a prisoner the crestfallen warriors withdrew. At sunrise an anxious squaw came over the hills to find her lord. Governor Lane brought her in, treated her like a lady. Never such deference to any Indian woman. Food, blankets, a bear-skin! For two days Lane talked with that savage chief, and won his friendship. When the warriors returned terms of peace were easily concluded.

"And now bring the goods you stole from my people."

Bounding away, quickly the Indians laid whatever could be found at the General's feet. But the treasures of a recent robbery were gone beyond retrieve. Ignorant of their value, the savages had emptied the precious sacks of gold-dust into the river.

"What is the name of this great chief?" the red men asked of Quatley. The General himself answered, "Jo Lane."

"Give me your name!" cried the chief. "I have seen no man like you!"

"I will give you half my name. You shall be called Jo. To your wife I give the name Sally, and your daughter shall be called Mary."

General Lane wrote a word about the treaty on slips of paper and signed his name. Giving them to the Indians: "Whenever any white man comes into your country, show him this. And you, Chief Jo, *take care of my people!*"

As long as those precious bits of paper held together the Indians preserved them. Whenever a white man appeared they went to him, holding out the paper, repeating rapidly the magic password, "Jo Lane, Jo Lane, Jo Lane"—the only English words they knew. And ever after in the vicinity of Table Rock Chief Jo tried to keep the peace, with increasing floods of white men peering, peering everywhere for something the Indians could not understand.

With a cattle train on the way to California two drivers camped in a gulch. That night they found placers of extraordinary richness. Nuggets were picked up of ten, forty, fifty, and a hundred dollars. In a trice Jacksonville became a city. Men that came for gold brought their families and planted their homes on the hillsides of the Rogue and the Umpqua. Curious little pockets were found where veins of gold seemed to cross, and sometimes in a space not much larger than a cubic foot as much as \$10,000 would be taken out at once.

Then came the discovery of glittering particles on the seashore for a distance of thirty miles above and below the mouth of the River Rogue. "Gold, gold, lying loose all over the sands! gold under the disintegrated, falling cliffs!" No word flies faster. In

the summer of '53 thousands of armed men flocked to the Gold Beach, staking claims on the ocean-front, seeking the mother-lode back in the hills.

The Indians became alarmed at this influx of wild horsemen galloping everywhere and driving stakes. But what were Indians to gold-seekers! In vain the settlers protested "These Indians are our friends!" Nothing could stem the human tide.

Chief Jo at Table Rock tried to keep the peace, but Chief John came to him with a violent, a frenzied revelation:

"See what the white man has done! he dries up all our streams! His cattle eat up our pastures! They drink our lakes! They bring the grasshopper! The deer and the elk are fled away, and what is left? The Great Spirit says we must drive out these strangers before they take our whole country!"

And Chief Jo listened to the wisdom of his brother. It was, indeed, true. Since first these white men came the clouds held back the rain. The snows had withdrawn high and higher up the mountains. Springs that once trickled on every hillside had ceased to flow. For miles the waving green tule, nesting homes of water-fowl, even Tule Lake had gone dry and ducks and geese perished by the million. Goose Lake, twenty-five feet deep, forty miles long and fifteen across when the South Road explorers passed, Goose Lake itself had become an arid desert over which immigrant wagons now rolled, dry shod, into California.

Never had the Indians known anything like it. In vain they cried to heaven and blamed the white man. Besides, whispered Chief John to Chief Jo: "Has not the white man penetrated the very *Sahale Illahee*, the home of the Great Spirit, at the top of the sacred mountain?" Yes, yes, indeed-ee! That was

the cause of this calamity! No wonder the Great Spirit withdrew his favor! No wonder the River Rogue became so narrow that a loaded squaw, a beast of burden, could step across the one-time raging torrent!

As for the settlers, so many things were happening in that eventful summer of 1853 that almost with indifference they heard that a party of prospectors—exploring the mountain slopes for gold—had caught sight of a lake vast and deep and blue and beautiful in the very top of a dead volcano 8000 feet above the sea! As if the clouds had opened they stared as it were into heaven, dumbfounded. But for the sagacity of the horses—bracing their feet on the rocky rim—they might have plunged headlong into those unfathomable depths. . . . In the High Cascades they had stumbled upon a Wonder of the World, an amazing expanse of dazzling, blinding splendor—Crater Lake in Oregon. Cliff-encircled, with soft brown shadowy shores no artist could have painted, eye scarce could trace the line above, below the blue sky-water. Lovelier than Como of the Alps, greater than Katmai of Alaska, lonelier than Andean Titacaca, and yet—alluring: “Come, come to my bosom!”

We know now that in prehistoric times a lofty snow-capped peak, the mate of Shasta, blew its head off like Krakatoa, or collapsed within, leaving this caldera that in years uncounted filled with melted glaciers far above the gaze of mortals. What suns and snows and winds and rains, what thunder-bolts had played across that mirror-face, and yet no sail, not even an Indian pirogue, had ruffled the eternal calm of Crater Lake! With flaming dawns or studded

with stars by night for what ages over it the moon had sailed, kissing, embracing, coquetting with its own image! And years yet were to pass before automobile tourists would spin by thousands up a miraculous highway to this sapphire in the sky.

Noting the white men so suddenly hushed—overwhelmed with awe and astonishment—their Indian guide rushed forward, but at one glance, clapping hands over his eyes—hoarsely whispering he sank to earth in terror:

"The Great Spirit! The Great Spirit!"

He had looked into the secret hiding place of God! He had climbed the peak forbidden! Since long gone ancient days no Indian had gazed on Crater Lake and lived. But these sacrilegious white men, they went everywhere! they feared nothing! Not even the Great Spirit! Woe! Woe to the poor Indian!

During his whole time as delegate to Congress General Lane had been deluged with petitions from Oregon and Washington for the extinction of Indian titles. "The Government encouraged us to come here; now let us know what is ours and what is not," pled the settlers.

But now a time of peace had come. Never were the Rogues so quiet, so friendly, bringing in venison, working on the farms, glad of a gun for pay or trade. In Jacksonville Indian girls were becoming helpers in homes—like Frances at the Applegates—learning the ways of the white women.

Even General Lane believed the Indian question was settling itself.

"Hush! Hush!" Indian maids are whispering: "Chief John says white man must be driven out!"

But who heeds the whisperings of an Indian. How domestic the days with only the tinkle, tinkle of

traders' bells, or the tramp, tramp of passing pack-trains to and from the mines.

But packtrains—"We must have a road," agreed the Americans. Already Lieutenant Joseph Hooker of the United States Army had been sent down from Fort Vancouver to build a military road through Umpqua Canyon and surveyors on horseback were exploring in every direction.

Chief John summoned the chiefs to Table Rock. "The white man! The white man!" Even a blind Indian knew what roads meant!

Going back to Congress General Lane would have an encouraging message for the national capitol, when on a quiet August night the ring of horses' hoofs startled his slumber:

"To arms! The Rogue Rivers have risen. I am on my way to Governor Curry at Salem."

"Indians! Indians!" From his Roseburg ranch at Deer Creek galloping south General Lane gathered the rangers—awake, ever alert for attacks that might be made on a new immigration coming in over the Applegate trail.

Already the summer-parched forests were in flame. Had Chief John kindled his sugar pine groves to drive out the settlers? Like the burning of Moscow would he desolate the land? General Lane rushed on.

"To arms! The Rogues are at war!"

The Applegates joined him, Lindsay with a troop of mounted volunteers and his sons Elisha and Jesse Jr., guardians of the southern trail where in 1852 a whole train had been massacred by the Modocs. It was a smoky August morning when the Rogues were surprised in arms and a skirmish ensued. Above the din, proudly defiant, could be heard the loud voice of Chief John:

"Fight, my braves, for your country! The Great Spirit calls!" But when he heard that Joe Lane was commanding, saw his warriors falling and their women and children prisoners, his arm sank. "The Great Spirit is with the white man!"

"Joe Lane! Joe Lane!" the red men began calling; "Joe Lane! Joe Lane!" from bush and hollow. The very name was a talisman. How could they have known that Joe Lane would descend upon them so swiftly!

The General, struck by a rifle ball and faint from loss of blood, ordered a suspension of hostilities. Throwing a cloak over his shoulders to conceal the wound, the old re-opened wound of Buena Vista, boldly he walked into the enemy's camp.

"What! so rashly expose your life?" exclaimed his men. But afar, as soon as that tall, cloaked form came in sight, like children the chiefs began crying their sorrows:

"White men on horses have come in great numbers! We are afraid to lie down to sleep lest they come upon us! We are weary of war and want peace!"

Known all up and down the Indian country as a friend to the red man General Lane sat down by his namesake, Chief Jo.

"Our hearts are sick!" sobbed the despondent warrior, hot tears rushing in floods down his painted cheeks. "We meet you in seven days at Table Rock and give up our arms!"

But his brother, Chief John, was already away, waiting for another strike. He heard of no suspension, nor cared to hear. And the whites had few arms, and less powder. Many then remembered their guns, sold to these wily red men of Rogue River.

Meanwhile, the speeding courier had reached Salem. All summer Governor Curry had canoed be-

tween Boone's Ferry and Salem, looking after his farm, and the new state house, and anxiously watching the South Road—that road the scene of conflict.

"The Rogue Rivers have risen!" Instantly Governor Curry dispatched Captain Nesmith to escort a howitzer and artillerymen from Fort Vancouver over the rugged Calapooias to Rogue River. Without a cent of public money, Oregon was in arms.

"Coming, with a howitzer!" Nesmith sent word ahead. "As soon as within hearing I will fire every thirty minutes."

And down there in the valley Joe Lane was listening, listening—

"Why wait!" Men grabbed their guns: "From every direction Indians are thronging to Table Rock! Attack now!"

"No, we must keep the armistice," firmly insisted Joe Lane. "But I have an idea, boys!" turning to the sons of Lindsay. "Why not make peace-makers of those Indian girls?" Happy thought! An inspiration!

Elisha Applegate, grown to a slim and handsome stripling of twenty-one, and his brother, Jesse Junior—who better knew the Rogue Rivers? Who better loved a diplomatic role? A conference before the council, a preparation it might be. Gladly the boys galloped to the Indian camp and with all proper signals, all due gravity, proclaimed:

"High Chief Joe Lane, Hyas Tyee of all whites, summons Mary—Princess Mary and all other girls who have lived in the homes of the whites."

Great solemnity. Surprise. Girls! What honor! The white chief calls! All would go! It took a long time to dress.

With their courtly white cavaliers gaily fifteen Indian maids came riding into the Applegate camp—who could ride like an Indian girl?—each on a spotted

pony, each with a plume in her thick black hair—to serve as envoys between the races.

“Go,” said General Lane maneuvering for time—the precious time—as related long after by Elisha. “Tell your people we shall soon be ready for the peace talk.”

Suspicious chiefs listen. “White man afraid!”

Proudly defiant the chiefs returned answer: “We have a thousand warriors. We can darken the sun with their arrows.”

“Go back!” waved the General. “Tell them we have a great gun coming, a *hyas* rifle! It takes a hatful of powder and will shoot down a tree!”

Again the girls brought defiant answers; the young braves were clamoring to be led on at once. But Mary, Princess Mary—delaying—held back the warriors, pleading, whispering, clutching her little brown hands in agony. “Do not fight the white man!”

A third time they were sent: “Go tell your people that the whites are as the sands of the sea, and reinforcements are at hand.”

Back came the girls a-flying in hysterical tears:

“The Great Spirit has not informed us of any reinforcements, and we intend to attack immediately!”

“No! no! no!” Almost despairingly Mary hovered, slipping up behind and striking the hands of the excited braves. “No! no! no!”

At that moment came a peal from the distant summits. Every watch was out; thirty minutes passed; again that deep detonation from the northern mountains; and still they counted, when a third boom of the approaching cannon told of succor.

“Nesmith! Nesmith! Nesmith!” went up the glad benediction. Their Miles Standish was at hand. The awed Indians, too, were listening. Never such a gun had been heard in their country.

For the last time the envoy girls went out, and came back with the glad conclusion: "All over—no fight!"

Lifting his hat in the gallant way he had, "God bless you, ladies, you have saved us all!" said the General and sent the peacemakers home.

The council was at hand, and reinforcements. Captain Nesmith was chosen interpreter.

"But those Indians, I know them better than you do, General—they are Rogues! It is folly for unarmed men to put themselves in the power of five-hundred armed Indians!"

Lane's blue eye flashed. "I have promised to go into their camp without arms—and I shall keep my word!" As the pipe was passed among the plumed and painted warriors, in the language of Judge Deady, an eye-witness, "The scene . . . was worthy of the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and the pencil of Salvator Rosa."

With the courteous aplomb for which General Lane was noted the conference proceeded, when, suddenly—"Hi, hi, hi!" into their midst a naked Indian raced, panting, made a wild harangue, and threw himself upon the ground exhausted. There was tumult among the Indians.

With face like marble Nesmith interpreted: "A band of lawless prospectors on the Applegate River this morning have broken the armistice and shot a young chief!"

"Hi, hi, hi!" every answering Indian eye flashed; rising, they began to rip the elkskin covers from their guns. Clutching a knife under his hunting shirt Captain Nesmith glanced around. . . .

In the face of that glaring band of fierce and hostile savages every white man's heart was pounding as he whispered a prayer for wife and children.

"Some muttered words that were not prayers!" Nesmith declared in after years.

With compressed lips sat General Lane, the wind still tossing his long gray locks. Loud and angry another and another Indian spoke when with lifted hand the General stepped out.

"What does this mean?" thundered Lane in a tone that made the Indians jump. "They are bad, bad men! They shall be punished! In blankets and clothing you shall be PAID, PAID, PAID for the loss of your young chief."

"PAY! PAY! PAY!" The red men caught the winning words, the excitement subsided and the conference went on, the Indians ceding Rogue River Valley, except a reservation at Table Rock. They were nevermore to molest travelers passing through their country and were to give up their arms, save a few for hunting; to have an agent over them; and be paid \$60,000 by the Government in blankets, clothing, agricultural implements and houses for chiefs.

When all was over the commissioners wended their way down the hillside. The bugle sounded and the squadrons wheeled away. As General Lane and party rode across the valley they looked back to where the red rays of the setting sun gilded a group of chiefs on the summit of Table Rock. With hands shading their eyes they were watching—watching the disappearing cavalry. Thanks to the "*hyas* rifle that took a hatful of powder" a peace had been patched up—how long it would last no man could tell. Huge wagons were already en route with supplies for the new reservation.

And that night it rained—rained like the flooding of '46 when Chloe Boone and her friends were trapped in Umpqua Canyon. All the fires were extinguished. The deer and the elk came down from the mountains, and there was surcease for the white man.

XXVII

TRIALS OF A COLONIZER

1846-56

EVEN surpassing the hegira down the Columbia became the rush from the Nevada desert into the gold fields of southern Oregon. Who could have imagined that where Jesse Applegate fell smitten with a sunstroke at Ogden's River (renamed the Humboldt by Fremont), that fagged immigrants creeping from water-hole to water-hole would come upon a postoffice and reading room among the rocks with a stone seat and copies of the *New York Tribune*, beneath a sign: "Read and leave for others"—first printed word from a world left behind six months before! Who could have done it, who would have thought of it but Jesse Applegate!—birth of Humboldt City in the days of gold.

And on. Struggling. Starving. Dying. Oregon heard, and out over declivitous trails came droves of fat cattle to rescue famishing trains in the hot alkali desert. No longer beaver traps but picks, pans and shovels were pouring into the Rogue and the Umpqua.

Flocking into an undeveloped Eldorado few found wealth, revealed. It must be sought and dug at the roots of age-old forest trees and in rock-strewn streams. Many had families dependent and starving.

No more than McLoughlin could Applegate see destitution. Feeling in a sense responsible for their coming, as one with means to meet a terrific need the Sage of Yoncalla opened a mercantile house at tide-water on the Umpqua where the old scout, Levi Scott and his sons, were founding Scottsburg. What

suffering in that city of tents! Fathers gone to the mines, or lost. Mothers and children bereft. Who could befriend? Who could relieve? What McLoughlin had done on the Columbia, Jesse Applegate did on the Umpqua.

Some years later two men met in a bank in San Francisco.

"Applegate!"

"Burnett!"

They rushed into each other's arms. Embraced with tears. Brothers for aye were those whose wagons had broken the first continental highway.

What triumphs, what tragedies, since that bright April morning when those two led a caravan out of Missouri—1843—one to become the first governor of California, the other, pioneer statesman of Oregon, reliever of distress and the Sage of Yoncalla. As his friends said: "He could give, he could lend, but he could not bargain."

"And your latest gift to humanity?" Governor Burnett looked into the luminous eyes suffused now with tears.

"Where supplies were not I became a merchant. Exerted myself to gather necessities. Sold my goods on credit to those who needed them most rather than to those who were able to pay. Lost \$30,000 and quit the business."

Governor Burnett understood. So had it ever been, on the Plains and afterward. Jesse Applegate helped every man that sought his aid. Sympathized with every soul in difficulty. "How could I refuse! How could I refuse!" So had it been with McLoughlin who loaned to the impoverished "more than he could himself pay." So had it been with Dr. Whitman, who gave his life to help others and to lift the red man.

"God sends upon the earth not ten such men in a century." They were the Red Cross of their time.

As Burnett stated long afterward: "Jesse Applegate was honesty personified. He could not resist appeals for necessities. That is the reason why so few pioneers become rich and remain so."

XXVIII

THE BOONE-CURRY HOMESTEAD

1854

THE BOONE boys came home from California with silver spurs, silver-mounted saddles, silken sashes and silver bells that jingled as they rode. Little Phonse had blossomed into a cavalier of the Spanish type since the days when, as printer's devil at *The Spectator* office, he interpreted the woes of complaining Indians to General Joe Lane, at Oregon City. Now, with his brother Jesse, he was running the Boone ferry opposite the old homestead where had risen the governor's mansion. For George Law Curry was governor, and Chloe, the first lady of Oregon, demure still, with dark satin hair looped over her ears, flowing sleeves, crinoline and ornaments that her husband loved to fashion in his crucible.

General Lane, ambitious and restless, had tarried briefly in the appointed chair, when, as a delegate to Congress, he shifted his mantle to his scholarly secretary. The territory of Washington having been set off from Oregon, almost the first act of President Pierce had been the appointment of George Law Curry, the editor, and General Isaac I. Stevens, of the army, executives in the Far Northwest.

With the days of gold and the elevation to the governorship, Colonel Boone's old log cabin—however warm and tight as a woodchuck's nest—no longer sufficed. In its place had risen a roomier domicile shining upon a bluff overlooking the Willamette. Not that Chloe cared—she would have been satisfied with the log cabin, but the Governor

wanted a library from which he could look out on tier on tier of forest and Mount Hood dominating the landscape. Spacious in backwoods' comfort with a brick hearth and fireplace in every room and a hall from end to end wide enough to drive a team of horses through, save McLoughlin's and Applegate's no private house like it existed in Oregon or Washington. And a white paling fence! innovation seldom seen on the wild, unpolished Pacific—distinction so rare that it had come to be deemed peculiar to missionaries and "aristocrats." "*Hyas Tyee!*" (Chief House!) said the Indians.

"Let us call the place Hazelglade, Chloe," said the Governor, revelling in this wild exuberance of hazel trees, large enough for fence-posts, with nuts like filberts. Only here and there a deer trail broke through the iron-boughed hedges of hazel. Far off on the river Indians in their high-prowed canoes pointed up to the white palisades of the governor's fortalice—"Hyas, hyas tyee!" So often they came when the governor was away that a yellow Indian dog, half-coyote, guarded the gate.

"The Boones always did have plenty of dogs around their places!" Chloe gracefully shook her ear-rings of gold.

Down in the orchard the children played in the old Boone cabin, and helped Frenchmen passing on the river to apples from the governor's orchard; for, somehow, "the Governor" was supposed to be able to accommodate the world. Down at the landing, at the foot of his hill, Indians and Frenchmen roasted the governor's potatoes, under the guns, as it were, of Hazelglade.

Everybody, from the very head settlements, travelling by barge or canoe on the river, down to Oregon City or Portland to trade, tied up to a

willow for the night, and made Boone's Ferry, or Hazelglade, a point of the journey. And the Indians, in long lines of canoes on their way to Willamette falls to fish, going and coming, struck camp at Curry's. A little smoke would be seen curling up under the hill. "I reckon the Indians are below!" and sometimes Chloe would slip a small sack of salt to her red retainers. What this little attention from the *hyas tyee* lady meant for good order, the Governor himself never dreamed. He never would talk their jargon, but, shaking his fingers with a laugh, let her do as she wished.

The family wash-house was down there beside Colonel Alphonso Boone's original "bubbling, gushing spring," gurgling out of the river bank, welled up now and curbed, with a dipper for the traveller—always a spring where a pioneer settled. Here old squaw Molly washed the governor's linen and brought it up the hill to dry. No wonder Chloe had to keep watch when canoes were coming—not even the sleepless dog could keep drying clothes from pilfering Indians.

There was always hullabaloo when the Indians went down to the falls, whooping and sending echoes from shore to shore. Even Chloe herself sometimes musically called, "O Indian!" and echo answered "O Indian-n-n! Indian-n-n! I-n-d-n-n-n-n-n!" dying away into the farthest Willamette heights. But a day or two later, returning with canoes heavy with rich red chinooks just up from the sea scarcely a ripple disturbed the water, not a voice called, as laboriously they paddled up, hugging the shore, and only a little curl of blue at sunset told that a fire had been kindled under the hill to boil their salmon. Up again before daylight, they were gone.

Ever busy was Chloe at her garden, or in the kitchen, where green Hawaiian coffee came by the

sackful, black Honolulu sugar by the barrel, and muslin and calico from Captain Couch by the bolt, to be stitched by her own patient fingers. And tobacco, too, was there, where the Boone boys had raised the first in Oregon. Sometimes the children scattering dust in the bin back under the hallway stairs, asked about Daniel Boone and his tobacco.

"Tell us again, Mother, tell us again!" they hung about her chair, and Chloe, letting fall her work, would begin:

"Once upon a time, children, your great-great-grandfather, Daniel Boone, examining his tobacco strung up in an outhouse to dry, saw four stout Indians slip in below. 'Now, Dan'l,' they cried, 'we got you. You no get away any more. We take you this time!' Looking down upon their upturned faces he saw loaded guns and recognized the Shawnees from whom he had lately escaped.

'Ah, old friends, glad to see you, and how are all my brothers and sisters?'

'Come down, Dan'l!' beckoned the chief.

'Yes, yes, I'm coming; just wait and see how I move my tobacco. I'll give you some pretty soon!' and inquiring after one old Indian friend and another, collecting a bunch of dry stalks in arms, he made a leap, filling their eyes and mouths with the pungent dust, blinding and choking them, while away he rushed to his cabin and his gun."

As the children listened to the story, Daniel Boone of Kentucky seemed to be there with them on the banks of the blue Willamette.

An avenue had been opened through the hazel-brush—the old Boone's Ferry road, into the uplands of stately fir and cedar, where the first carriages in Oregon came, and ladies on horseback in handsome riding-habits, sweeping up to Hazelglade. Every-

body knew that the cellar was stored with the finest apples, worth their weight in gold in San Francisco, and kegs of home-made currant wine. No farmer in the country had such implements for farming, and all came to borrow—of the Governor.

The wide veranda around the house was often filled with visitors, as well as the parlor and the library—stocked with books in tall cases built into the wall, where the Governor, himself, and Chloe, often dusted the precious volumes that came in ships around Cape Horn, or by mule-back across Panama, a library that in future years was sold to John H. Mitchell, one of the ablest senators Oregon ever sent to Congress. As for dinners, none better than Chloe knew how to serve for judges and legislators. Had she not seen Aunt Panthea entertaining the greatest men of Missouri at Jefferson City? But even Aunt Panthea's tables could not surpass Chloe's here on the Willamette.

Hunters came too, with hounds to Hazelglade, stalking deer at midnight with the Boones in the Willamette woods, using the same old tricks handed down from father to son since the days of the great Daniel. Baying dogs, flickering flambeaux—almost any night might be seen their pitchwood torches luring black-tailed deer down to the river; a pack of hounds closing in behind. The barking could be heard for miles as huntsmen in boats shot the trapped creatures in the water.

But the Governor kept no hounds; he almost hesitated about eating the game, such was his hatred of slaughter. The valley was over-run with wild things; long, spotted yellow cougars slid through the jungles with their bellies almost on the ground, feline and stealthy. Out from their palisaded playground the little Currys watched the gambols of

bears on the riverbank, and the cry of the wild-cat and the coyote was familiar music. But Chloe was not afraid—her great-great-great-grandmothers had known these sounds when America was young.

Politicians flocked up the river, and down, for though old Indian Che-meketa—renamed Salem by the missionaries—had been set apart for the capital, and the contract had been let for the new statehouse, still, the Governor's headquarters were practically at home. Often and often old Father Time with his scythe on the mantel announced midnight before Governor Curry finished his letters and left the big mahogany armchair for his slumbers—mahogany brought by Captain Kilborn on the brig *Henry*. A picturesque figure was the Governor in those days, riding up and down rivers in Indian canoes, or plunging over hills in his old dragoon saddle, with his black, broad-brimmed soft hat flopping over his long hair, wet in the misty rain.

Desiring peace, yet drawn into contentions, a cross Governor Curry seemed between a Quaker of William Penn's time and a modern cavalryman. Some of the toil and hazard of young men about him he imbibed, in hard riding at a gallop with a Spanish-bit bridle and long leather leggings. With his lariat rolled up on the horn of his saddle and his head thrust through a Mexican poncho, away he would go, through rain and mud, exposed to hunger and weather, sleeping in camp or cabin wherever night found him, from the Rogue to The Dalles, mediating, arbitrating, or organizing defences, as the case required.

Late at night the children would hear their father's step, the Indian dog baying a welcome. "Jack! Jack!" he called, that Chloe might know who it was. With a low whine Jack gave his master answer, the door-bolt clicked, and Chloe from her slumbers wel-

comed home her knight-errant from his arduous journeys. Sometimes he came early—when the orchards were in bloom, and boats were tied up for the night, and the house was full of company, French fiddlers for dancing—waiting for the Governor. The library desk might be piled with unanswered letters, a score of petitioners might be waiting, but with the tact of a diplomat Chloe kept them in good humor—waiting for the Governor. Laughing, she won their hearts. “Oh, Chloe!” The Governor’s wife was always “Chloe” to the people. With not a hostelry nearer than Oregon City, Hazelglade must of necessity be camp and inn, guesthouse and seat of government, all in one. The Governor, suave, affable, exemplified in his own person the courtesy that was Spain in Caracas, Venezuela, where in childhood he had seen aristocratic grandees swinging wide their palace doors to his father, the American consul, so now, with American aplomb he and his wife—a Boone—received an acquiescent world.

However peaceful seemed the summer days at Hazelglade, with hands full as both executive and secretary of state, getting ready for the legislature to meet in the new capitol, Governor Curry heard mutterings of coming trouble. Two halls were partially finished, “although not a pane of glass in the windows yet,” he was writing to Joe Lane at Washington. “But, my dear friend, it will not do to let those Indians go unpunished.”

For, back on the Oregon Trail, near Fort Boisé on the Snake, twenty-one persons from Kentucky had been ambuscaded and burned with unspeakable torture. Terrified women slept now with revolvers under their pillows. Consternation and solicitude concerning the unsettled relations of Americans and

Indians made a prospective foe out of every red skin that traveled the forest or paddled the waters.

What seas of savages might descend upon the defenceless few, who could tell? The forest spaces were so vast, so dim. "It is the old story," sighed Chloe, "the story of my father and grandfather for the occupation of this country. You must protect the settlements!"

XXIX
THE ROYAL SAVAGE

1855

"MAJOR HALLER, on his way to the Upper Columbia has been attacked, defeated and compelled to retreat! He has lost his howitzer, horses and provisions, and barely escaped with his life!"

"Kamaiakan is combining to cut off Governor Stevens on his return from the Blackfoot council!"

On multitudinous wings, too, the Indians heard of victories.

"Rise! Rise! *the leaves are falling!*" from Puget Sound to California flashed the signal from mountain tip to mountain tip while unsuspecting white men slept.

At ten o'clock at night word reached the Boone-Curry homestead at Hazelglade: "The United States military post at Fort Vancouver appeals to the Governor of Oregon for help!" Below, on the river, silent, no lights, the all but breathless little steamer *Hoosier* was waiting, with Pease, a captain whose forefathers piloted the first ships up the Hudson. "Are you ready, Governor?"

"Ready!"

With a "Goodbye!" for Chloe, down the smooth swift inky Willamette under the midnight stars, past the hamlet of Oregon City—not now asleep beside the falls, but awake in terror, patrols in every street and lights in every window—Governor Curry was on his way to Portland, to issue proclamations for the First Oregon Mounted Volunteers. Consternation gripped Portland and bells were tolling!

"Kamai-akan, Kamai-akan himself is preparing to advance! What now can hold back the Indian menace that hangs like a cloud on the Upper Columbia? May not the great river itself become a swift slide to invading canoes? Thank God, thank God, the Governor has come!"

"Father! Father, hear the church bell ring! The Indians are coming!" Terwilliger's daughter Charlotte ran into the blacksmith shop.

"Take a long march before you sleep!" a friendly Indian whispered as she passed.

Frightened Indians, wont to gamble behind the steam sawmill, terrified Indians heard the strange *toll-toll-tolling* and with palpitating hearts fled away into gulches and canyons or up steep trails and hid in the deep woods of Council Crest.

"Act resolutely, promptly, or the war will come to your own firesides!" ran the Governor's proclamation.

When four companies were called for, eight responded, many of them just in from the overland journey, sockless, all but shoeless, armed with old flint-locks they had brought across the Plains, provisioned with bacon and beans from the settlements, but brave, enthusiastic.

"God bless you, boys! The world never saw better soldiers!" The Governor's voice shook as they deployed before him, so homespun, so wonderful! "Swear them in, Captain Nesmith!" preparing to accompanying them himself up the swelling, white-capped Columbia, to meet and rescue the Washington governor, returning from a council in the Black-foot country. This explosion had followed the Walla Walla treaty, enraging Kamaiakan.

Sitting, as it were in his own statehouse, there on the puffing, throbbing little sternwheeler *Jennie Clark* opposite old Fort Vancouver, with a goose-quill-pen Commander-in-Chief Curry dispatched his

orders. Every transport was heavy with men, arms, munitions.

"All set! Steam ahead, Captain Ainsworth!" Not a captain on the river but knew Governor Curry in those militant days, and sweating down below at the engine, with set jaw Jacob Kamm responded to the captain's bell, pulsing his paddle-wheels in furrows of foam—Ainsworth and Kamm, Mississippi steamboatmen—come to the Columbia for such a time as this. None better knew the action of a racer.

"It has come to a test, the Indian or us!" Major Haller, back from defeat, met Governor Curry at The Dalles. "Apparently whole tribes are taking the field! Piopiomoxmox, the wily Yellow Serpent, has moved across the Columbia, definitely joining the enemy! The Klikitats, too, are with Kamaikan."

"What, Quatley?" ejaculated the Governor. "At all hazards we must guard the immigrant trail!" For already fleeing down the great river in fear of their lives, the newly arrived were trembling at every shadow. Around them lay the vast, the unknown, awesome Indian world.

"But Stevens?" Major Haller was thinking of the Washington governor.

"I will save him if I can!" day and night the Oregon governor was hurrying up his volunteers. "The Dalles may be the western gate, but Walla Walla is the Indian's own battle ground. We must intercept him there!"

No telegraph, no radio, but, suddenly the crepuscular wind began to snap, to flash, "*Fort Walla Walla is taken! Taken! Taken!*" With a shock the troops repeated, "Taken! Taken!" Did an Indian bring warning of the sack of Walla Walla?

As discovered later, \$37,000 worth of Hudson's Bay goods and a large amount of government stores left there by Governor Stevens had fallen into the hands

of the Indians, stores so badly needed! Over an agent's scalp Piopiomoxmox was dancing.

Chief Joseph, the Nez Perce, had remonstrated.

"Go home!" stormed Piopiomoxmox. "Counsel with your own people. I am chief here! Big Injun me!"

To the Cayuses Joseph went; they too, scorned him, and discouraged, heart-broken, old Joseph went home—father of the famous Chief Joseph of later years.

By order of Piopiomoxmox, gates, doors, windows were broken. At first the Indians walked stealthily, suspecting an ambushade, then, growing bolder, attacked the storehouse. Dressed in spoils of blue and scarlet, the pillagers came forth in blankets and capotes, Canadian caps and Scottish bonnets. The women glittered in beads and bells and finger rings; even their spotted ponies were brilliant with ribbons and mirrors. Agricultural Indians carried off saws and hoes. Old women weighted themselves to the earth with coffee pots and copper kettles. Half grown boys bore away prizes of beaver-traps, tobacco and candles.

It was a great day for the Walla Wallas; the country seemed their own again. But scarcely was their exultation over before Governor Curry had dispatched protection—to save the white race Beyond the Rockies.

As Kamaikan had desired, the war was now raging "in the land of the wavering Piopiomoxmox."

To the governor at The Dalles came now swift-footed a courier from the south:

"Come quick! *Chief John of Rogue River is on the war path!*"

Governor Curry groaned. "Must I meet a foe at my back? Will civilization be crushed? Oh, those white men gone wild! And whiskey makes wild men

wilder. Those lawless adventurers and rumsellers are the curse of both legitimate miners and of settlers. What care they for the tribes? Our real settlers are friendly to the Indians!" And he thought of Jo, poor old Chief Jo, who had done his best to keep the peace at Table Rock. But old Jo was dead, and John, the Irreconcilable, had lit again his signal fires.

From Sitka to Shasta, and from the Rockies to the ocean, "One general massacre, terrify the whites, drive them into settlements, then hurl our bands and destroy them before they have time to alarm or resist," was Kamaiakán's preconcerted plan. He had even gone in person over the Barlow Pass to persuade Chief Quatley, the Klikitat, one time friend, disciple and guest of Jesse Applegate.

What wonder, then, if Chief Quatley wavered, wavered. What could be expected of an untutored Indian!

The Americans were few, scattered and isolated, and the Indians nomadic over vast spaces, invisible, uncertain, armed with rifles and ammunition they had been months in gathering. With their fleet horses, their natural fortresses, their knowledge of streams and passes, what might not happen to these border fragments two thousand miles from the American States?

October ninth of that year was the darkest day ever seen in southern Oregon. Express followed express, appealing, beseeching: "Help! help!" when at that very moment Governor Curry was answering a call to the north.

With heart full of foreboding the harassed executive hurried back from The Dalles as fast as he had gone up; "With the territory denuded of troops what now? New proclamations, new levies, new supplies, must be rushed to the south!"

Frenzied by the rapid influx of white population, on the memorable ninth of October "when the leaves fell" Chief John had started his devastating onslaught. Every white man was shot on sight. Farmers with their wagons on the road never came home. For miles the homesteads were left in ashes. Riders came dashing into Jacksonville and quickly told the tale of havoc. Men leaped to their saddles, following the track of desolation. All the outlying settlers hurried to Jacksonville blockhouse—farms, flocks and fields abandoned.

"Those Rogues are at it again, Chloe!" Governor Curry burst into Hazelglade, on his way south. "Every hour darkens the gathering storm." Snatching his wife to his heart, kissing the clamorous children—perhaps for the last time: "God only knows, darling, when or where all this will end! These mountains of Oregon are worse than the swamps of Florida! Apparently there is no hope for peace without first conquering these savages."

Only a second she detained him, pulling the dear head with its long locks low. "Never fear for me. I am safe!" she called, as he ran down the steps where an orderly stood waiting.

Gallantly he waved, "I know it Chloe, you are safe, if *any one* can be safe—with Indians!" and he was gone, changing from boat to his old dragoon saddle, with the old Boone flintlock pistols in his belt, plunging into the dark, forbidding, endless forest.

Keyed to the utmost, the almost boyish executive disappeared. By what trick of fate had he, a peace-loving Philadelphia-born Quaker, hating contention, by what strange destiny had he become involved in an Indian war! "The more I try to escape it, the more it follows, beyond the power of man to prevent." But one thought of the helpless settlements:

"Boys, can we rider faster?"

"Not in these woods, Governor."

Petrified, as she turned from her door, Chloe thought of what all this meant: the night-ride of her youthful husband, not yet thirty-six, galloping along rough trails, swimming horses over Mary's River to the Heart of the Mountains where Joseph Avery and his pretty black-eyed wife, Martha, were founding Corvallis. The Minute Men would be waiting—many of them mere boys—not now with songs and torches to greet the popular governor, but routed from their beds by the call to Life or Death; possibly a snatch of sleep on Avery's cabin floor; then on, on to the deep woods settlement of Eugene and Mary Skinner, already crystallizing into Eugene City; on, unrestingly, on over the Calapooias, to his friend Applegate at Yoncalla—a long rough-riding journey it is to the blockhouse at Jacksonville.

Chloe shivered, but not with cold, although a deadly chill did roll from the blue, embracing Cascades. In its mantle of eternal white Mount Hood looked down, severe as winter, and yet, it was only October, ordinarily a second springtime in Oregon. She knew that southward on the Edenic Rogue all the water-courses were flaming with vine-maple, and all the chinquapin and manzanita were in glory, and the air filtered with sunlight.

O sacrilege unspeakable! that in the vast sugar pine aisles of God's blessed cathedral, in black paint and feathers and breech-clouts wild men like demons were dancing and darting and shouting for slaughter. And there, too, the annual immigration would soon be arriving, as already, in the north, a vanguard was sweeping down the Columbia. But the southern route, the southern route, unforgettably, only nine short years ago, she entered that way, when they lost Daniel Boone's old compass.

XXX

THE SPINNING WHEEL

1855

CHLOE BOONE was amazed at the insistence of her neighbors who had gathered to see the Governor off on that desperate ride to the River Rogue: "Come with us! We are fortifying up. It will not be safe for you to stay here alone!"

"Alone? I am not alone. Squaw Mollie is here, and Chelatchee, the man-of-all-work. He never fails me. Anyway, I should not like to leave Hazelglade; such an act in itself would invite depredation. No, I cannot flee to any blockhouse; but you may all come here."

Such an invitation quieted the apprehensive, anxious about their own homes. "If Mrs. Curry is not afraid why should we become unduly alarmed? Let us go, and guard our own."

And yet Chloe, all day, and for days, heard Squaw Mollie muttering over her tubs: "*Mesachie! mesachie!* bad, bad ones coming!"

It was already ten o'clock at night. The children were in bed but restless, the six-months old baby in his little red cradle, the older ones in their cribs. Half asleep they had heard the talk, had heard the neighbors going. With a mother's intuition she would hush them with her usual lullaby, the music of the spinning-wheel. Night after night Chloe's boys slept to the whirring, throbbing, humming, drumming of the wheel, the great pipe-organ of the pioneer. For slumber and for calm no sedative like mother at the spinning wheel. And she *must* spin, to still the

racking of her own heart, as her mother spun before her, and her grandmothers, back into unmeasured time. For if mother spins, all is safe to dreaming children.

And as she spun she thought again of Mollie. The whole beach below was covered with bark teepees of Mollie's people, increasing since dark, Clackamas, Molallas, and even some Calapooias hovered there, as if they, too, sought refuge. Danger, danger to herself? Certainly not! Never a little papoose was born in that neighborhood that had not some token from the great house at Hazelglade, a blanket, or baby boots, or cap, or outgrown garment of her own children. Chloe's needles were never idle, and she always thought of these Indians as friends and as neighbors.

They often told her of troubles with other Indians, robbing their caches of winter food, hid now by permission all over the Boone-Curry donation land claim. What a relief! Now they could put off their moccasins at night, now they could sleep! Marauders dare not molest the big place. Of course Chloe pitied them, and understood their desire for security; and of course, too, she appreciated her husband's repulsion, "Let them not too near, too near, Chloe, the lousy things!" Governor Curry was instinctively fastidious.

And, too, as well as her Kentucky forbears, experienced Chloe knew why the pioneers set their windows high in the wall, out of reach of the prying eyes of red men. Spry as little monkeys, elfin Indian girls, and even men and squaws, would mount the sides of log houses to peek at white mothers bathing their babies. It was pathetic, their burning curiosity, their eager desire to see and learn the ways of these strange new people. Some women were patient and brought the girls in, like the women at Jacksonville,

and men tried Indian boys on the farms. But even Chloe had no use for wild men stalking in and dipping fingers into pies and jellies, or noisily sampling salt-rising yeast or stinging soft soap. "Scat! Scat!" out they went at a clap of her hands and a stamp of her slipper!

Scrambling over ponies tame as Newfoundland dogs, pot-bellied, goggle-eyed brownies blinked in the dooryard while their mothers wrought within. Great honor was it to help in the house of the Hyas Tyee. Down on the beach Indian children paddled their little canoes directly into flocks of geese, ducks and swans, tame as domestic fowl, scarcely moving to give way, their sea-green eyes reflecting the shrubbery on shore. But what wails! what screams!

"White boy with gun kill bird!" How the Indian children wept, copious tears flowing down their compassionate little cheeks. "*Cultus tillicum!* Bad boy, he kill the bird!"

Great mystery—the log schoolhouse! All day Indian children would linger, peeking through cracks at their white playmates with books in hand. "What can they be doing?"

"Let them in! Let them in!" cried the white children, reaching out to their little lost brother, the Indian. Oh, the joy of that fellowship, the hunt, the snare, the bow, the arrow—and the jargon! Old Oregonians remember it yet. And some Indian children learned to read. But few could be held for any time. They would run away.

"*Hum-m-m-m-whirr-r-r-r-thum-m-m-m!* *Hum-m-m-whirr-r-r-r-thum-m-m-m!*" went the wheel, now rising, now falling in musical drone. Hark, what was that? a tap, a rap on the porch, or was it the wind shaking the timbers? Louder and swifter she whirled the wheel, until above its shrill orchestration there

came a knock, knock, knock! at the door, and many soft footsteps shuffling.

Startled, Chloe lifted her eyes. Out of the darkness a face peered, Quatley's face at a window, high up, watching her, the white woman at the spinning wheel! Her heart stopped a beat, her wheel lost a beat, then on, on it hummed, drowsily, calmly, drumming as usual while through Chloe's brain quick plans leaped like fire.

Could it happen here as so lately on the trail near Boisé, men would be shot, women outraged, babies roasted alive before their mother's eyes? Banish the thought! Those were savages of the Snake River country. And yet, she saw the face of Quatley, Quatley, the Klikitat, one of the tribes that drove out Colonel Haller, one of the fourteen allied tribes of the Yakima Nation. Often travelling this way, "a white Indian" some called him, had not Quatley accompanied General Joe Lane to the famous peace council at Table Rock, guarding him, explaining to the savages the howitzer, "a *hyas* gun; took a hatful of powder; would shoot down a tree? They better be quiet!" Undoubtedly Quatley's vigilance saved the commissioners that day at Table Rock. Then why was he here, when all his own wild people were on the warpath? Usually at this time Chloe's own unwarlike Indians crouched, huddled and blinking over their smoky fires. Why had they come up here with Quatley, in the night, when she was alone? No doubt they had seen the Governor go!

Calmly, deliberately, rising as if on an ordinary errand, Chloe Boone crossed the room to loosen the latch, when Quatley, himself, colossal, strode through the doorway, revealing, behind him, solemnly gazing at her, the sad, drawn faces of her Indian neighbors. But she *must* not show fear. Never a Boone quailed

before an Indian. "Why, Quatley, where you come from?" How sincere and trustful her voice! Come in, every one, and get warm! Mollie, you sit right here on the blue blanket."

That the family rifle rested on deer antlers in plain sight, that she had known its use since childhood, never occurred to Chloe. These Indians were pictures of grief, with drooping lips and eyelids. "Come!" again she spoke, kindly.

But the motley crew stood fixed, silent, huddled against the door. Surprised, Chloe threw pine knots into the fire place, starting a glow that lit the whole kitchen. "What is it, Quatley?" Slowly his lips moved.

"*Indian afraid!*" Apparently his eyes looked beyond her, inscrutable.

"Afraid of what, Quatley?"

"*Afraid of white man!*" jerking it out like a shot.

"Oh, no! no! We friends. Always friends! Come!" Again Chloe spread the blue blanket. Step by step, now, they inched forward, glancing cautiously, fearfully lest a "*hyas* rifle with a hatful of powder" might be concealed in some dark corner. Down they squatted with groans, spreading their chilled fingers. A small pappoose cried. Chloe lifted it, holding it aloft, singing a Missouri ditty.

Honor incomparable! Squaw Mollie began to cry. Disregarding the sob, Chloe flew to her cupboard, brought out a corn-popper, and set Mollie herself to popping corn. Every tense face relaxed at sight of the snapping, bursting white-winged kernels. Next came a pan of sweet white turnips. "Here, Quatley, pass them. I know you must be hungry."

Proudly the tall Klikitat took the basin. Every Indian snatched one, two, three; munching noisily, smacking their lips as Indians will, and watching the popping corn. After a long time, an age it seemed to

Chloe, Quatley spoke. Known from end to end of Oregon as the Yankee of the red men, the brightest, swiftest, most intelligent, why had the Klikitat come to *her*, the governor's wife, down here in the Oregon valleys? With amazing facility Quatley had picked up some English: "We tell . . . white squaw . . . we friends!"

So swiftly came her own words back to her!

But the very protestation made her uneasy. Chloe felt she must faint: but—never! in the presence of Indians such weakness would be fatal. Instead, a sense of sympathy swept over her. Poor fickle, ignorant, unlettered children of Nature. Presently Quatley arose, waving both long arms toward the spinning wheel: "Turn, turn!" His high cheek bones, prominent nose, piercing black eyes, compelled.

Swallowing a lump that almost choked her, with more courage than she had ever known before, Chloe sat down to the wheel that hummed now, and drummed like Joe Robidoux' little wind grist-mill back in Missouri on a summer day. Fascinated, the Indians listened, champing and champing the popcorn. And, happily, just then she remembered a little tin box brought by the hand of a recent immigrant, from her uncle, Albert Gallatin Boone, at Kansas City. He knew what Indians liked. Out of hogsheads and hogsheads of those Philadelphia beads he had chosen the gayest and glassiest red, white, and blue for Chloe.

With a little hammer she tapped the lid. All crowded to look, at beads! beads! the magical jewels. Carefully passing around she gave to every one a string of each color, men and women. All was over now. They must go! They must hurry! Beads meant work; fine work on moccasins and shot-pouches for Indian braves. Clutching the unexpected treasure,

the Indians went out, led as children by Quatley, the Klikitat. Had they sent for him? Had he come at their call of terror?

Standing in the door Chloe watched them bundling down to their teepees under the hill. "Oh foolish, foolish, wicked war!" she thought, "When Indians can be bought with *beads*!" The tears gushed from her eyes. "At least not all Indians are treacherous." Chloe had kept her head, and kept their friendship.

No wonder the Indians revered the governor's wife, and their teepees habitually cluttered up the old Colonel Alphonso Boone donation land claim until her patience as well as her meat and her sugar gave out! But it helped, it helped in a trying time.

And then . . . after they had gone . . . a memory came back! that day she rode up from the south with Jesse Applegate who had come out to meet them with food and horses. "Where are we going?" she had asked. "To Cynthia Ann," where soon the whole family found cabins erected by neighborly hands on the Rickreall. And the school—one of her pupils had been Frances, the beautiful Sid-na-yah, Chief Quatley's Indian daughter!

It was growing light. It was growing cold. "Mammy! Mammy!" the children were calling within. The great backlog that would burn for a week was ashen and gray. Old Father Time with his scythe on the shelf was striking six, and the little boys were out in their nightgowns. And the baby cried, in his little red cradle.

And the Governor was out, riding by night and by day, over high mountains, through deep forests and rivers, sleeping in camp and in cabin on his way to Jacksonville, built on a gold mine, where the people mined gold in the very streets, in their cellars and in their wells, until it was forbidden by law to dig within the city limits.

XXXI

TAMING THE WILD MEN

1855-57

FROM the day of their first settlement among them the Applegates had been friends of the Umpquas, establishing a school for the Yoncalla band and attempting to settle the parents on homesteads like white people with gifts of implements, spades, hoes, seeds and cattle. Jesse Applegate even went to the land office to have these homesteads recorded.

But now in these hostile days came an officer to treat for purchase of Indian lands. An ox was slaughtered, a feast prepared, and Calapooias far and near hastened to the banquet, a potlatch from the white man. As interpreters, their boy friends, Elisha and Jesse Jr., explained the proposal to exchange this land for other fields with plows, houses, food, plenty of food like this! Chief Halo was terrified. Had he not fields? Had he not "built house like Boston?"

Gradually the tribe acquiesced, but arriving at the reservation without their chief the worried agent hurried back to Yoncalla. Chief Halo was watching as Lindsay Applegate with his sons, Elisha and Jesse Jr., came forward. A black frown darkened his face.

"Tell the old Indian he must go to the reservation with the other people. I have come for him."

Very well Chief Halo understood the Boston tongue and shouted "I, Calapooia, WILL NOT GO!" firmly placing his back against an oak beside his door.

After some argument the blue-coat whipped out a revolver, "*Washington says go!*" Defiantly Chief

Halo bared his breast: "Shoot! It is good I die here! My father die here. His grave is here. I not afraid. I not afraid. I will not go!"

Angered, turning to the Applegates: "Shall I shoot?"

"No!" in one indignant voice they shouted. "Let him stay. We will be responsible." Relieved, the officer departed and to the end of his days Chief Halo Fern and his family dwelt in the old oak grove at Yoncalla, inoffensive remnant of the aborigines.

As advisers and counsellors from the beginning Jesse and his brothers had striven to keep in touch with the Indians and to ameliorate their woes, talking individually to excited, weeping savages and quieting their apprehensions, everywhere a benignant presence. The night after the famous treaty at Table Rock Chief John and his son visited the Applegate camp. Did they seek a Higher Wisdom, poor, benighted, distressed and doubting children of the forest? Or did they seek "pay, pay, pay" for the young chief killed that afternoon? With the mind of a child the Indian expects immediate results—and the Applegates paid, in addition to what the commission had promised.

But when one morning on the Rogue a gang of ruffianly miners massacred a sleeping camp of Chief John's people and destroyed their winter stores, is it any wonder he listened to Kamaiaakan? The settlers were in despair. Between their own countrymen and the savages, who could distinguish? In the end, the reservation was at least a refuge, a place of protection. As Jesse used to say:

"Poor Indians, endeavoring to escape from the gloom of barbarism in which they were born, their lives and rights are held of no account. The American soldier dares to vindicate the rights of man, but who

can vindicate the rights of an Indian?" As Applegate himself discovered, with hundreds of letters: declaring "The exercise of faith and justice to the Indian is a Divine law. None dare abrogate it."

But now, war, terrific war, was hurtling along the entire Oregon border. North and south, red men certainly were in the saddle in a last desperate effort to cast out the white man. What could save him might seem problematical—nothing at least but his own superior prowess and courage.

Like an unchained force of nature sweeping all before it, the savages fought as Indians do, omnipresent yet invisible, slaughtering miners in dark and lonely canyons, ambushing wagoners and drovers at river crossings, stampeding packtrains with thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise, arising, vanishing, now peering diabolically from jungles of live oak and chapparel, anon setting fires, throwing up smoke screens, and retreating to unsearchable depths of the sugar pine groves. Never existed a foe so elusive. As war against each other had been the red men's business for ages, so, now, war against the whites was their business for the present.

"Nothing prevented the extermination of the whites but the jealousies of the Indians among themselves," Governor Curry was wont to say in after years. "Could they have fully cooperated, their success would have been certain. Jealous of each other, some withdrew at the last moment and betrayed their race in this irrepressible conflict between civilization and barbarism."

In field and forest many were the conferences with the Governor all that winter in the saddle, strategically pushing a double campaign, one on the Columbia and one on the Rogue.

"I could not have done it but for the sterling character of our people," Governor Curry declared. "They may lack polish, but they have something better—courage, integrity, industry. When duty calls they are prompt to take the trail."

On the last night of the year he was writing to a friend: "I have been at home but three days since October 9th, since which time I have been at either extremity of my territory. As soon as the legislature adjourns, toward the end of January, I shall probably go up into the Indian country (Walla Walla) where our brave boys are still engaged in conquering a peace."

Up there, in the same region where his uncle Gilliam had lost his life, Colonel Benjamin Franklin Shaw, the most famous interpreter on Puget Sound, had led a troop of mounted volunteers to rescue Governor Stevens in the Indian country. Did the hitherto friendly Nez Perces waver?—he sent them a challenge: "IF YOU BEAT YOUR DRUMS FOR WAR I SHALL PARADE MY MEN FOR BATTLE!" Not a drum was heard nor a hostile note.

But in the Grande Ronde of the Blue Mountains eight hundred painted warriors held Colonel Shaw and seventy-five men surrounded. The situation was desperate. Food, ammunition, gone. Closing in, closing in were the savages, when, like his uncle in the old Seminole days, with a calliopean "Whoo-oo!" Red Head "jumped" his men across a ravine and gave chase for fifteen miles. The Indians fled as if the very devil was after them.

Returning, enough abandoned food, ammunition and horses were gathered to pay for the entire expedition sent to rescue the Washington governor. The young commander's fiery locks and flaming beard streaming on the wind have gone into history.

Governor Stevens was saved and that autumn migration passed unmolested down the Columbia, as seventy years before advancing America had rolled down the hostile Ohio.

But in southern Oregon, "Once for all it must be fought to a finish!" Governor Curry adjured his lieutenants. "We must put an end to these Indian depredations. We must cage these red men before they cage us. Savage domination must end."

"Yes," General Palmer agreed. "Our safety—and theirs, could they but know it—lies in the reservations. All this trouble is traceable to the mistake of permitting the settlement of Indian lands before the extinction of Indian titles. But who could hold immigration back—rolling across the world? We must conciliate. We must tame these wild people. They must acquiesce in the inevitable. Their game is gone, their camas, and their wapato. A crisis in the destiny of the red men is upon us! In vain we appeal to Congress. We cannot wait!"

"No!" the Governor's eye flashed. "The hour demands decision. You must act for America. That is your office. I will support you. Washington is too far, far away. Our scattered settlements are wholly worn out with the conflict. *It is up to us to work out our own salvation!*"

Desperately, then, on his own initiative, General Joel Palmer, Oregon Superintendent of Indian affairs, purchased a reservation of 6000 acres at the headwaters of the Yamhill River in the very region where ten years before Jesse Applegate had bought and slaughtered wild Spanish cattle to feed the wandering redmen. Who better knew that grassy country? Who better could advise?

Courageously, persistently, all that cheerless winter the volunteers tramped the hills and slept in

sodden blankets until tribe after tribe surrendered. At last Chief John alone defied.

"You are a great chief," cried John to Colonel Buchanan, under a flag of truce. "You are a great chief. So am I! This is my country! I was in it when these trees were very small, not higher than my head. My heart is sick with fighting, but I want to live in my country. If the white people are willing I will go back to Deer Creek, and live among them as I used to do. They can visit my camp, and I will visit theirs; but I will not lay down my arms and go with you on the reserve. I will fight! Good-bye!" and picking up his arms he strode from the council.

"We will catch you, and hang you, sir!" called Captain Smith of the United States dragoons who had come up from San Francisco. "But if you go on the reserve you can live in comfort. Do you see those wagons, blankets, clothes, horses? You will have a home, better than you have now, plenty to eat, peace. If you do not come, do you see that rope, sir?"

But John was gone.

Poor, fickle, ignorant Indians, agitated by fear, fired by hate, made desperate by despair! Chief John's emissaries continued to flag their failing spirits: "Never go upon the reservation. Never!"

The day arrived to lay down their arms, but instead of surrendering as the subchiefs and their followers had agreed, in stentorian tone the indomitable John was leading again to battle. Waving his war-club he whooped the charge as with blood curdling yells they rushed to annihilate the very peace commissioners who had come to end these slaughters.

But like the relief of Lucknow, out of a ravine came a rescuing battalion; General Joel Palmer had arrived to take part in the expected surrender!

The Indian, oh, where was he? Gone. Vanished. Out of the hills a second time John sent a challenge: "I will fight until I die! Whoop!" But as they saw their young men falling, the most barbaric gave way. No longer could the iron chief hold his heart-broken warriors. Throwing themselves upon the earth they wept like children.

Disappointed in his plan to exterminate the whites, when grief had spent itself, and when no word came from Kamaikan, then and not till then, Chief John gave up, even again brandishing his hatchet with one last look of defiance: but fifty cocked rifles compelled him to hurl it away in vehement despair.

It was a pitiful time. "*Kull snass! hyas snass!*" (A bad snow! a deep snow!) Of course the whites had brought this unusual phenomenon for their discomfort! These children of nature were in a panic, while under almost unsurmountable difficulties, as expeditiously as possible the removal was made.

A wailing could be heard in the land, and sighs and groans, where wild men and their families, frightened, screaming, dirty, unkempt, half-starved and clad in skins were being hurried down out of their immemorial homes. So excited were the settlers through whose territory these Indians were to pass that they talked of an armed force to resist their coming. Lately hostile Rogue Rivers were thronging the highways, and Umpquas, the Coquilles, and Calapooias, some thousands altogether, moving to a beautiful territory on the shores of the ever-sounding Pacific.

But one night they were plotting: "Let us seize the arms of the sleeping soldiers and put them to death!" In an instant old Peter Umpqua, an Indian

who had marched with Fremont to the conquest of California, was on his feet:

"Dogs! dogs of the Umpquas! dogs of the Rogue Rivers!—you whose fathers and fathers before them were old and foolish, this shall never be! Have I not *clatawaed* to far off *illahees*? Have not I seen the white man and his children? They are as the flowers of the plain and the sands of the sea. Beware how you plot; you will be swept as the grasshopper before the storm!"

Sheridan, the dashing and brilliant, was at the reservation, fresh from repelling an attack of Kamaiakana on a little strap-iron railroad built to carry freight around the Cascades of the Columbia. Kamaiakana's runners had peered over the hills. "White men! White men! Making track along our old trail!"

That war-call—and massacre—had summoned Little Phil Sheridan from Fort Vancouver with forty horsemen—all they had—to his first dragoon battle, his first step to fame. Just out of West Point, a mere boy in size, five-feet-five, weighing one-hundred-fifteen pounds, Sheridan's fiery dash drove back Kamaiakana and his warriors advancing to sieze the workmen and invade the Willamette.

Now Little Phil was erecting a blockhouse on the beautiful banks of the Yamhill and riding the hills like a trooper rounding up 1500 wild Indians into their first introduction to civilized life. No wonder they obeyed that beardless boy the fame of whose victory over the hitherto invincible Yakima chief had already reached the reservation.

Civilians were to teach the red men to plow and to sow. Princess Mary, who at Table Rock counselled peace and prevented a massacre, already Princess Mary was placidly weaving hazel baskets and ped-

dling them around to her friends in the settlements, an example and model to the women.

But Chief John; for safety the old warrior was brought around by sea to Portland. Hundreds flocked to look upon the foe who had caused so much commotion. "Can that be Chief John!" In surprise they beheld a very meek, frightened little man with braided sidelocks, a typical savage. Taken to Fort Vancouver ferociously he leaped at the soldiers, held only by his chains, shaking his manacled wrists. "A few years ago I was a great war chief. Now I am a dog!" In vain the red king raged. A wolf chained, his heyday had departed.

But no one laughed. Chief John had all but conquered.

"Once on the reservation," says Sheridan in his Memoirs, "it was no small work to get all those Indians into civilized clothing, and to awaken them to the benefits of houses and schools where the boys and girls were taught to read and write. More readily the women took to domesticity and needlework; but the old men, the warriors, wandered about the hills and vales like caged eagles dreaming of their wild young days before white men disturbed the Pacific."

"It is not your wars, but your peace, that kills my people!" declared John to Sheridan. In a few months he was plotting to get away. "Many of my people have died since they came here. Many are still dying, of homesickness! There will soon be none left of us!"

Sheridan became a warm friend of Chief John, the warrior, and often sent presents of coffee and sugar to his teepee. With a countenance, not like that of Kamaikin, vindictive and bitter, but sad with the melancholy of despair: "I will live here one year more," John confided to Sheridan. "After that I must go home!"

Long after they had passed to the reservation the wailing of the women haunted Chloe Boone. "Listen! This is their country! This is the last of them! It is the end!" And her husband would answer:

"The end, Chloe? No, this is but the *beginning*. We must tame them as our own barbarous fathers were tamed in Europe a thousand years ago. This is not their country more than ours. They simply roam over it, like the deer and the buffalo, leaving no trace. A handful of marauders must not terrorize a whole country. We are giving them homes. Who knows, they may become citizens yet, and generations hence will thank us for bringing them under the laws of civilized life. The intention of the government is entirely benevolent. Sheridan feels just as I do about it. What else *can* we do."

Governor Curry sometimes visited the reservation. None better than Sheridan spoke the court language of the coast tribes, the Chinook Jargon, but an aide had come unexpectedly. The Governor looked in surprise. On a Cayuse pony white as milk at the side of Lieutenant Sheridan rode the most beautiful Indian girl he had ever seen, moving like a queen among her people. From the eagle tip bound with a bandeau to

And Sid-na-yah laughed, as any girl would. "Is this the Hyas Tyee who took to wife my beloved teacher, Chloe Boone?"

The Governor's heart gave an unexpected throb.

"And this, the remarkable Indian maid my wife has so often described, who lived with the Applegates? The one who studied and absorbed so eagerly the white man's learning? She never forgot you. You must visit her at Hazelglade."

"A godsend to us!" exclaimed Sheridan, of whom it is recorded that after he became famous Phil Sheridan and idol of a nation, he sent for Sid-na-yah to come to Washington as interpreter with a delegation of western chiefs, everywhere introducing her as the Oregon Princess.

At length, notwithstanding even the presence of Sid-na-yah, Chief John, the Unconquered, aroused so much restlessness and rebellion on the reservation, that it became necessary to send him and his son to Fort Alcatraz in California. But as the steamer bearing them down the coast passed the mouth of Rogue River, Chief John and his son almost captured the ship in an effort to escape and swim to the shore they loved so well.

In that same year all the Indians were moved to reservations and the last slaves were freed in the old Indian villages, slaves that from time immemorial had been bought and beaten, burdened like beasts and buried alive with their masters. When Chief John returned after a few years he found the white man's rule fully established, and his people following the white man's road. And of Frances, the beautiful Sid-na-yah, Elisha Applegate recorded that she married a Hudson's Bay man and went away to live in the North Country.

XXXII
A FRONTIER COLLEGE

1856

EARLY autumn rains had burnished land and sky. The smoke of forest fires had disappeared. A radiance of springtime haloed field and forest as a cheerful young and lonely traveler set out through a land without roads, without bridges, almost without trails, densely umbrageous, tangled and all but impenetrable.

With an army blanket strapped on his shoulders, seventy hard-earned dollars in his doe-skin jacket and a small hand-satchel, his sole possessions, following the water-courses, walking, wading, swimming now and then with his clothes on top of his head, paddled by two Indians in a canoe down the rapid, winding Cowlitz, and thence to the Willamette in a steamboat, Harvey Scott, a smooth-faced boy just out of the Indian wars that had broken up his home was on his way from Puget Sound to Portland.

The season of singing crickets had come, and aloft, shining argosies of swans were winging home to Swan Island. Listening, perchance, to their melodious clamor, but tarrying not; crossing the Willamette in a skiff at the foot of Stark street—Ben Stark's street—the boy set out through forest unbroken, so dense, so dark that summer sun had not yet dried the mudholes, on foot for the home of his sister Abigail, nearly forty miles away.

Abigail, a farmer's daughter, from earliest memory they two had paired off together, making maple sugar, milking cows, churning for butter so slow to

come, planting and hoeing corn and potatoes; yes, Abigail had even helped him, as a ten-year old boy, chop wood on the prairie farm. A tall and spindling, intellectual girl, he could see her still, stepping, stepping to the whirr of the spinning-wheel. But all that was back in Illinois. Now she was a farmer's wife in a log cabin in Oregon.

Out of the Indian wars she hailed him, her soldier brother: "Tell me, tell me quick what happened" answered by a tale of tragic flight to a blockhouse with a new little sister born to the Scotts. And now—

"Going to Pacific University? Oh, Harvey!" she hugged him convulsively. There was a glister in her eye, a pride, and a longing that she, too, might accompany him to Pacific. "I would have been glad to have gone with you, but, but," she laughed gaily, "I am studying by myself!"

Then Abigail's boy cried in his cradle and she flew singing, singing in the very tone of his mother, long ago. Unstrapping his blanket, the boy's lips pressed tight together as he turned to look at her, a little worn perhaps, his ambitious sister Abigail, the book-girl, who, at her father's request had kept a daily record of the overland journey, a book in itself. Had his mother spoken also to Abigail? Had mother said: "Get married, my child," all that was possible for women?

Like Red Head, ideal of the volunteers, the boy had let his hair grow. "You must not go looking so, Harvey!" With a pair of scissors, slowly, carefully, Abigail snipped, snipped away at her brother's heavy brown shock.

Refreshed and rested, it was still candle-light the next morning when under the fading moon the boy set out to visit Sister Mary Frances, who after that tragedy in the Laramie Mountains had watched him,

mended him, saved his life in the terrible sickness—Mary Frances at Lafayette where he had memorized the dictionary.

“Is that old book here yet, Mary?” She understood the joy of the student, sympathetic Mary Frances, who always encouraged her brother to make the very most of himself.

Helping his father, Harvey Scott never sowed any wild oats. Never had time. A greeting from Mary, a kiss, “Yes, father is well,” and on he is trudging toward the school where already under the maternal care of Aunt Tabitha Brown Sisters Catherine Amanda and Harriet Louise were waiting to welcome him.

Several years had passed since that day when Harvey Clark, independent missionary, fell on his knees and thanked God that now he could build a college. It is related that when immigrant children came to his first log school so many Indian dogs were yipping around the white children ran away.

“No dogs at school! No dogs at school!” strange new ruling. Half-breed Indian boys were loath to understand, reluctantly leading their pets home. “Little white squaws afraid!”

But now, for an endowment, Harvey Clark and his wife Emmaline had given the greater part of their donation land claim, the site of Forest Grove. With the help of enthusiastic farmers encamped with saws and hammers, and their wives who cooked the meals, an edifice had been erected, and a college president had been called from New England.

To such an appeal from the “continuous woods where rolls the Oregon” the very blood of Eleazar Wheelock answered in the person of his grandson, Sidney Harper Marsh. Less than ninety years before had not Eleazar Wheelock, himself, set up a pine log

school for the neglected red men in the wilds of New Hampshire? Man of all gifts, carpenter, gardener, grocer and steward, keeper of the commons in his own kitchen, president, preacher and board of trustees all in one, Eleazar Wheelock created, not only Dartmouth College, but a veritable fortress on the frontier of civilization. And now—

Emulating that grandfather, Sidney Harper Marsh became a whole college on this Oregon frontier, praying as prayed Wheelock at Dartmouth, "I look unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord!" once even crying himself to sleep with discouragement and exhaustion as he knelt in the unfinished loft of the new college. With tear-stains on his cheeks in slumber still he prayed: "Lord! Lord! send help!" An awed student overheard. A whisper crept to the pioneer missionary, bringing such reinforcement that Divinity itself suddenly seemed to have answered. No wonder a tradition survives that Missionary Clark and Emaline all but gave their children's bread to found that college!

"Expressly to attend this school I come from Puget Sound," frankly Harvey Scott told the young president.

"And expressly to teach boys like you I am here!" responded Mr. Marsh, laying a hand on the shoulder of the towering youth of eighteen, rosy, clear-eyed and virile.

"I have very little money," added Harvey, "and what I have was earned in a lumber camp."

"Good! Greatest preparation I know of to make real men, like you!"

Harvey looked up quickly. That sounded like Colonel Shaw who always touched the chord of self-respect, made men of his boys until they would

endure danger, fatigue, privation to the limit to live up to that high estimate.

Hungry, ravenous for knowledge, work, absorbing work soon lifted Harvey Scott into a class of his own.

"Be careful of your eyes!" cautioned his Latin teacher, Erasmus D. Shattuck, who from the first made a companion of the boy—small, unassuming, scholarly Shattuck, hardly up to the shoulder of his stalwart pupil, beloved by all the boys and girls.

But with books and clothes and board, however meager, at the end of six months Harvey fled the college to rustle again in the battle of maintenance. With an axe, bought on credit, living on hardtack and bacon in a camp above Oregon City, the devotee of culture was cutting cordwood. Now in school and now out, alternately grubbing roots out of the ground or out of a grammar, not until 1863 did Harvey Scott receive his sheepskin, the first graduate of the frontier college that *The Oregonian* had pronounced "Spacious and noble and an honor to the territory."

Out of the Indian war his father had come, John Tucker Scott—one of whose own ancestors had been slain by savages in the Carolina days—out of tragic backgrounds he had brought all his children to be educated at the forest college, including the new little Rhoda Ellen, born in flight from the Indian war. From sea to sea, Life, Death, Conflict chased the pioneer!

When the family talked of the old home in Illinois, "Where I come fum?" flaxen-haired Rhoda Ellen on tip-toe demanded. "You from Illnoi? Where *I* come fum?"

"We found you crying in the Indian country and picked you up!" John Tucker Scott kissed the babe of the blockhouse, destined to become the first

teacher of Greek in the future University of Washington, her son, a professor at Yale.

"No more Indian raids for us!" Back the Scotts had come to civilized life.

But Forest Grove itself had not escaped Indian terrors. After the Cascade massacre when Kamaikan threatened to invade the valley Aunt Tabitha Brown almost wept because a stockade was not erected around the college, but a moat was dug, traces of which still remained. Blacksmiths were shoeing horses, gunsmiths were repairing guns, and a flag of twenty-one stars was stitched by Aunt Tabitha and the academy girls out of their own red, white and blue skirts, a flag to be carried by "Co. D First Oregon Volunteers" into Little Phil Sheridan's dragoon battle with the robber chieftain of the gorge; on up to the Yakima war, and into the Grande Ronde where Colonel Ben Franklin Shaw "whooped" the red men and captured enough horses to pay for the expedition. Who could have supposed that worn old flag would come back to Pacific when the heroes who carried it were dust! When peace had come and the Indians were civilized! When the Yakimas had automobiles and the Modocs were herders of cattle!

Or who could have foreseen that beautiful Catherine Sagar, ransomed from the Cayuse Indians, would become the bride of Aunt Tabitha's grandson, Clark Pringle, from whose sheltering roof-tree the younger sisters would be happily married into homes of their own?

XXXIII

WHEN DREAMS CAME TRUE

1857-59

IN A LULL now and then in those stormy territorial years Governor Curry would send for his wife to come with the children by boat from below to spend a few days at old Indian Chemeketa—Chemek-eta no longer, but Salem, the capital, to see the new state house, and to visit, perhaps, her old friend, Martha Ann Minto. Young Phonse Boone was captain on the river now, Chloe had the best there was, the captain's stateroom and seat of honor at the captain's table. Joyfully the Governor would meet her, and yet—hardly had he time to visit such was the wrangling of politicians over petitions and appointments.

"Why worry the Governor so when the Indians are scalping our people!" Chloe once heard an angry voice. "He appointed that man for his *fitness*, not for his *politics*! Give me that petition!" deliberately tearing the paper and trampling it under his feet.

No wonder John Minto would whisk Mrs. Curry away to his many-acred demesne, an estate equal, perhaps, to that of the great Mintos of Scotland. Before it already was blooming a hedge of roses, first discovery that Oregon supreme was the home of the rose. Brought by the padres from Spain to California, thence by traders to the Columbia and presented to the bride of Jason Lee—the first white bride in Oregon—when the bride was dead and the garden abandoned, sickle in hand John came upon the pink rose in the wheat, like attar more fragrant than

in old Castile. What a gift for Martha Ann—the Mission Rose!

Later, with the first rush to the mines, John Minto brought back—as he himself said, “Enough yellow dirt to make possible the finest of fruits and flowers.”

Chloe heard all about it, how with a pocketful of gold the canny little Scot bought of Henderson Luelling the first bunch of buds, trimmings, anything with life, and on his D. L. C. a few miles out of Chemeketa carefully budded American apples to the wild native crab; the choicest of pears to the wild hawthorne; and to the small, bitter wild cherry, the cultivated Kentish and May Duke. Behold, the second year, cherries! The third year, a heavy crop. Even his plum thicket was grafted on wild hawthornes. Above even England, or France itself, Oregon was cherry-land, apple-land, prune-land, the Garden of the World.

Riding by on a summer morning in stove-pipe hat and swallow-tail coat the Methodist circuit rider came upon Minto singing at his work. Reining in his nag: “You seem happy, Brother John!”

Yes, Brother Roberts; just now I would not swap with Adam before his fall. I am loosening the graft-bands of a wild crab-tree onto which I have worked six varieties of popular apples.”

“Besides,” thought John as the minister rode on, “yonder on the cabin porch sits my pretty bride spinning wool from our own sheep. On one side sleeps our rosy boy in his cradle, on the other rests a loaded rifle for her safety.”

On the very next day after the wedding John had given his bride a rifle. “These forests are swarming with wild animals! I must teach you to defend yourself. Have you not heard what happened to Uncle Billy Shaw? He bought a farm of a French

Canadian where great gray wolves, ravenous wolves, howled around in such numbers that they even closed in on his prized pack of hunting hounds, tore them to fragments and devoured them!"

Alas! Only too well Martha Ann remembered Uncle Billy's intelligent lop-eared hounds, bouncing across the plains and baying at night, chief guardians of the overland trail.

"Yes, Martha Ann, it was to fight these snapping, snarling big timber wolves the Americans first organized a government right here in the French Canadian settlement at old Champoege. They called it the 'Wolf Meeting.'"

What pillows that night, when the Governor came, too, as a guest of the Mintos. What feathers out of Martha Ann's own flocks, and linen! Chloe Boone, who knew something of feathers and linen herself, could but admire this worthy daughter of a wonderful mother, the bride of John Minto, who was raising her own flax, pulling the ripened stalks, retting, scutching, spinning, weaving her own linen, forecasting the time when flax would pay better than wheat in the Willamette Valley.

When the sun had risen and Mount Hood was aflame, proudly Martha Ann led Chloe to a young orchard, springing unblemished from the virgin sod. Clapping her girlish hands: "We two set the grafts and behold! this Gloria Mundi sometimes reaches two pounds in weight and sells in California for five dollars an apple! Yonder Bartlett pears go at eighteen a dozen, and the Seckles at four dollars a pound!" Gaily she laughed, her cheeks rosy as the beautiful apples.

Hark to the resonant horn! Tearing down the trail a six-horse Concord stagecoach is swinging in for apples at Minto's, juicy green pippins, polished

red Jonathans, great yellow bellflowers, to be sold in the mines at fifty dollars a barrel. And many was the time in days to come, when hauling by way of Boone's Ferry to Portland, a choice box from the Minto orchard was left for the Governor and his lady at Hazelglade.

No wonder Henderson Luelling who brought his fruits and flowers so far made a fortune! Tired of salt beef and fried bacon all California was calling for "The big red beauties, the great golden beauties of Oregon." Refusing offers of three dollars a twig when he arrived in 1847, the next year, as to a shrine men, women and children traveled for miles, trampling a hard, beaten path through his nursery to behold the first big red apple already sprung from a root graft. What memories of the old homestead so far away! What promise of happiness to come in this new, wild, wonderful world Beyond the Desert! By the fall of '51 Luelling had thousands of little trees for sale and all Oregon was planting orchards.

Not less than the joy of the orchard was John and Martha Ann's delight in their sheep. "Not only have we the care of this farm stocked with horses, cattle, swine and sheep, and seventeen acres planted to the choicest of apples, pears, peaches, cherries, plums and small fruits, . . . but from the end of my first year of ownership I found that sheep-breeding was my special vocation—if I had one!" laughingly John told the Governor.

"Just a little flock in '49, the darling sheep are as children of our family. Expert in killing their worst enemy, the coyote, I find their care a pleasure, and often I take my blanket and sleep here in the fence corner of the pasture to guard them."

That blanket itself, woven by Martha Ann's skilled fingers—no wonder John's spirit bubbled in

love-songs and farmer-songs after the manner of Burns. Thus lived and loved the happy hero, the gay and merry Minto.

But, "Better sheep, always better sheep," was John's motto, and when an Australian ship blown out of her way ran into the Golden Gate, it was an Oregonian returning from the mines that heard the auction call:

"Who bids! who buys! sheep! sheep! the king's own royal pedigreed Merinos dying of hunger and thirst on this ship!" and with gold-dust he bought and brought a few on the brig *Henry* to Oregon. What nursing, what feeding out of bottles to save the Golden Fleece!

"What, \$600 for a sheep!" cried the incredulous when Minto and others bought the royal ram.

"It will give us the world's market for the finest of woolens," was John's answer. "And Joseph Watt is building a woolen mill."

Now and then on the *Henry*, or the little steamer *Lot Whitcomb*, Martha Ann and John and the baby went back down their River of Romance to visit the folks at Clatsop-by-the-sea—a picturesque journey, past the aspiring young city of Portland; past Swan Island, and Sauvies, once home of the Multnomahs; past Coffin Rock, hung, festooned and draped with canoes of Indian dead ready to sail away to their ancient home in Asia. Came a dry summer, a creeping campfire, a blaze. The hanging cemetery went up in a holocaust of flame, and coffins no more hung from Coffin Rock.

Here, on Clatsop Plains, Mrs. Morrison, whose majestic carriage and exalted character sometimes caused her to be called the Joan of Arc of her county, lived to become "the pioneer mother" of a whole generation of children in addition to her own. To the

midnight call, with a blanket and a tiny tin lantern on her saddle, fearlessly she went out. Now and then above her Nancy Morrison saw glaring eyes of the wild cat, or heard the snarling growl of the crouching cougar, but clothed upon as it were with light, she rode unscathed through lonely ravines and dark forests to the door of childbirth.

"No one need ever tell *me* I was not cared for by God and his angels!" she was wont to say. "I prayed, and rode on to my duty."

Sometimes Indians saw her on her way, but none molested the courageous white woman. And poverty! hardly an implement of civilization might be found in those primitive cabins, nor a garment for the child to be born; but loosening the skirt from her own body she wrapped it about the new-born babe. How much she could bring in a pair of saddle-bags! What hope and light and plenty sprang in her footsteps! No wonder Nancy Morrison is remembered as the Joan of Arc of Clatsop County.

All this time, while John Minto was building up his flocks, nothing escaped Joseph Watt. He, too, had dug gold in California; had explored Puget Sound, but always came back to the woolen mill. The making of cloth was an obsession with Joseph Watt. For want of it had he not suffered cold, nakedness, and almost death in the snowy mountains?

While others were studying the science of government, and farming, and fighting Indians, Joseph Watt was enlisting capital into a corporation, and linking up the swift-rushing mountain-flood of the Santiam with a creek at Che-mek-eta. A carpenter by trade, this great-grandson of a Scotch-Irish silk-weaver was measuring, cutting, and raising a building. Almost, he heard the click of shuttles. Pushing, pressing with initiative and daring, his most trusted

co-adjutor, William H. Rector, was dispatched to New England for machinery and manager. The die was cast!

It all sounds so simple, just building a factory—the first Beyond the Rockies! But oh, the time, the toil, the self-denial and the suspense! So little money, after all, for so great an undertaking.

“Only \$2,500 to pay for \$12,000’s worth of machinery! On whose credit, pray? And all the way to Oregon, too?” New England manufacturers received the proposition with surprise.

“Do I not look like an honest man?” inquired Mr. Rector.

“Ye-es, . . yes, . . but this is unusual!” scanning his credentials.

Then up spoke young Lucien Elijah Pratt, expert mill manager: “His credentials are all official Oregon, from the governor down! As for me, you know my late employer? He is *my* credential. Business is dull here in Massachusetts, and I have made up my mind to go with him to this unexploited far, far West.”

“You, Lucien? Then you may *have* the machinery, and I wish you success!”

Ten-thousand miles around the Horn came the first factory machinery into the Pacific, final realization of a “vagabond dream.” And Joe Watt paid the freight bill, \$9,000 himself. Others came to the rescue, including Uncle Dan Waldo who drove across the plains in a top-buggy in ’43.

“Cooperation!” congratulated the Sage of Yoncalla. “It will lift the world!”

On the same New Year’s Eve when the Rogue River war was over, and when weeping, lamenting Indians were becoming settled on their first reservations, occurred the most brilliant social affair of the territory, the dedication of Joe Watt’s woolen mill. The wheels turned. The shuttles clicked. Cloth.

Governor Curry and Chloe, his wife, state and army officials; young Lieutenants Phil Sheridan—more boyish than ever—and handsome Joe Hooker in West Point regimentals; circuit-riders and supreme court-judges in swallow-tail coats and satin vests from “back East” thronged by the light of vast fire-places and whale-oil lamps to admire Oregon’s marvellous achievement.

“Blankets, the first woven in Oregon, equal to the best of Boston!” proudly Mr. Pratt displayed long double blankets like flowers festooning the fragrant fir walls of the new factory.

“Wonderful! wonderful! Never anything like it!” cried the people.

Snow-white, bound with blue satin, the handsome fleeces were auctioned at fabulous prices:

“Twenty-five dollars!”

“Seventy-five dollars!”

“One-hundred dollars!”

“One-hundred-and-ten dollars!” and one, the handiwork of Mr. Pratt’s little thirteen year old daughter, Mary Elizabeth, topped them all at two-hundred-fifty dollars to Joseph Watt, JOSEPH WATT, who almost with tears remembered a day not so long ago when he suffered and shook and almost died in the snowy mountains for want of a blanket!

From his Chemeketa farm John Minto was there, in a suit all spun, woven, and tailored by the skill of his curly-haired little helpmate, Martha Ann. Let Joe Watt get ahead of her and John? Never! And at the dedication that memorable night eight vivacious Watt sisters upheld the family fame, including little Roxana, Shepherdess of the Plains, already a bride with a land claim of her own.

Lieutenant Sheridan was questioning Mrs. Curry: “Pray, tell us, who is the belle of the ball, the lady in

blue velvet and golden stars? See, now, the Governor leads her to the dancing floor."

"Why, Lieutenant," Chloe whispered behind her fan, "don't you know that is the bride-to-be of Joseph Watt, Miss Lavinia Lyon, daughter of America's first consul to Japan. Her father died, and returning, where should she come but to Oregon, the nearest port?" And a few months later, when the fair Lavinia was led to the altar, the bridegroom was dressed in a suit of the first fine broadcloth manufactured in his own establishment.

"Yes, yes," John Minto was saying, as he watched the Governor and Lavinia in the graceful minuet. "Now we have captured the waters of the Santiam for our industries."

Joseph Gervais, an ancient Frenchman who came to Oregon with Astor's trappers in 1811, caught the word "Santiam." He gave a knowing nod: "Und we pass trou de Sandeam."

"What's that? What's that?" John Minto was all ears. "Do you mean the pass that Steve Meek and the 'lost immigrants' could not find in '45?"

"*Oui, oui*, Monsieur, there ses une pass at de head of de Sandeam. I go trou eet, trap for peltries, und coom back to my vife, Telix. Eet require one day only."

This story John Minto treasured in his heart, and years after, when his hair was gray, he went up there, and eighty-seven miles east from the capitol at Salem found the long-lost traditional trans-Cascade trail into eastern Oregon that is named in his honor, Minto Pass, and not far from it looms a snowy peak—Mount Minto, for the courageous little Scot who adopted America.

The birds of Hazelglade were piping for St. Valentine one dazzling February morning when a shrill mellifluous blast startled Chloe Boone Curry.

"A steamer at this time of day! What can that mean?" So often it had meant disaster, an Indian uprising or other imperative summons to the harassed Governor. Others might rest, but he, never. In every emergency, at every beck and call, "The Governor" must be summoned. But now the mellifluous note had an element of surprise, perhaps of rejoicing, a celebration as it were. Chloe flew to the door and down to the gate where all the neighbors were gathering, and all the dogs a-barking. Around the bend a plume of smoke was rising from the slow little side-wheeler *Hoosier* approaching like a swan upon the water, and still that pealing, penetrating blast echoed back among the hills. And a band was playing, quick exultant music, the wonderful brass band of the new German settlement at Aurora not far away.

The boat turned its nose into the sand; "One! Two! Three!" a salute was fired, and in a few moments her husband, waving his hat, was seen toiling up the winding path from the beach. Chloe opened the gate and as he bent to kiss her she noted a peaceful, almost triumphant light in his eyes.

"My work as territorial governor is done, Chloe! After the most strenuous years I ever expect to know Oregon has become a state. And to Chief John's country, at the mouth of the River Rogue, they have given my name, Curry County, written forever!"

"Who shall say you haven't *earned* it!" cried Chloe, a gush of glad tears raining down her cheek. "I hope, now, you have come home to stay!"

The boat churned back into the water on her way to Portland, and again that whistle rang above the curling smoke, above the nodding fir-tops, echoing and re-echoing, softened now and melodious, fainting thin and clear and dying in the distant tips of the snowy Cascades. But Chloe thought she heard "Indian-n, O Indian-n-n!" fading in the smoke.

XXXIV
THE SAGE OF YONCALLA

1855-65

THE SAGE was talking to the young people, displaying with pride and affection his favorites—Gibbon and Hallam, Motley, Carlyle and Bancroft.

"But Father—" one held up Scott, another, Dickens. Uncle Jesse smiled.

"Scott I consider the father of modern literature. If Homer is the Prince of Poets, Scott is the high Priest of Romance. Next to Scott comes Byron, the enchanter. While we are dazzled and whirled along the sparkling path lighted by his wondrous mind, we are but too apt to lose sight of the fearful abyss to which he is leading. Byron himself far exceeds Milton's Lucifer in wickedness. . . ." And so on, he discussed Bulwer, Maryatt, and especially his beloved Dickens. "Dickens, of all the modern novelists, appears calculated to be of most service to society."

Through all vicissitudes of a new land Uncle Jesse clung to his love of culture, his hope for the children. Elisha and Jesse Jr. were often away now guarding the immigrant trail or serving on reservations. A new group was crowding the canvas. Many a boy or girl without school in the far woods was welcomed into the household of Greatheart. The tale has never been told.

At great expense even in the days of gold had been built the first mansion in southern Oregon, high pillared with stately columns shining afar like Arlington or Monticello against the Calapooia foothills. Above the daily domestic living rooms, up wide stair-

ways on either side into the social hall—the grand salon—many a distinguished company foregathered through the years treading deep-piled carpets woven to order in Brussels and lighted by clustered chandeliers burning specially-treated colorless, odorless sperm-oil brought in river boats to Scottsburg and hauled by twenty-mule freight-trains to Yoncalla. In heavy frames of gilt imported French mirrors paneled the walls. Fittings and furniture alone are said to have cost \$150,000.

Not for mere display was this edifice reared in the wilderness, nor alone for his own family, but for the community. Here on summer evenings gathered aunts and uncles and their numerous nieces, nephews, sons and daughters. Alexander McClellan played the flute; William Henry Harrison, the violin; Daniel Webster, the concertina; Gertrude, the organ; Edwin Estes, the piano-dulcimer and the fingers of Sally, talented Sally, swept the great harp in concerts to which the entire country-side was invited. In short the Applegate mansion became a social center, musical and dramatic “on rather a grand scale” says George Estes, now a man past seventy.

“Jesse Applegate had seven sons, three of whom married my sisters. Alexander chose Isabel, Paul took Virginia, and Peter Skene Ogden was happy with Josephine. As young brother of the girls and child of the family, my boyhood was part and parcel of those romantic days when Oregon was new some seventy years ago.”

What dramas? Books of plays, and whatever was going. Sally, versatile Sally was Black Crook himself in the play of that name. With *basso profundo* thunders and big boots Aleck Applegate was perfect in Henry VIII. Out of old cedar chests came theatrical outfits. Arabian Nights came to life, read, acted,

dressed. When Alladin rubbed the lamp the very wall opened and the genii stepped in. Aleck, a stalwart youth with deeply musical voice, earnest, full of life and vivacity, read in costume and acted Dickens, Scott, Lady of the Lake, James Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu. Religious services marked the Sundays with readings from the Bible, the books of Job, Queen Esther, and Ruth, each character appropriately oriental.

Here, too, came the circuit rider, certain always of a welcome to bed and board, a choir and a congregation for his preaching. The late Dr. I. D. Driver, most famous cleric of early Oregon, made Uncle Jesse's house his home whenever within twenty-five miles of Yoncalla. The archbishop, too, met as cordial a welcome. Especially proud was Cynthia Ann to entertain these teachers of the gospel, for she knew her Bible, knew it from childhood.

The great house itself was a lesson in architecture. In all the lower windows, tall cathedral windows, swung tiny nests of Baltimore orioles imported by Jesse himself, a lover of birds and flowers, familiar with all plants and trees of the forest. No wonder one of his sons, Alexander McClellan, became a naturalist. Jesse Applegate educated all of his sons to be civil engineers, botanists, astronomers, tracing the seasons of the solar circuit with a planetarium. In the center of the vast parlor, forty by eighty feet, under the great dome of the roof rested an observatory telescope on a moveable platform. Sliding back the glass two stories above them they studied the stars, Jesse himself computing the transit of Venus.

Or was it winter, gigantic fireplaces glowed with white oak, black oak, brought in by an army of men, a regular feudal retinue, each with his allotted task, even up into the dormitories for men and for women

wholly disconnected, on separate sides of the house. By the dormitory fireplaces tall iron clocks, each in a niche or shrine of its own, grandfather clocks imported from Hamburg, told the time, one of white for the women, garlanded with flowers emitting perfume; one of ebony black with a pack of cards across its face for the men.

On study nights in the great parlor gathered the Applegate cousins with their books, a roomful of young people, a library at their disposal, with never-tiring Uncle Jesse himself very often their teacher, a man of majestic mind, at home in all fields of knowledge who would have been an ornament to any university. Sometimes Gertrude led the discussions, sometimes Sally, eagerly, spontaneously.

For recreation there were games, chess, checkers, dominoes, backgammon, while winds roared through the contiguous forest and rains beat on the dome above them. Entering in dress-suit with tall white gauntlets Alexander made the community happy with legerdemain. Never laughing loudly, but smiling gently, solemnly drawing wonderful things out of the pockets of blushing young men and women, perhaps a handkerchief with a long, long stocking attached, or a bird or a rabbit paralyzing little George Estes.

Quivering with laughter in a corner by himself sat red-faced, fat little Dr. Dagan, the German surgeon, who, sometimes, infected with the general hilarity, would dance, gesticulate, swing his cane, rehearsing how 'I fought, and I stabbed, and I clipped off a corner of his ear!' in college duels at Saxe-Coburg-Meiningen. No wonder Jesse Applegate found a kindred spirit in the versatile Dutch doctor who escorted the forlorn little Sagars into Oregon.

The orchestra would tune, perhaps, for a chorus of Annie Laurie, Comin' Thru the Rye, Bonny Doon, or a social dance.

"Ten-o'clock! bed-time!" every clock in the house rang down the stairs when out with a rush from his den came the grand Titan of them all striking the bell with his club, "*Ten—Ten—Ten o'clock!*" a demon so big, so black that little George Estes shrank back in terror. Fascinated all evening had he not been watching the black man flipping the quarter hours with his left hand, kicking the half hours with his foot, while the long pendulum swept to and fro, to and fro, until now, believing him alive the child scurried out of the way amid shouts of laughter.

No wonder George Estes reveres the memory of the Sage of Yoncalla. "While still a youth among them Uncle Jesse said to me, 'Read Hume, my boy,' and I read Hume until I could repeat all the kings of England from the Conqueror down. 'Now read Macaulay,' and I read Macaulay; for years I read under Mr. Applegate's direction. He took entire charge of my education." Is it any wonder that George Estes caught some of the classic diction of Uncle Jesse, deep, sonorous, like the diapason of a great organ, convincing?

Naturally into the Applegate mansion modern conveniences, the first cookstove, the first sewing-machine beyond the Calapooias, followed the melodeon that under Gertrude's fingers breathed strains summoning Chief John himself from the River Rogue to hear the voice of the Great Spirit in the white man's wigwam. Thus crept civilization along the Oregon rivers.

Already around the mansion white lilacs and purple and Mission roses, were blooming, gifts from John Minto, and a tiny pinch of Kentucky blue-grass-seed that Cynthia Ann had brought was spreading, creeping, until Kentucky blue covered all the valley.

"OUR LINCOLN"

A WAKE, alert to the trend of the time, more and more welcoming newcomers out of the desert, the pioneers saw Oregon step into statehood. Already political leaders were outlining plans for the presidential campaign of 1860. For the first time entitled to send delegates to a national convention the young state took her duties seriously. According to late arriving immigrants William H. Seward, popular senator from New York, was the leading probability. Edward Bates of St. Louis, a possible candidate.

"Bates! Edward Bates of St. Louis? Beloved friend and benefactor of my boyhood! For whom my dear drowned son, Edward, was named!" In the state convention at Salem such was Jesse Applegate's influence that Oregon's three delegates were pledged—after Seward—to Edward Bates.

Then, for some reason, the date of the national convention was set forward. Two delegates were already on their way, but Leander Holmes, the third, could not reach Chicago in time.

"Send your proxy to Horace Greeley," urged Applegate, and to Greeley it was sent—by the first Pony Express—a forlorn hope, Oregon's faint and far-away voice to the nation.

Back by Pony Express came answer from the great Wigwam at Chicago: "*Abraham Lincoln, nominated for the presidency.*"

Not Seward, the powerful and gifted. Not Edward Bates, since the death of Benton the greatest lawyer of the West. But a proxy from Oregon in

the hand of Horace Greeley helped to turn the tide for Abraham Lincoln, with the platform of a Pacific Railroad!"

Abraham Lincoln! Never word so electrified Yoncalla. Son of a log cabin with a dirt floor, a backwoodsman, an emigrant like themselves, of the old stock whose favorite word was "responsibility." Lindsay Applegate came hurrying on horseback: "Have you heard it, Jesse? Abe Lincoln—*our Lincoln*, nominated for the presidency!"

For a moment Jesse Applegate was stunned. Not his chosen Edward Bates of St. Louis—although Bates was to become attorney-general in Lincoln's cabinet and never in his entire lifetime fail of an annual letter to his Oregon protege—but Abraham Lincoln who had declared that America could not survive "half slave and half free!"

What a kinship was here! Had the world leaped in its orbit, accelerated by that proxy from Oregon? For when Seward's chances waned and it became clear that Bates could not be nominated Horace Greeley with that Oregon proxy had helped to shape the stampede for Lincoln! Was it "an inscrutable dispensation of Providence," an onward roll of human destiny?

Farther back than even Lincoln or the Applegates knew their families had come out of England together in the 16-hundreds, along with the Garfields, the Clevelands and other immortals "to bring forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

But practical Lindsay was bursting with "*Our Lincoln*, Jesse, nominated for the presidency!" It seemed too wonderful, right in the family, as it were!

“I often met Abe at Aunt Alletta’s down there on Spring Creek, surveying, visiting. An extremely tall, slender and strong young man was Abe in those days, clean-shaven and handsome with thick black hair. Aunt Alletta was always mending his clothes, giving him a meal or a bed overnight. She, good soul, never dreamed Mr. Lincoln might locate the capital of Illinois right on her farm in the very geographic center of Illinois! And even might become president! Of course you remember Aunt Alletta Lanterman, our father’s sister?”

Yes, yes, Jesse remembered Aunt Alletta—and all of them—Uncle Jacob Applegate, the Lindsays and the Lantermans, emigrants that trailed out of Maryland building the first nine cabins on Spring Creek “before Springfield was.” That the capital location was largely due to Lincoln is well authenticated history, but that sentimental as well as patriotic reasons lay back of it casts an almost romantic light on that time when Abraham Lincoln, the surveyor, reading Weems’ “Washington” was visiting intelligent Aunt Alletta whose father and brothers down to Daniel, the little fifer, had been in Washington’s army.

It is said the Illinois legislature of 1837 wished to oblige Lincoln and voted for Springfield in March. In April he opened a law office in that village and on the Fourth of July the cornerstone of the new statehouse was laid. Edward Dickinson Baker made the address.

While Jesse Applegate was following the state of the nation, corresponding with senators, judges and governors, studying Congressional Records piled like cordwood in his Oregon home until he knew more about debates in Congress than many actually present, his brothers were subduing the wilderness and the country was filling with immigrants, battling with

bare hands rock, barriers and briers. Some, remembering plantations of corn and cotton, complained:

"This is not a white man's work! We must get slaves to clear up this country. It is the only way. We can bring them from Africa and the South Sea Islands. What else but slave labor can level this timber? What else can redeem this wilderness?"

Not yet had come machinery to relieve human drudgery. America was yet mediaeval.

"But," whispered others, "if we have Indian wars now what would it be with fugitive slaves to lead the savages? That caused the Seminole war!"

Men who had sounded the emigrant slogan: "LAND, LAND give us but LAND and we will take care of ourselves!" heard now with amaze the demand for "SLAVES, SLAVES, give us SLAVES to take care of the LAND!"

No wonder astonished sons of fathers who had braved the Atlantic in cockle-shells indignantly answered: "LAND, brothers? Behold the LAND! With our own arms we can clear it as did our fathers in the beginning! One free white man is worth two slaves for *work*. It would be cheaper to hire free labor. Slavery would cost more than it would come to."

But not all could see. Dark clouds obscured the sun. Danger of slavery had become very real and terrible when some of the wisest could not see through the fog of personal interest. Negro labor meant money and fortunes. As in a mist men were peering—through which Lincoln, clear visioned could penetrate and say: "This country can not endure half slave and half free!"

No wonder Abraham Lincoln back there in Springfield was sweating as it were great drops of blood, bowed as was one in Gethsemane at the conviction that slavery meant not only negroes but eventually

poor white men in chain gangs under a driver's lash, indignity inhuman, abhorrent to every lover of the race.

BUT FREEDOM WAS NOT DEAD! Even gold came to the rescue!

Long since Congress could not keep up with the people, native-born and pouring in from Europe. The young nation so eager, so inspired by opportunity, ran herself breathless to the Pacific. Two years after gold was discovered 80,000 people in California demanded a state government at once.

"Go ahead!" the blunt soldier-president, Zachary Taylor, told California. "Go ahead, frame a constitution and apply for admission to the Union!" and she did, never waiting to be a territory but leaping at once to statehood, in 1850. And now—ten years later—clamorous California was calling, pleading, demanding a railroad on threat of quitting the Union.

But where were the workers, where the money for such a colossal undertaking. "Impracticable! As well fly to the moon!"

"The wealth of the Indies would be insufficient to build a railroad to the Columbia!" declared Senator Woodbury of New Hampshire. "I thank God for His mercy in placing the Rocky Mountains across the way as an eternal barrier."

Especially loyal was the Puget Sound country whither Simmons had fled with the colored man. As member of the first territorial legislature Colonel Simmons proposed a memorial to Congress to remove the color disability of George Washington Bush that he might be confirmed in his land-claim and live unmolested in the colony he had helped to establish. Congress complied—the courageous fugitive had won his flight for freedom!

Hitherto the greater flow of immigrants had been from the South; but now Oregon was filling with far-

mers from Illinois, men who had listened to the circuit-riding lawyer trying cases, telling stories; men who had sat with him in legislatures and acknowledged him their leader. Who could have imagined that so many of his most ardent friends would soon be hiking over the long trail to the Green Land Far Away? That when the crash came on ebullient prosperity, when banks fell and railroad building halted, that earth, mother earth would lure them to seas and ships on the Pacific?

There had been Wests and Wests, and every new, impatient, important West at some time had threatened a separate entity, but never even the great Jefferson himself dreamed that a handful of feeble Atlantic colonies could embrace the vast unknown. Had not Kentucky once planned an independent state? Had not the entire Mississippi Valley once threatened to rule itself? Had not Texas been a lone star republic? So, here on the Coast some were already planning a separate nation, a new capital and a new congress, a Pacific Republic.

To men whose fathers had fought in the Revolution the thought was intolerable. Jesse Applegate and his brothers were stirred as never before. They, who had all but seen the birth of America, they, who with filial hands had laid in the sod the fifer boy of Washington—

Not slavery now. They felt as did Lincoln, the UNION was paramount.

That Pacific Republic! For three-quarters of a century men have whispered the mere suggestion with bated breath as the extreme acme of traitorism! And yet, had not Applegate on his first entrance to the country, at the very beginning, heard it from the lips of the old chief fur-trader as a matter of course, all that doctrine of trade with China, of wheat and flour

and Asiatic commerce? "The Coast can do more for itself than could Congress." Even while McLoughlin was a babe in a St. Lawrence cradle had not Thomas Jefferson, himself, discussed it with Lewis and Clark when he sent them to seek the mouth of the Columbia? Even he never expected to attach that distant shore to his Atlantean baliwick when the Mississippi was and must forever be the border! Suddenly, mysteriously, Napoleon handed that uttermost Mississippi to Jefferson, a trade, a bauble, a gift to peoples yet unborn. Even within recent years had not the greatest statesman in Congress declared: "The Rocky Mountains will be the western boundary of America?" But—"Women, women have crossed the Rockies!" had kindled a newer cry, a later crusade for homes beyond.

More and more the Coast was awakening to Magnificent Destiny. Immigrants who had dared the desert and the mountains declared "We will not go off into any Pacific Republic. We will not join any confederacy. We belong to the Nation and by it we will stay!" But there came a pause, an electric shock:

Against Lincoln, on the Democratic ticket with John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, Senator Joseph Lane of Oregon was nominee for the vice-presidency on the platform of a Pacific Republic! Feeling that he had law and right on his side Lane cast in his lot with his Dixie kindred. And the chairman of that convention was Caleb Cushing, interested in trade with China.

"Another victim of a false economic theory!" stormed Jesse Applegate, almost in tears. For he had loved Joseph Lane in the most intimate friendship. "All that can save the Coast now is a railroad, something tangible to tie us to the Union!"

But to others: "What honor to Oregon! Joseph Lane, nominated for vice-president on the ticket with Breckenridge!"

Shades of Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson! Was America to be torn wide open, like the explosion of a planet in mid-heaven, into North, South, West? Was America disintegrating, or a nation still in the making? This United States for whom the fathers had fought and bled at King's Mountain and Valley Forge! Ready were many, more than ready to fly to the support of the flag, but—to leave would be fatal. Indians were harrying the overland trail!

And Lane! The suavity of the South was with General Lane, the genial, social spirit that attached itself to the people. Who could resist his persuasive tone? Among stern frontiersmen of the North he moved with easy, friendly grace, the courtesy of the cavalier. Never politician fitted better into a pioneer state.

"He carries Oregon in his vest pocket!" men declared. From that first fall of '49 after his arrival, when weeping Indians across the river from Oregon City bewailed: "White man burn our village! burn winter fish and berries!" and the angry governor ordered the loss to be PAID, it ran like wildfire among the tribes: "A friend, a friend has come to the Indian!" If he tamed the Indian, still more the white man. Pioneers swore by him:

"General Lane is a God-made man. His school has been practical experience with men!"

"Nine years in Congress by successive elections!"

"No one like Joe Lane to get appropriations for Oregon!"

"What do you say?" A wavering crowd at the state capital turned to John Minto. Springing to a platform and raising his right arm his voice rang: "You

ask where I stand in this country to which we owe so much? With TONGUE and PEN and POINTED STEEL I fight for the STARS AND STRIPES!"

"Not slavery now, but the Union at stake!" stirred the Sage of Yoncalla from his seclusion. "This Coast would become a glittering prize for the monarchies of Europe!" As once he toiled to exhaustion for a south road into Oregon, so now he spent his last ounce of energy to visit and influence his old-time friends in the Willamette. Girding up like a prophet of old, tirelessly he undertook a personal canvas on horseback. As he had persuaded Leander Holmes to send his proxy to Horace Greeley, so now he would persuade others for Lincoln. And wherever he halted he left a Union man.

Away back in the forties, leaving precious graves on the overland trail, arrived from Illinois a descendant of those English immortals of the 1600's, a man of letters, settling in the backwoods and opening a log school from which was to spring future governors, judges, and senators. Ten years later, sensing the black cloud of a rising storm William L. Adams removed to Oregon City, bought up the old *Spectator* press and established a Republican journal, *The Argus*. It was a daring step.

"My father?" Inez Eugenia Adams, twelve-year-old first lady type-setter Beyond the Rockies, turned from her case to greet Jesse Applegate. "If you ask for my father, he is away, with two revolvers and a bowie-knife in his belt, writing editorials on his knee and stumping the state for Lincoln."

At Portland Simeon Francis, for twenty years editor of *The Sangamo Journal* at Springfield, was in charge of *The Oregonian*. "Simeon always did believe Mr. Lincoln had a famous career ahead of him!" His wife used to say. It was in their Springfield parlor

that Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd made up their minds to be married. No wonder the veteran editor was out "to save the Coast for Lincoln."

For ten years David Logan, son of Lincoln's former partner in Springfield, had been an attorney on the Coast, one to whom the tall flatboatman in moccasins, buckskin breeches and a coonskin cap poling down the Sangamon had been a boyhood memory, and now—at his urgent solicitation—

Edward Dickinson Baker—"the peerless orator," hardly second to General Lane for honors in the Mexican war, bearing a sword for valor in battle, twice sent by Illinois to Congress—Colonel Baker had come to campaign for his friend in a voice that rang like a bugle through the pioneer state. The same vote that helped to elect Lincoln carried Edward Dickinson Baker to Congress from Oregon.

NEWS! NEWS! The Coast must have NEWS of the Nation!" Fast, faster, on the verge of collapse America was speeding, lifting itself like a giant before the crash. On April 3, 1860, the first Pony Express galloped out of St. Joseph along the old Oregon Trail—Kansas—Nebraska—Forts Kearney—Laramie—Bridger—down over the Sublette Cut-off—by night, by day, sometimes chased by Indians—

"Pony Express! Pony Express!"

Thrilled, to the marrow plodding emigrants caught a gleam, a clatter of hoofs, a close-capped boy lying low on a flying steed had gone by—centaur of 1860. A year later, in March, 1861, from St. Joseph to Sacramento in seven days seven hours the flying boy carried an inaugural address from—

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES!"

California—all but lost—was saved, by the Pony Express. Before the year ended a telegraph line flashed lightning from sea to sea.

More and more the great house under the Eagle Peak had become a center of hospitality, almost an inn on the Oregon-California highway. Distinguished travelers made a path to the door where the Sage of Yoncalla, a model host, entertained after the manner of Jefferson at Monticello. With the flames of his eight-foot fireplace glinting on chandeliers overhead—three chandeliers in the baronial dining hall—Jesse Applegate carved and discoursed of human brotherhood as the secret of social happiness.

Two new senators had gone to Washington, Edward Dickinson Baker, and James W. Nesmith, the one-time emigrant boy just out of the regular army still in his ragged regimentals, who, as a herder, sat nightly at Jesse Applegate's campfire imbibing wisdom as from an elder brother. "I have no education", he had lamented.

"*Educate yourself!*" came back the answer. "Here is a copy of Shakespeare. Make it your own." That hour kindled aspirations of a life-time. And now, in this time of crisis it was "Jimmy" Nesmith who had the ear of Lincoln:

"Build the road, Mr. President! Hold the Coast to loyalty! Twenty years ago, in '43, I, myself, traversed every inch of that overland route with Captain Applegate, deputy-United States surveyor-general of Missouri, who at the head of the cow-column of the first big emigration with his own compass proved it could be done. Often he exclaimed: 'Needs only the rails, only the rails, Jimmy! Wherever cattle and wagons can go a railroad can make a way.'"

And ever after Abraham Lincoln was to find James W. Nesmith a staff and encouragement in time of trouble.

Along with other officials in Oregon a new secretary of state had been elected, a dear friend of the Sage who needed a bondsman for \$60,000—a considerable sum for the pioneers—but with his customary sense of responsibility Uncle Jesse's pen was ready—too ready. "Nothing, nothing should be withheld in this hour of stress!" He signed the bond that business might proceed without delay.

Feeling now that a great crisis of his country had been met, that he could retire to the life of study and contemplation that he loved, the Sage of Yoncalla was startled one day by a call from the canyons of the Calapooias:

"Gineral Lane! In throuble, sorr! Shot!" Excitedly an Irish teamster had galloped for aid.

Visions of Indian bandits spurred Jesse Applegate as forth he hastened to the aid of his beloved General, alone, wounded, dying perhaps in the wolf-haunted, wild Calapooias. Never a call so dramatic, not even in days of Indian battle.

What memories of his gallantry arose! "Marion of the Mexican War," the Chesterfieldian ex-governor whose plume swept the ground when he bowed to the ladies, the wizard at vote-getting, the idol and the pride of his people. Fly! fly! oh, that wings might speed to his rescue!

They found him, bleeding, distressed, dismayed, shot by an accident, a dislodged gun in the rocky Calapooias—in the same arm, the heroic arm, wounded at Mexican Buena Vista, the same arm that had been pierced, too, by an Indian arrow on his way to that unforgettable treaty at Table Rock.

"No time for questions now! We must take him home!" Carefully, tenderly, out of the deep muddy bogs of the mountains, the ex-governor, senator, general, Joseph Lane, was borne to Yoncalla; past the sun-dial in the rose-garden, up the massive pillared portico, up the wide echoing stairway to the high mahogany four-poster in the familiar chamber where Senator Lane had been an honored guest in happier years. "Ding-dong!" all the great iron clocks in the mansion were striking the hour.

"Quick, Cynthia, bring water, bring bandages! This wound must be dressed! Where are my sons? Dispatch Daniel Webster for Dr. Dagan!" the fat, little, red-faced Dutch doctor who with his little nag Rachel drawing the high-seated sulky—built for him by Alexander McClellan—was a familiar figure bouncing among Indians and whites all over Yoncalla. As Dr. Dagan once was reputed to say his prayers to Jesse Applegate, so now he worked and prayed for Joseph Lane.

But there were rumors afloat: That up from San Francisco on the same steamer with Joseph Lane had come shocking, amazing, astounding news! that on account of the election of Abraham Lincoln the Southern States had *seceded*, had fired on Fort Sumter! Civil War! and that Joseph Lane had come believing he could carry with him all the Coast into a Pacific Republic. Stunned, silent were the erstwhile noisy settlements. No salutes were fired in his honor. No welcoming huzzas rent the skies, nor shouts of joyous acclaim. Home had the ex-senator come to a hostile reception.

Never situation more dramatic confronted the Sage, not even in those days when Her Majesty's fleet penetrated Pacific waters over the disputed Oregon boundary. And again, as then, as if divinely

ordained, Jesse Applegate was the Intermediary, the Conciliator, the Peacemaker.

"God has thrown him into my care! He is my friend, a sweet and gentle soul who has done brave deeds for his country. I shall protect him!"

Sheltered from public wrath, certain of the warm friendship that enfolded him, confident of aid, with childlike simplicity Joseph Lane revealed his desire to go with the South—Jesse Applegate lifted a restraining finger:

"Be quiet, my dear General, do not excite yourself! You are delirious, you are weak from loss of blood!" and gently, oh, so gently, the Sage of Yoncalla adjusted the pillows, dissuading his too impetuous friend from the rash undertaking. Let some future Shakespeare tell the tale of this Oregon Damon and Pythias in the fratricidal days of the sixties.

Perhaps not in vain had the Revolutionary flag been lost in the Columbia and the survivors thrown as suppliants into the arms of McLoughlin. Perhaps, not in vain had Jesse Applegate counceled with the red men in a three months' friendly potlatch. Not in vain had he persuaded British traders to join the provisional compact and that now, prostrate in his own care lay his bosom friend, the fiery southern cavalier.

"Yes, General, many of us are from the South, and so is Lincoln, and more of us are from the North. *We cannot be divided!* Remember your great deed at Table Rock, your distinguished service in the Mexican War and in Congress for the flag of your country. *That* is the heart of Joseph Lane."

With head drooped as in collapse the weary, distressed and troubled ex-senator smiled and fell asleep, safe in the hands of his friends. Shading the

candles they tiptoed out, the Sage whispering to Cynthia Ann:

“His own genial nature and popularity have brought him into this, and his love for his native South. He is sincere. He went with his kindred. We understand. We can forgive. He will recover!” And he did, reluctantly but gracefully yielding to the mandate of the people, retiring to private life at his ranch at Roseburg on the Umpqua.

“A fine old man! A fine old man!” said the pioneers, recalling his services to the Indian-beleaguered territory in the long-ago and in the course of time sending both his son and his grandson to Congress.

XXXVI

THE HEART OF A LOVER

IN THE midst of war excitements came the shock of his life to Jesse Applegate. Gertrude, the dearest, the most like himself of any, Gertrude, his daughter, would marry one who would disrupt the Union!

Disloyalty in my own family?" Jesse Applegate was stunned. A silence that could be felt paralyzed the household. "*Gertrude?* Preposterous! Unbelievable! Marry that man? Never! In anxiety about the country have I lost the heart of my own child?"

In vain remonstrance. In vain commands. All the militant fire of Jesse Applegate's Revolutionary father kindled within him. "*I forbid the marriage!*" But commands were unavailing. Discipline too late. Women were ever thus. Deaf to entreaty, deaf to commands, with a kiss for her mother and an outstretched arm toward the wrath of her father, Gertrude, the most beautiful, the adored of the flock, fled with her lover—

"Over the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, beyond the day
The happy princess followed him."

"Out of my own household!—NEVER—TO—RETURN!" Gone with the South—her name to be spoken no more! Bitterly Uncle Jesse bemoaned the calamity that had all but nullified his own strenuous efforts in the cause of his country. Like David of old the broken man bowed:

"Oh, that I had died for thee! My daughter, O my daughter!" Age came upon him suddenly. His

eyes grew dim with tears of unavailing sorrow. The sunstroke that smote Jesse Applegate in the Sink of the Humboldt years before and from which he had never fully recovered felled him again. They feared for his reason.

And Gertrude—it is related that once when her young and handsome husband was making a stirring appeal for a Pacific Republic a company of Union soldiers came marching by. At sight of the flag, springing to her feet and waving her handkerchief "HURRAH!" cried Gertrude. "HURRAH FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN!" Three cheers came back and the flag dipped in her honor.

Hope flared when Jesse Applegate heard of it. He arose from his bed. "Child of my heart, she is loyal still! She will return!" But an invitation sent was promptly declined.—"Never, without my husband." That was Gertrude.

To escape the tumult and tragedy of civil war thousands fled to the Pacific. San Francisco met the first crippled soldiers with tears and cheers and gifts of gold. Some drifted down the Columbia, but more turned aside to amazing treasure-houses scattered all over inland Oregon where recent immigrants had camped and dug and fought the savage.

But what was gold to Jesse Applegate struggling with a heart breaking, ever ruminating, wondering, relenting: "My father was a martinet. Reared in the Revolutionary army he demanded unquestioning obedience. Am I, too, become a martinet?" At long last an invitation was sent: "Come home, my child, and bring your husband."

One day a message summoned the Sage to his mansion. "Hurry! Hurry! Dr. Dagan is here."

Slowly, almost unbelieving, the Sage ascended the stairs, the same stairs up which Joseph Lane had been carried. He stood without the same door, knocked, hesitated, leaning heavily against the door-post, trembling, weeping, until the stalwart man of massive frame heard a mysterious cry within.

"Father! Father!"

He opened the door. Cynthia was bending above her child almost hidden in pillows on the vast snowy bed. Gertrude, the banished, beloved, Gertrude—had—come—home—with a babe upon her bosom. And North and South, East and West, were one forever.

This, all this was long and long ago, in that Homeric, Arcadian time when America was in the making, before the railroad crossed the Rockies in the Morning of the World.

XXXVII
IN THE DAYS OF HARVEY SCOTT

1863

CAN YOU not help us out with the library, Harvey?" Judge Shattuck detained the boy studying law in his Portland office. "I have already recommended you as one that reads everything, remembers everything."

"Help at the library? *Will I?*" As an eagle falls upon its prey Harvey Scott ripped the iron-bound boxes just arriving "around the Horn," lifted the far-traveled treasures, examining them one by one, and placing them on the shelves in an upper room over the new Ladd and Tilton Bank, the first bank, the first library Beyond the Rockies.

"No doubt he can be found at the library," became the stereotyped reply out of office hours, where Harvey lived with the books, slept with them, devoured them day and night. Here, amid a little coterie of scholarly young men were forged the friendships of a lifetime. Ships might come, and ships might go, but hither foregathered the sons of "the captains," to discuss the Civil War raging in the old home land—Civil War, upshot of the election of Abraham Lincoln.

As if to their questioning now and then the report of a cannon shook the city.

"Hark! What is that?"

"Only the *Brother Jonathan* coming in after gold."

Instantly the library would be deserted, the boys flying down to meet an ocean liner, a floating palace, rounding with all Portland at the shore.

As the hound scents the fox, Harvey Scott was there, after news, and newspapers. Theoretically, already he knew every great editor in America; and every great general.

"You must take care of your eyes!" again cautioned the judge, his former teacher.

"I am not conscious of having any eyes!" laughed the youth, accustomed to read eighteen hours a day without fatigue.

And again it was: "Harvey, can you not help us out with *The Oregonian*? a paragraph or so?"

Judge Shattuck, most of the business men of Portland, were fostering *The Oregonian*. Its birth, its christening, its very existence was coincident with the days when Coffin and Chapman, two of the city founders, discovered an itinerant editor in San Francisco seeking a spot to plant his press. Triumphantly they brought him home, sitting up with the infant newspaper nights, rocking it days, until a mere kid of a boy, not much larger than a twelve-year-old, came trudging down over the Barlow Road, all but barefooted, penniless, asking for work.

"You, what can you do!"

"Set type. I helped on my father's paper at Pittsburg."

In need of help, almost in despair, the editor handed the boy a screed hastily written: "Show what you can do with *that* for your board and clothes!"

Rolling up his sleeves in that small and dingy shack on a chilly November morning of 1853, stepping up on a box to reach his case, accurately, prophetically, Henry L. Pittock set up an account of the negotiations between Commodore Perry and the Japanese Government for the opening of the ports of Japan.

"The boy" owned *The Oregonian* now.

Unable to pay accumulated wages, after seven struggling years the editor had turned the paper over to "Little Pittock," or the "Little Commodore" as he was known in the town. Invaluable keeper of the books, collector of accounts, living in the office, sleeping on a shelf under the counter, without fail the little printer had swept, set type, inked the rollers, tugged at the mankilling lever of the hand-press. Was the editor gone, as he was most of the time, the Little Commodore was there! All would be well, stock or no stock, even on wrapping paper, out came *The Oregonian*.

During the great excitement of the Cascade massacre when all the young men in town rushed away on the *Jennie Clark*, with pumping heart the boy watched them steam out. The office was deserted.

"I *wanted* to go!" he wailed afterward. "But the *paper* had to be made up! I managed somehow to set type enough to fill up, locked the forms, put them on the press and ran off the entire edition which was then considerable. It was literally the hardest work I ever did in my life, and I have never before, nor since, been so worn out. I got home, went to bed, and the burning down of a house across the street was not sufficient to rouse me."

And now the whole plant belonged to the Little Commodore, turned over to him in 1860.

Never could he forget those exhausting hours with the old hand press. Leaving on the next boat for San Francisco, Henry Pittock bought a cylinder press, arranging for news by mail, and on a February day of 1861 a daily first appeared on the streets of Portland, with, marvellously, almost miraculously Simeon Francis of Springfield, Illinois, as the first editor of *The Morning Oregonian*.

"A daily?—In Portland!" men shook their heads in doubt: "He never can make it go!" But placid,

imperturbable, by boat, by letter, by courier, and finally by telegraph, the nervy young owner behind the paper spent every cent he could raise for news, exerting the last ounce of his energy to keep it going, often returning to his room on Saturday night without a dollar in his pocket. "But, thank God, the men are paid!"

Who could have guessed the future!

Barely was the new press ready when war-drums shook the nation. Everybody scrambled for the news, far up in the valleys and away off among the gold miners. On the Yamhill Reservation, spy glass in hand, Little Phil Sheridan would ride to the top of a lofty hill, scanning the valley for a postman: "I am afraid the war will be over before I can get there!" Grant was already gone for years from Vancouver, and Handsome Hooker had finished his road through Umpqua Canyon to become Fighting Joe Hooker of the Union Army.

Newsboys began rushing:

"*Oregonian! Oregonian* extra! Big battle fought! One hundred thousand killed!" In far-off mining camps papers went at a dollar a copy.

After four suspensive years, rang the cry: "*Oregonian! Oregonian* extra! Little Benny Selling, news-boy on the street, joyously was shouting: "Lee's surrendered!"

Men wept for joy, and congratulated one another: "The war is over!" Bells rang. Cannons were fired. Windows were illuminated with candles.

Four days. And again it was: "Harvey, Harvey, can you not help us out on *The Oregonian?*"

Judge Shattuck's face was white as paper. His voice sounded hollow and far away. Little Pittock had sent for Harvey, and at sight of Pittock's wan

and anguished face, young Scott, himself, felt a sudden stopping of the heart.

"What is it? Another dispatch?"

"Harvey, read!" the air was close. Oppressive. He could not breathe.

Crowded with traders that April morning of '65, the little city of 5,000 was hushed, terrified, as if the very ground had given way beneath their feet. Everywhere ran breathless, excited newsboys: "*Oregonian*, *Oregonian* extra! extra!"

Little Benny Selling was sobbing: "Lincoln—*assassinated!*"

Men swayed, grasped the sheet. Some fainted. The end of the Republic had come! The sky turned black, when Lincoln died. To an imaginative mind, almost the cataclysm that attended the crucifixion of our Saviour might have been observed throughout the nation, universal fear, dread, shock.

And Harvey? Had not the great president been Our Lincoln since the very day when first he heard the name at his father's table?

Born within six days of Lincoln and within eighteen miles of the same spot, heirs of the same blood-strain and environment, no wonder John Tucker Scott looked upon the great President as of his own kindred. "Mr. Lincoln? I met him often at the Tazewell county courthouse. When he had a case the whole countryside gathered. I see him yet, striding down, stretching his long arm in a hearty grip: 'Glad to see you, Mr. Scott! Good morning! Good morning!'"

Grasping a patriot's pen, Harvey Scott wrote "The Great Atrocity," published in *The Oregonian*, April 17, 1865. Simeon Francis was already gone, appointed by Lincoln paymaster in the army with the rank of major at Fort Vancouver.

Immediately Harvey Scott was called to the chief editorship. Oregon had found a voice that for forty years was to sound the call for national unity, popular self-government, and social responsibility. As if Ben Franklin had stepped out of his niche in the Hall of the Fathers, a newer, younger American took up the role of public instructor in the Garden of the World, brought hither, men said, "for such a time as this." "What makes *The Oregonian* go?" "Because it supports the Union."

For forty years the "fighting editor" kept Oregon awake. Was there a wrong? "Where is my pen until I scorch it!" He loved his work. Never paper was more the voice of the people, their spokesman, their oracle. To this far-flung fragment of America this serious and decent newspaper was a sacred institution. Old pioneers read it as they read their Bibles, and as newcomers filtered in, they, too, became disciples in its school of honesty, industry, sobriety, and loyalty.

Life partners in a great work, Scott said: "It is Pittock who made *The Oregonian*." Pittock said: "Scott made *The Oregonian*." From days in the fifties when a tired boy folding papers by hand beside a smelly kerosene lamp, Mr. Pittock remained ever placid, just, temperate, conscious of an honest purpose in life. "Little Pittock" never grew up: he was always short and small, in contrast with Harvey Scott, stern, tall, leonine, almost *too* terrible, sometimes. So, often, in political battles the two were characterized as "the short man on the ground floor and the tall man in the tower" of *The Oregonian* building that long overtopped the rest of the city.

Familiar with the ox-whip, the axe, the gun, of pioneer ancestry since before the Revolution, all the virtues, and the failings, of the pioneer were his; the solitary self-communing; loving companionship

yet finding few to keep pace with his researches; an opponent of extravagant living, a monologist not unlike Jesse Applegate, pouring forth his vast learning in columns of his paper, Harvey Scott left a greater impress upon his state than any governor, senator or congressman.

But a second editor arose, brilliant, resourceful, determined—Abigail.

Had she not known Harvey from infancy, taught him, fought him, dared him, scared him, paced him, chased him in all the joyous exuberance of childhood and youth, kept step with him in spite of a university? She, too, had a message for the world, a voice for liberty, equal to that of her big brother up there in *The Oregonian* tower, dominating the city.

Harvey Scott began editing *The Oregonian* in that memorable April, 1865. Seven years later, to his own surprise, and, perhaps, that of others, his sister Abigail bought a printing press and started a paper of her own, *The New Northwest*, advocating political equality for women; political equality! unthinkable in those days; and, a few years later, this time with the cooperation of Mr. Pittock himself, another sister, Catherine Amanda, became editor of *The Evening Telegram*: three of the Scott family, at the same time, editing newspapers in the city of Portland.

But Abigail and Harvey! Sometimes with a smile Harvey would say as to a wilful child: "Crusading again, Abby? The day of crusades is over!"—that tolerant smile that sent her flaming! Why *could* men not understand, even comprehend an intellectual woman's deep-seated demand for ordinary, reasonable recognition? Were women fools? When had Harvey's judgment proved superior to hers? In vain his terrific eyebrows bristled at her reply:

"Harvey, why do we still live under laws handed down from a barbaric past when women were chattels? Not one of these American-born, intelligent, self-directing pioneer mothers has any legal existence. Not one has been admitted to citizenship, though aliens sail in by thousands to swamp our country."

In vain Mr. Scott tried to ignore his sister's campaign, but as years went by and fiercer grew the suffrage battle now and then the lion would make a low rumble: "Abby! Abby! Such discourses are not becoming!" It mortified the great editor that sometimes hoodlums hooted and booed his venturesome sister. She should be quiet. Like most of the world at that time Mr. Scott had doubts about the wisdom of women in politics. That was the last straw. Mad-dened, exasperated that any opponent could be of her own household, Abigail threw herself into the struggle, cheered, encouraged, upheld by her lion-hearted father, John Tucker Scott—born with a sense of justice.

Sat not the sturdy pioneer every Sunday at the feet of Henry Ward Beecher, foremost apostle of citizenship for negroes and women? Often when the family was starting for the college church he would say "I think I will listen to Mr. Beecher today," taking down a volume of sermons that kept him in touch with the latest. Deeply religious, he had named his first born son Harvey Whitefield, for the famous London preacher, George Whitefield, who came to America converting thousands. He would have his Harvey a Whitefield; and Abigail, was named for Abigail Adams, America's first stateswoman, who begged her husband to write equal suffrage into the Constitution, even as Thomas Jefferson wished to write in the abolition of slavery.

Here, now, where rolls the Columbia was staged a battle royal: a brave woman, a great woman, a dauntless woman, demanding larger horizons for pioneer mothers who had conquered the American Desert. It was the bursting of the chrysalis, from the day when women received equal donation land claims with their husbands. More and more these heroic women understood Abigail, as they knew and understood her big brother. Light was dawning in their narrow, harrassed, and overburdened lives. More and more they, too, were beginning to ask:

"Can we own nothing, make contracts, or buy or sell?"

"No," answered the Law. "Everything belongs to your husband. He is the citizen. Legally you have nothing, wages, property, children, nor your own self!" Not even could Abigail carry on a little millinery business under her own name—financially it belonged to her husband.

"How then about our donation land claims? *Are they not ours?*" Too often pioneer fathers sold or traded their wives' claims as their own. "Sign on the dotted line." Of course! Why not? Who ever heard of objecting? No wonder spirited women followed Abigail. Even Nancy Morrison down by the sea, and Martha Ann Minto, sometimes called the "musket member" of the suffragists from that bridal gift of the long ago.

And Abigail was a tall and gracious lady. People were glad to know her for her own sake, as well as because she was the sister of Harvey Scott. But when she hurled the defi, the whole state was on tip-toe. Governors and judges applauded, quoted her witty philippics, encouraged her eloquence. For fifty years she traveled, wrote and lectured in legislative halls, in log schoolhouses, wherever an audience could

be gathered. And year after year, however she was voted down, Abigail bounced up again, until, finally, her conservative brother admitted: "I might as well give up fighting equal suffrage. It is coming anyway!"

Not until he was laid in dust did her banner triumph at the polls, but when the governor placed in her hand a pen to sign the constitutional amendment making equal suffrage a law of the land, Abigail had won. In all his forty editorial years, great man that he was, Harvey Scott never met a foeman more worthy of his steel than his brave and gallant sister Abigail who fought in protest against the age-long effacement of women. Abigail and Harvey, their names shine together, educators of the state, heralds of a Greater Tomorrow.

Even while this story is going to press Oregon is dedicating Gutzon Borglum's colossal bronze of Harvey Whitefield Scott, thirty feet high, pointing out over the Columbia where he was wont to rule as mentor, schoolmaster and almost lawgiver. In his own words: "ALAS FOR THE LAND THAT HAS NO HEROES, OR HAS FORGOTTEN THEM!"

He belongs to the whole Northwest where as a lad: "To protect the homes of pioneers I chased Indians from Seattle to the Cascade Mountains." Ever welcome guests at his office were his old commander, Captain Shaw, "Red Head" of Indian fame; Uncle Johnny Minto who never missed a legislature in his entire lifetime, and all the forelopers who tramped 2,000 miles by ox-team to blaze a star on the Pacific.

XXXVIII

THE TREASURE SHIPS

WHEN Phil Sheridan hurried up to the Cascade battle in '56, steamboats were already blowing their bugles on the Columbia, echoing far back into the Klikitat hills. The red men heard, with wonder. More devilment of the white man! Always in danger of Indian attack, well knowing that every rocky point was an Indian fortress, that every massive boulder hid a savage, slowly, cautiously, the venturesome first little side-wheelers hugged close the Oregon shore to avoid hot shot from Kamaiakán's people fighting back civilization.

But now, no more. Kamaiakán the Great had fled, defeated in a spectacular battle. No longer the robber chieftain of the gorge stood on the heights and shook his plume challenging: "Who goes there?" with showers of arrows. No more in his state pirogue the Yakima king ploughed the Columbia demanding, "Tribute or your life!"

Like earlier conflicts with France and Spain and the savage for an open Ohio-Mississippi, strung all along with the forts of future cities like Pittsburg, Louisville, Saint Louis, New Orleans, so now America was winning an open Columbia. Not guns and arrows alone, but natural obstacles held back the aggressive white man. What sleepless nights the Portland captains spent overcoming problems of transportation!

"Those river caves are strewn with beads and bales of Indian goods," Dr. McLoughlin used to say.

"Our voyageurs were forbidden to run the rapids. But they sometimes disobeyed!"

Ever since '49, returning miners had frequented the forge of the village blacksmith:

"Mr. Terwilliger, when you pounded out that metal on your wagon tire, were the nuggets like these?" tossing a handful on the anvil.

"Like these? Yes!" The stout iron-worker brought now down his hammer to see them flatten. "I know it was gold, but we never thought of gold then! The fact is, we were tired and hungry and tried to fish in a swift running stream beside the camp. Looking for sinkers, the boys picked up some yellow pebbles, and I hammered a few, to shape them. Yes, they were nuggets. We could have filled our blue buckets with them. That is all I know about the Blue Bucket Mine we hear so much about."

But "The Blue Bucket! The Blue Bucket!" became a slogan.

The story would not down. There was gold up there in the vast and vacant sageland where Steve Meek's "lost company" had wandered until twenty of them died. Terwilliger knew gold now. In the rush to California he had sailed on the brig *Henry* and come back with nuggets—a gunnysackful. Gold! Gold! What a craze! And now—even Oregon rivers were paved with it, if *only* one could find where they left the blue bucket! !

Twenty million dollars had been taken out of the Rogue. Ten million from Gold Beach. But a new sun had risen. In a day, like flocks of birds, miners on the Gold Beach lifted their wings and flew away. All at once steamboats, sailboats, every possible carrier was congested with miners pressing, crowding, rushing up the Columbia. Mad for diggings new, ocean steamships came racing in. A thousand men at a trip

the *Brother Jonathan* brought from San Francisco. Oregon volunteers, who had avenged Whitman in the Cayuse war, who had rescued Governor Stevens on his way home from the Blackfoot country, and immigrants themselves who with wives and babies had toiled down the awesome cascade-curtained River of the West, back now hastened to the Inland Empire.

And a miracle happened!

Searching for the river that flowed over golden pebbles none could be sure they had found the Blue Bucket Mine, for all at once every creek and gulch and canyon seemed to hold the precious possibility—gold, lying often in handfuls, weathered by ages, unheeded, ungathered. Where fifty years before one of Astor's men, waylaid by Indians, stripped naked, wandered and starved and never did fairly recover his reason, poor John Day, stumbling over gold, sleeping on gold and knowing it not—on the John Day River a thousand miners were picking up fortunes.

As the miners went along they picked out donation land claims, erected their cabins, and eastern Oregon became settled. Grain was sown, and land that once seemed desert bloomed with golden wheat, eighty bushels to the acre out of inexhaustible volcanic ash. In the verdant Grande Ronde, La Grande sprang in a night; and out of a mining camp Baker City took its rise, named for Edward Dickinson Baker who had fallen, sword in hand, at the head of his troop at the fateful battle of Ball's Bluff in Virginia. Every road from Baker led to a gold mine. Even to-day, out of those Blue Mountains where struggled the heroes of the forties and fifties, fortunes are taken every year. Roads were opened and counties organized—the magical result in the wake of gold.

Now it was said that Indians were picking up nuggets on the Yakima. Now, in the Spokane land. One day a friendly Nez Perce said to an old gold-hunter: "One night with two of my people I slept in a canyon deep and dark. High in the rocky sides we saw an eye of light. It watched us all night, and we watched it. In the morning we looked. It was fast in the rock; we could not move it. It was great medicine, and we left it there."

That old gold hunter rested not, led to that "eye of light" in the golden Orofino by Indian Jane, Chief Timothy's daughter. From this came the Salmon River rush and the settlement of the future Idaho, with mine after mine producing millions.

Carrying the miners and their supplies put a fleet of forty steamers on the waters, sounding their resonant steam sirens far away on the Snake and the Upper Columbia to the borders of Canada. Fort Walla Walla, greater than in the old fur-trading days, was dispatching long trains of pack-mules and freight wagons, toiling, toiling back and forth to meet the transports from the sea. At the least slackening in returns the miners passed on to diggings new, on over the Bitter Root Mountains into Montana.

Joaquin Miller, who with his parents came with the train of '52, now, just out of school, as he himself says, "rode into the heart of the then unknown and un-named Idaho and Montana; gold dust was as wheat in the harvest time; I and another born to the saddle, formed an express line, and carried letters in from the Oregon River, and gold dust out, gold dust by the horseload after horseload, till we earned all the gold we wanted. Such rides! and each alone! Indians holding the plunging horses ready for us at relays. Those matchless night rides under the stars, dashing into the orient doors of dawn—this brought

my love of song to the surface," and Joaquin Miller became the Poet of the Sierras. And Joaquin Miller, too, named Idaho, coining the beautiful word out of the Indian "*E-dah-how*, the sun comes down the mountains."

As gold had made Jacksonville and other settlements of southern Oregon, so gold was making Lewiston, Boise, and Helena where Portland merchants met Mississippi steamers up the Missouri with merchandise for miners in the land where Lewis and Clark trod sixty years before.

It was the harvest time for little steamers, ascending even the smallest Oregon rivers, Tualatin, Santiam and Yamhill, after food for the miners. Farmers, merchants, fathers, sons and grandsons went into steamboats. From Portland to Eugene the Willamette was alive with little craft named for pretty girls who had married their captains. *Carrie Ladd* answered the *Jennie Clark*, the *Senorita*, the *Belle* and the *Mary*, and up the Columbia from Portland to Lewiston freight varied from \$40. to \$120. a ton in 20-dollar gold pieces.

Up, up they went, the palatial *Daisy Ainsworth* or the *Mountain Queen* climbing the staircase of the Columbia, on up into the heart of Idaho with beans, bacon and flour, Joe Watt's Oregon blankets and tools for the miners.

Coming back, now and then at high water a steamer ran over Celilo Falls or The Dalles rapids and lived to tell the tale. What melody through the very heart of the mountains! All day long the fluting of the packets bringing gold down the Columbia, past ancient islands of Indian dead, past black and jagged rocks, rapids and islets their mellow whistles echoing from Wind Mountain to Vista Point, where today stands a million-dollar monument to the pioneers.

Let the grandson of Rachel Kindred or any other captain make but an error, graze but a ledge, and a sunken ship would bury its head in river sands, as did happen when the *Daisy Ainsworth* went down with two hundred head of fat cattle, lost in the yawning water.

Richer than Spanish galleons of old—a single boat sometimes bringing down a ton of gold dust in her strong box—panting, puffing little side-wheelers, stern-wheelers, quivering from stem to stern like living, sentient creatures, raced each other down to Portland, until in ten years ships out of the Columbia carried more than one-hundred-and-forty- millions in bullion to be coined in the United States mint at San Francisco.

In these days the Columbia country was producing more gold even than California, as boat after boat deeply laden rounded to and brought up to Portland wharves, captains shouting into their speaking tubes, engine bells a-jingling, whistle-valves sending weird echoes back into Willamette hills. Long-whiskered miners with buckskin bags of dust were stumbling over decks blocked with gold bricks and bars, every eye looking for a familiar face.

And there was Captain Couch in his high-collared brass-buttoned blue coat, always on his dock, the genial host at the threshold, his hand out to welcome noisy river fleets from the interior, or to speed the departing ocean liner, *Brother Jonathan*, or the *Sierra Nevada*, firing farewell salvos that shook the city. A feature, a fixture of his time, personally known to every man, woman and child in Portland, courteous Captain Couch had still the spell of the harbor upon him.

Long since he had discarded life on the sea. No more hazardous trips around the Horn. No more

ice-gripping winters in the North Atlantic. In reality, now, Captain Couch saw his sacred Columbia covered, swarming with shipping: the serried forest dissolving into homes and hostelryes, and overhead, soaring and sailing in the sun, the silver swans sought still their old nesting place on Swan Island.

"Strange obsession that, those birds! Can't be driven away!" muttered the Captain.

"Is not this a Gateway to the Rockies, Mr. Terwilliger?" Captain Couch hailed the blacksmith as he passed the red flame of his forge in the morning. "What other river in the world is such a natural ship canal, such a trunk line into the heart of a producing country? And yet, not a house, not a trail into timber unbroken when we two drove stakes to tie the city here!"

"Yes, yes, Captain, we drove a good stake!" Terwilliger sent a cloud of sparks upward, sinewy Terwilliger, whose Dutch ancestors had helped build New Amsterdam before it was New York City.

Nosing here and there into evergreen jungles, meeting little red apple boats piled to the gunnels, the captain's side-wheeler, the *John H. Couch*, was gathering food to go on the steamers—applies, thousands of boxes, bacon and flour and cheese and salmon—salmon sweeping into the mouth of the river ready to leap into the boats to feed the miners.

"A gold mine in salmon right here!" But no one heeded—yet. Salmon were as water beneath their feet, flowing away.

Before he carried wheat Captain Couch took salmon, singing out to Honolulu merchants: "Best Columbia Chinook, ten dollars a barrel!" taking in exchange whatever they had for The River, the only Pacific river. But Honolulu no more. Portland itself was the emporium for a territory larger than all New

England, the Middle States, and half the South—a territory to be carven into three colossal states, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and half of Montana and Wyoming. Wholesalers—in those days of gold—could hardly keep up with their orders, the rush of freight to docks so great that drays and trucks stood in line for days to get their turn at delivering. Did he hear: “How are things going, Captain?”

“All drawing sail to the best advantage!” Puffing at his pipe, contentedly now Captain Couch could sit on his porch and shoot a duck for dinner on his own lake, until Mrs. Couch grew tired of “duck for dinner.” A whirr of wings: now and then a goose would rise; now and then a stately swan. Gazing upward did he foresee with Leonardo da Vinci: “Man shall fly like a mighty swan?”

“Let us tame some for the lake!” said his wife, scattering crumbs. And Couch’s Lake would glisten with arching snowy necks, dipping coral beaks, floating curves, a poet’s song, an artist’s dream, pride of the park of a pioneer.

From Newburyport, by way of Panama, Mrs. Couch had come with the daughters, and the captain took them to a cabin far back in the woods. But even the woods were disappearing. “Faster than I expected!” The Captain took a reminiscent pinch of snuff. “Rain, did you say? Razors and hones, my dear Caroline! water is the first requisite of civilization, and Oregon has water, water, until yonder whole mountain range has taken the name, Cascades! And is not the Columbia bluer than the Merrimac at Newburyport, Caroline? Attracting more ships?” With all this potential power, he, too, like Joseph Watt, saw vast industries, Tomorrow.

Aboard ship, like most captains, the rule of John H. Couch was absolute. He would brook no dictation,

or interference or even suggestion. But at home, graceful Mrs. Couch with shining satin hair, wide lace collar and long ear-rings, could lead him with a ribbon.

And did the Captain embroider with many expletives, indulgently Mrs. Couch would smile: "It is the Captain's *way*!" A very sweet and gentle lady, she never failed to take him to church on Sunday, more than proud of the Yankee tar who had brought her from the finest home in Newburyport to a backwoods cabin on the Columbia. Sitting at her side in black silk tie and snowy waistcoat, sedate as an angel, the preacher could always count on a liberal contribution from Brother Couch.

But more than gold was coming now in the treasure-ships—wool, wool, wool. Joseph Watt, John Minto and others had sent fine flocks and herders over the Barlow Trail into the great ranges east of the Cascades, and back came wool, until Portland became the wool capital of America, second only to Boston to this day.

As out of Pacific mines came gold to pay for the Civil War, so, into Boston harbor in '63 came Joseph Watt's unexpected first shipment of Oregon wool for soldier's army overcoats. Five years later Joseph Watt, optimistic dreamer, ahead of his time, took the first shipload of Willamette wheat to a foreign shore. "Something wrong! This wheat is damaged. It has been soaked!" In vain explanations. Liverpool merchants had never seen such plump white kernels, and the beautiful wheat had to go at a loss. But he had broken the way. A few years later grain ships in fleets made Portland one of the largest wheat-exporting points in America. And still Oregon was bursting with wheat, stacked upon river shores waiting for transportation, rivers of wheat that turned to gold.

Such became the pressure of traffic that no longer could treasure ships risk long and dangerous sailings around Cape Horn. When in '63 the peal of cannon could almost be heard in Washington, Abraham Lincoln put his finger on the map and said: "The Coast is undefended. The road has become a military necessity. Build from Omaha."

In that hour Abraham Lincoln saved the Union. The same sort of crisis that later dug the Panama Canal, gave America the first overland railroad, uniting the states from sea to sea.

But Lincoln never saw the road he had decreed. Five years it took to build along the path of the Oregon Trail. Soldiers who had fought in the war became soldiers of the Union Pacific. There were dangers, wild times and dreadful nights. All tribes were on the warpath, Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes. The tombs of the road-makers lie side by side with those of the emigrants. Progressive battles were fought, fierce and bloody, and many a pathfinder, many a builder sleeps where he fell—the forgotten, silent hero of civilization's onward march.

Few had faith when the army of construction left the little village where surveyors had crossed the Missouri River on a raft and slept in the teepee of an Omaha Indian, fewer yet had caught the vision of a growing nation. When trains actually reached the Rocky Mountains newspapers sent their correspondents, greatest eye-openers of all time. The world watched while daring engineers chiseled shelves on the granite sides of canyons, winding round and up and over the Rockies. The world watched the race down the western slope. And behold, out of sunset itself the Californians were coming—building from Sacramento east! The bold Californians, after their kingly climb of the Sierras, came rushing with outstretched

arms to meet their compeers in the Utah desert—Great American Desert no more!

And last the wires of all the principal cities were connected at that spot where Peter Skene Ogden had led his trappers into No-Man's-Land forty years before, near the poplar groves of Weber Canyon, that verdant mountain pocket between two little rivers. There stood the engines of East and West, nose to nose, glaring, panting, every bluff and hill thronged—not with Indians but with loyal shouting *Mormons* who had helped to build, "For the Union, the Union!"

The last spike was driven. The wire clicked. Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, rang their bells and fired their guns—answering the dauntless, beckoning, forelopers of the white-topped wagon-trains Beyond the Rockies. The next morning with the first issue of *The Daily Telegraph* Ogden's Hole became Ogden City. Up, up the old trail to Fort Hall (Pocatello) and down the Columbia, that Union line linked Oregon with the old home country. The New Era had begun.

Coincident with the first sod-turning at Omaha another decree had been signed by the great president, confirming the donation land-claims of those adventurous heralds of the Farthest West; and in many an Oregon home today, in cabin or in mansion, is treasured a fading yellow parchment bearing the immortal signature, "A. LINCOLN."

For if truth were told Americans themselves had been shouting against that 640-acre donation land law, congressmen opposing, debating and objecting for sixteen years, holding back the destiny of the Northwest. "Favoritism!" some cried. "Such inducements are offered for the settlement of no other territory!" Down to the days of Lincoln presidents vetoed it, but in 1862 Abraham Lincoln set his seal and

every family that had fought its way to Oregon received its reward. No longer distinguished solons argued that Congress had no constitutional right to distribute public lands. No longer they called it "a wild scheme of socialism" nor predicted it would depopulate the older states. At last, at last the people of Oregon owned their farms by the direct decision of Abraham Lincoln.

Fast on the heels of the Union Pacific came the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Great Northern, Highways of God leading into the Green Land Far Away, into the Land of Youth in the Morning of the World.

When the railroad reached Portland ten city blocks were donated for terminal grounds. On that spot Couch's Lake has disappeared.

Today you can sit on the sea-wall and look across the Willamette, to another, even larger Portland. Spanning the water seven, eight steel bridges link the shores of half a million people, and in the harbor below, ships from all seas are resting at anchor. Pink in the sunset glow Mount Hood, St. Helens, Mount Adams, gallantly guard the shining city, while lights prick out like stars and bands of rainbow outline temples and towers that Captain Couch saw in dreams eighty odd years ago. And above—where once the swans by thousands flew, hark! roaring down the Columbia fleets of airplanes glide above the river that bore the immigrants; droning, zooming direct from New York City where Greeley fumed in '43; over Spokane, where Kamaikan waged his last battle, swifter, more powerful than the birds of old they sweep down on Swan Island, airport of the Port of Portland, Hamburg of the Pacific.

XXXIX

AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN

Once upon a time, determined to know his own state and the great men therein, Harvey Scott visited the Sage of Yoncalla. Not unmindful had Jesse Applegate been of the phenomenal rise of the youthful editor, who was to mean so much to Oregon through all her growing years.

It was an August day. Mr. Scott found the Sage no longer in his mahogany furnished home that had been swept away by the default of that sixty-thousand-dollar bond and the depression after the Civil War, but in an humble log cabin up on Mount Yoncalla beside the eagles. Bereft of all save Cynthia Ann, the sweetheart of his youth, he washed his face in a babbling brook and in the solitude and leisure he loved wrote letters that, in the language of Judge Deady, "sounded as if written from a baronial mansion," penned as in the old Yamhill days on the little hand-hewn secretary still preserved by the Oregon Historical Society at Portland.

He did not explain, or apologize, why need he, the typical pioneer? Like Dr. Whitman who was massacred at his mission; like Jason Lee who left Oregon in despair; like Harvey Clark who almost gave his children's bread to Pacific University; like Dr. McLoughlin who died in sorrow, so Uncle Sam Out There had given everything to "those who needed it more than I did." "How could I refuse! How could I refuse!"

Below the eagles' aerie where dawn over the mountains once lit the dome of Applegate's domestic

academy fire had left but a charred and blackened heap of ruins—dust and ashes of a noble aspiration. Other seats of learning burn and rise again—but Applegate With the poet Keats well might he say: "My name is writ in water."

"As a youth I was ambitious to connect my name with some new discovery in art or nature, but when satisfied such distinctions were beyond my capacity, I next hoped to win the humbler eminence of a pioneer to some new wilderness," he confided to another visitor, Senator Nesmith, who also climbed to the mountain retreat. "Success, the commonly received measure of ability, has attended you, my dear Senator, in a remarkable degree. For me, my speculations have been loss, my philanthropy has been an injury to those in whose favor it was exerted, and my ambition has been fed on disappointments."

Tears swept the eyes of those visitors, for, without the resources of a powerful company behind him, Jesse Applegate's well-known benefactions had undoubtedly surpassed those of any other pioneer. Recalling contributions in emergencies to the infant state, remembering his deeds as colonizer pioneer statesman and lawgiver, peacemaker, pacifier, harmonizer:

"Uncle Jesse, do you know they are talking of a monument to you?"

With a start, waving the suggestion aside: "Erect no monument to one who has failed as I have failed!"

But did he fail? Does ever THE SOUL OF AMERICA fail, living still, reincarnated for new explorations into Art, Science, Letters, an ever-expanding Frontier glimpsed dimly by Jesse Applegate in the Green Land Far Away.

INDEX

- Abigail, 222, 231, 237, 300-01,
 345-48
 Applegate, Dan'l, 182
 Applegate, Charles, 91, 138
 Applegate, Jesse, 8, 43, 70, 85,
 122, 200, 264-66, 316-20
 Applegate, Lindsay, 9, 86, 91,
 131-41
 Applegate, O. C., 138
 Amity, 207
 Ashland, 141
 Ashley, 130-31
 Astor, J. J., 3, 5, 7, 130
 Astoria, 94
 Avery, 175

 Bacon, J. M., 108
 Baker, E. D., 323, 330-31
 Bates, Edward, 87, 131
 Barlow, S. K., 107, 135, 157,
 209, 230
 Benton, 8, 85, 115, 131, 145,
 210
 Birnie, 180
 Bissonette, 153, 189
 Big Blue River, 23
 Black Hills, 154
 Black Hawk, 121
 Blackfeet, 43, 132
 Blue Mountains, 45, 46
 Boggs, Governor, 148, 156, 196
 Bonneville, Colonel, 226
 Bonneville, Dam, 51
 Boone, Colonel, 108, 147, 156,
 178, 196
 Boone, Chloe, 148-63, 267-274,
 306-15
 Boone, Daniel, 108, 148-63
 Boise, 225
 Bowman, 71
 Bush, G. W., 6, 44, 325
 Burnett, 4, 43, 85, 96, 265
 Bridger, Fort, 39
 Brown, Tabitha, 100, 150, 171-
 74

 California, 107, 132, 140, 156,
 224
 Calhoun, John C., 18
 Carson, Kit, 7, 137, 142-48
 Cattle, 92
 Cave, Rev. Mr., 43, 77
 Celilo, 87, 136
 Che-mek-eta, 102
 Chenamus, 54, 62, 102, 208
 Cheyennes, 221
 China, 63, 213
 Chicksaws, 18
 Champoege, 83, 127
 Clatsop, 94
 Clark, William, 18, 130
 Clark, Dan, 23, 26, 44, 52, 195
 Clark, Harvey, 101, 173
 Couch, Captain, 54, 103, 135,
 208, 227-33, 354-57
 Comcomly, 104
 Comanches, 133
 Congress, 121, 293
 Colorado, 223
 Corbett, 227
 Coffin, 228
 Corvallis, 175
 Conyers, 230
 Cornwall, Rev., 164, 168

- Clatskanie, 230
 Crater Lake, 256
 Crockett, Sam, 4, 44
 Crows, 43, 153
 Croisan, 161-64
 Crosby, N., 210
 Cushing, 55-61, 327
 Curry, G. L., 145-61, 177, 216,
 275-81, 306-15
 Cynthia, 134, 138, 175

 Dagan, Dr., 3, 6, 84, 202,
 333-37
 Delawares, 18
 Deschutes, 109
 Denver, 147
 Douglas, 68, 122, 195-203
 Donation Land Claim, 359
 Donner, 162
 Drake, Sir F., 211

 Erie Canal, 4
 Erie, Battle of Lake, 20

 Failing, 227
 Ford, N., 9, 44, 78
 Forrest, John N., 108
 Frances, Indian girl, 121, 288,
 298-99
 Fremont, 8, 136-42

 Gerrish, 449
 Gervais, J., 83
 Gilliam, 2, 17, 80, 83, 148, 194
 Gilpin, William M., 97
 Goose Lake, 143, 255
 Goff, David, 157
 Gray, Captain, 57, 214
 Grant, U.S., 226
 Gold, 255, 349-57
 Grande Ronde, 229, 292
 Greeley, Horace, 17, 321-22
 Green Tree Tavern, 130

 Haller, Major, 275
 Hall, Fort, 42, 86, 156
 Halo, Chief, 249, 289
 Harrod's Fort, 16
 Hazelglade, 267, 74
 Heceta, 211
 Henry, Brig, 188, 209
 Hinman, A., 78
 Honolulu, 102
 Hood, Mt., 157-9
 Horn, Cape, 48
 Hooker, Joseph, 258
 Hunt, H. H., 97
 Hunt, W. P., 130

 Indians, 147, 163
 Irwin, Judge, 16, 187

 Jacksonville, 245
 Jedediah, Smith, 133
 Jefferson, 3
 Joseph, St., 7, 24
 John, Chief, 98, 166-7, 245, 278
 Jo, Chief, 254
 Joaquin, Miller, 223, 352
 Johnson, William, 111

 Kamaikan, 88, 137, 179, 241,
 275, 81
 Kansas City, 9, 10, 147
 Kanaka, 76
 Kendrick, Captain, 214
 Kilborn, Captain, 188, 210
 Kindred, 73, 148, 186
 Klamath, 132, 141, 156, 162
 Klikitats, 99, 138

 Ladd, W. S., 227
 Lane, Joseph, 216-18, 252, 327-
 Laramie, 27, 30, 106, 153, 222
 Lawyer, Chief, 85
 Ledyard, 213
 Lausanne, 91

- Lee, Jason, 5, 7, 8, 9
Lewis and Clark, 3, 215
Lincoln, 321-32
Linn's Bill, 1
Looney, Butte, 98
Lost River, 142
Lovejoy, 104, 135, 227
Lownsedale, 227, 232-35
Luelling, 190, 309
Lyle, John, 176
- Markham, Edwin, 237
Marshall, James, 9
Massacre, 191
McAllister, James, 19, 47
McCarver, 74, 97
McClellan, Alexander, 87
McDonald, A., 180
McLoughlin, 47, 49, 75, 95,
116, 123, 125, 134-36
Meares, Captain, 212
Meek, Steven, 108
Milwaukie, 229
Minto, 10, 12, 23, 44, 94, 182,
216, 235, 306-14
Mitchell, John H., 196, 271
Mission Rose, 306-7
Morris, Robert, 212
Morrison, R. W., 12, 47, 48, 93,
94, 185, 310-11
Modocs, 138, 141, 142, 162-3
Modeste, battleship, 118, 126,
179
Montana, 23
- Nebraska, 9, 22, 106, 219
Nebraska, Sea of, 24
Nemaha river, 21
New Orleans, 3, 39
Newburyport, 62
Nesmith, 85, 96, 121, 123, 202,
261, 331
Nevada, 143
- Nichols, John, 33
Nisqually, 242
Norris, 7, 157
- Oberlin, 101
Ogden, 129-44, 191-98
Ogden's Hole, 132, 359
Ogden's River, 143
Oregon City, 157
Oregonian, 236, 339-48
Omaha, 9
"Ouida," 9
Osage Indians, 85, 201
- Pacific University, 301-05
Palmer, Joel, 108, 293, 294
Parrish, Rev. E. E., 15, 22, 77
Pawnees, 150, 219, 221
Parkman, Francis, 150
Peel, 122, 123
Perry, Commodore, 20, 340
Pettygrove, 104, 135, 227
Pittsburgh, 9
Piopiomoxmox, 64, 277
Pony Express, 330
Portland, 57, 227
Polk, 66, 181, 218
Platte, 24, 25
Pratt, Lucien Elijah, 312-13
Presbyterian, 186
Puget Sound, 79
- Quatley, Chief, 99, 138, 176,
202, 253, 286
- Rabbit Hole Diggings, 143
Railroad, 160, 358-60
Rector, W. H., 108, 312
Rees, 11, 41
Ricord, John, 97
Rio Grande, 142
Robidoux, 3, 4, 7
Rogue River, 139, 140, 156

- Roxana, 204-07
 Rubicon, 141
 San Diego, 134
 Sagar, 1, 20, 27, 46, 190
 Salt Lake, 143
 Santa Fé, 7
 Scott, Harvey, 222, 232, 300-
 05, 339-48
 Scott, John Tucker, 231
 Seattle, Chief, 238, 240
 Scott, Levi, 137, 141, 157, 162
 Sebrean, 34
 Seminole War, 164
 Shawnees, 18, 22
 Shasta, 143
 Shiveley, John M., 94
 Sheridan, 296, 99
 Shoshones, 132
 Shurtleff, College, 246
 Shaw, Ben F., 29, 50, 238, 292
 Shaw, William, 50
 Sid-na-yah, 99, 203, 298-99
 Sioux, 150, 221
 Siskiyau, 140, 165
 Simmons, 2, 5, 10, 26, 74
 Sitka, 215
 Smith, Jedediah, 130
 South Pass, 132, 149, 223
 Skinner, Eugene, 175
 Smallpox, 29
 Snakes, 43, 153
 Snake River, 42, 132, 224
 Spectator, 182, 237, 267
 Stark, Ben, 227
 Stone Bridge, 142
 Stockton, 142
 St. Louis, 85, 129, 133
 St. Lawrence, 125
 Sutter's Fort, 138
 Sublette, 130, 132, 223
 Table Rock Treaty, 252, 263
 Tea, 60
 Terwilliger, 110, 135, 233, 276,
 350
 Thornton, J. Q., 152, 178, 199
 Thorp, John, 9, 24, 44
 Topeka, 37
 Tolmie, Dr., 180, 199
 Tselalo, 144
 Trimble, 154
 T'Vault, 148
 Umpqua, 134, 140, 156
 Utah, 131, 149
 Victoria, 195
 Vista Point, 353
 Waggoner, George A., 228
 Waunch, George, 19, 49
 Waldo, Daniel, 8, 96, 121, 185,
 204, 311-14, 357
 Walla Walla, 277
 Waller, 50, 81, 108
 Watt, Joseph, 4, 20, 70, 96,
 311-14
 Webster, Daniel, 55
 Westport, 10, 23
 Weatherford, Dr., 220, 233
 Whitcomb, Lot, 229
 Whitman, 3, 42, 45, 77, 86, 191
 Willamette Falls, 58, 72
 Woodcock, 19, 44
 Wright, Wilbur and Orville,
 224
 Work, John, 180, 198
 Wyandots, 18
 Wyeth, Captain, 42
 Yamhill, 91
 Yoncalla, 248

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